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HEROES OF ENGLAND.



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DEATH OF NELSON.

THE

HEROES OF ENGLAND

STORIES OF THE LIVES OF
ENGLAND'S WARRIORS BY LAND AND SEA

EDITED BY
JOHN G. EDGAR, 1834-1904
AUTHOR OF "THE BOYHOOD OF GREAT MEN," ETC.

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAREER OF ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD

WITH

TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS IN PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPHY

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PREFACE.

THE title of this volume so clearly indicates the nature of the contents that a few lines by way of preface will suffice to introduce it to the reader. The book is intended to narrate the exploits and achievements of those heroes who, against the enemies of their country, have fought the battles of England at sea and on the land; and who, by their genius and valour, have added to the national greatness, and contributed to the national glory. In the following pages will be found memoirs of the principal personages whose heroic actions have illustrated our history from the time of the victor of Poitiers to that of the hero of Cawnpore; and they have been compiled in such a way as to give the reader an idea of the great battles fought by our ancestors against foreign foes, during the long and eventful period that intervened.

12 X 30

The advantages to be derived by "boy-readers" from such a work, if perused in an intelligent spirit, will hardly be questioned. Even the historical information to be thus acquired is not to be lightly regarded. But, apart from that consideration, it will not be denied that such scenes as those of the Black Prince treating his vanquished enemy with chivalrous courtesy; Sir Philip Sidney handing the untasted cup of water to the dying soldier with the immortal words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine;" and Havelock, after showing himself through life the Christian soldier, saying at the hour of death, "Come, my son; and see how a Christian man can die!" are well calculated to enlist the sympathies, elevate the thoughts, and ennoble the aspirations of youthful readers.

"The Heroes of England" came before the public years ago, and has since passed through several editions. The book may, therefore, claim the distinction of being not quite unknown to fame. On the present occasion, an account of the life of Admiral Lord Collingwood has been added, which, it is hoped, will increase the popularity of the volume.

In conclusion, it may be remarked, that biography, which renders us familiar with the habits and powers of illustrious characters who flourished in past ages, has been long and justly regarded as among the most in-

teresting subjects in the whole range of literature; and even in this age, when it is rather too much the fashion to pull down great reputations, matters can hardly have come to such a pass as that of the youth of England being indifferent to the exploits of their countrymen—at St. Vincent, the Nile, and Trafalgar; at Cressy and Agincourt, Blenheim and Waterloo.

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THE

HEROES OF ENGLAND.

—o—

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

WOODSTOCK PALACE presented a joyous scene on the morning of the 15th of June 1330. England's queen, the excellent Philippa, had given birth to a son, thus realising the fond hopes of King Edward III., and fulfilling the ardent wishes of a loyal people. The peasant, the noble, and the king, rejoiced at his birth. In truth, the whole nation seemed to anticipate the future glory of the infant prince, and his baptism was celebrated with unequalled festivity. The young and beautiful mother nursed her own child, who, thus receiving health and strength from the same pure blood which had given him existence, seemed to imbibe the generous and feeling nature of Philippa; and, as he increased in vigour, he showed that he possessed the steady valour and keen sagacity of his father.

When three years of age, Prince Edward was made Earl of Chester. Four years after, he had a dukedom

conferred on him—the first ever created in England. He was then styled Earl of Cornwall. On the day of installation, though only seven years of age, he dubbed twenty knights, as the first exercise of his new dignity. The title by which he became best known was not given him till he had reached his thirteenth year. He was then created Prince of Wales by his father, and invested in the presence of the Parliament with this dignity by the symbols of a coronet of gold, a ring, and a silver wand. From that time may be dated his entry into active life.

During the next three years, the prince was chiefly occupied in the practice of arms, and acquiring that skill in their use, and those powers of endurance, which were so necessary for the laborious and hazardous life of a knight in the days of chivalry. When sixteen, he accompanied his father in his expedition against France, and there soon saw in reality those scenes of which the tournament was but a sportive mockery. General battles were fought, in which the young prince shared; and the English army advanced into the interior of the country by some of the most daring and successful marches recorded in the annals of warfare.

At length the invaders encamped in a forest, a little to the west of the small town of Cressy. The French army, immensely superior in numbers, was not far distant; but, confident in his troops and himself, and animated by the memory of many triumphs, the King of England resolved to make a stand. The field of Cressy, from the capabilities of the ground, was chosen for the expected battle; and the plan being drawn out by Edward and his counsellors, the king, as the greatest and most chivalrous favour he

could confer, determined to yield the place of danger and of honour to the prince, and, in his own words, "to let the day be his."

To ensure his success, most of the famous knights were placed in the division which the Black Prince (as he was called, from the sable suit of armour he usually wore) was to command. The Earl of Warwick and the celebrated John Chandos were ordered not to quit his side, but be ever ready to direct and aid him.

Early in the morning of the 26th of August 1346, the trumpets sounded, and the army marched to take up the position which had been selected on the previous day. The ground was an irregular slope, looking towards the south and east—the quarters from which the French were expected. The prince's division, composed of eight hundred men-at-arms, four thousand archers, and six thousand Welsh foot, was stationed nearly at the bottom of the hill; the archers, as usual, in front, the light troops next, and then the men-at-arms, in the midst of whom was the prince himself, with twelve earls and lords, as his staff. To the left of this, and higher on the slope, appeared the second division, of about seven thousand men, commanded by the Earls of Arundel and Northampton. On a rising ground, surmounted by a windmill, aloof from the rest, was King Edward himself, with twelve thousand men as a reserve. The waggons and baggage were in the rear of the prince, under the charge of a small body of archers. As the battle was to be fought entirely on foot, all the horses were also left with the waggons.

Mounted on a palfrey, with a white staff in his hand, the king, with a smiling and cheerful countenance, rode from rank to rank. By noon he had passed through all

the lines, exhorting the men to do their duty gallantly and defend his honour and right.

The soldiers now had permission to refresh themselves, while waiting the enemy's approach. They accordingly ate and drank at ease, and afterwards lay down in ranks on the long grass, with their bows and steel caps beside them.

Meantime the French army had approached very near. Four knights had ridden forward and observed King Edward's plan of battle; when, having seen how fresh and vigorous the English troops appeared, they advised Philip, the French king, to delay the engagement till next day, by which time his troops, now hungry and wearied, would be refreshed. Philip at once saw the wisdom of this counsel, and one of his marshals immediately galloped to the front, and the other to the rear.

"Halt your banners, in the name of God, the king, and St. Denis!" was the command given to the leaders. The advanced troops instantly obeyed: but the others pressed on, hoping to be among the foremost. This obliged the soldiers in front to move on again. In vain the king commanded, and the marshals threatened. Hurrying forward in disgraceful confusion, the French, passing through a small wood, suddenly found themselves in the presence of the English. The surprise caused the first line to fall back, and thus increased the confusion, while the English soldiers rose steadily from the grass, and stood in fair and martial order on the hillside, with the standard of the Black Prince in their front.

The sky had by this time become clouded; a thunderstorm came on, and torrents of rain soon fell—slackening the strings of the cross-bows of the Genoese archers, who had advanced to break the firm front of the English bow-

men. The clouds cleared quickly away, and the western sun soon shone out bright and clear, full in the faces of the French. At length the Genoese bowmen drew their arblasts, and commenced their discharge, and each English archer stepped forward a single pace, as he took his bow from the case in which it had been protected from the rain. A flight of arrows then fell among the Genoese, piercing their heads, arms, and faces, and causing them instantly to retreat in confusion among the horsemen in their rear.

The passionate French king, instead of trying to rally the fugitives, at once ordered the men-at-arms to fall upon them. The cavalry, the heavy troops, and the cross-bowmen soon formed a wild and reeling crowd, amid which the English poured a continued flight of unerring arrows, and not a single bow-string was drawn in vain.

Meantime the Count of Alençon, dividing his men into two parties, swept round on one side of this scene of confusion; while the Count of Flanders did the same on the other side, and, avoiding the archers, furiously attacked the men-at-arms around the prince. England's chivalry, headed by the gallant prince, met the impetuous charge with equal valour and with greater success; and, as each headlong effort of the French deranged the ranks for a moment, they were formed anew, each man fighting where he stood, none quitting his place to make a prisoner, while growing piles of dead told of their courage and vigour. The two counts were slain, and terror began to spread through their troops. A large body of German cavalry now bore down on the prince's archers, and, in spite of the terrible flight of arrows, cut their way through and charged the men-at-arms. By this time nearly forty thousand men were pressing round the little English phalanx; but the

combat was renewed, hand to hand, with more energy than ever, while the Earls of Northampton and Arundel moved up with their division, to repel the tremendous attack.

King Edward still remained with his powerful reserve, watching the battle from the windmill above. The Earl of Warwick now called a knight, named Thomas of Norwich, and despatched him to the king.

"How now, Sir Thomas?" inquired Edward, as the knight reached the royal presence; "does the battle go against my son?"

"No, sire," replied Sir Thomas; "but he is assailed by an overpowering force, and the Earl of Warwick prays the immediate aid of your grace's division."

"Sir Thomas," demanded Edward, "is my son killed or overthrown, or wounded beyond help?"

"Not so, my liege," answered the knight; "yet he is in a rude shock of arms, and much does he need your aid."

"Go back, Sir Thomas, to those who sent you," rejoined the king, "and tell them from me, that whatever happens, to require no aid from me so long as my son is in life. Tell them, also, that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for God willing, the day shall be his, and the honour shall rest with him, and those into whose charge I have given him."

The prince, and those around him, seemed inspired with fresh courage by this message; and efforts surpassing all that had preceded were made by the English soldiers. The French men-at-arms, as they still dashed down on the ranks, met the same fate as their predecessors; and, hurled wounded from their dying horses, were thrust through by the short lances of the half-armed Welshmen, who rushed hither and thither through the

midst of the fight. Charles of Luxembourg, King of the Romans, who led the German cavalry, seeing his banner down, his friends slain, his troops routed, and himself wounded severely in three places, fled, after casting off his rich surcoat, to avoid recognition.

This prince's father, who figured as King of Bohemia, was seated on horseback, at a little distance from the fight. The old man had fought in almost every quarter of Europe; and he was still full of valour, but quite blind. Unable to mark the progress of the contest, the veteran continued to inquire anxiously, and grew indignant at his ally being vanquished by a warrior in his teens.

"My son," demanded the veteran monarch of his attendants, "my son!—can you still see my son?"

"The King of the Romans is not in sight, sire," was the reply; "but doubtless he is somewhere engaged in the *melée*."

"Lords," continued the old king, drawing his own conclusions from what he heard, and resolved not to quit the field alive, "Lords, you are my vassals, my friends, and my companions, and on this day I command and beseech you to lead me forward so far that I may deal one blow of my sword in the battle."

They linked their horses' bridles to one another, and placing their venerable lord in the centre, galloped down into the field. Entering the thickest strife, they advanced directly against the Prince of Wales. The old blind monarch was seen fighting valiantly for some time, but at length his banner went down. Next day he was found dead on the field of Cressy, his lords around him, their horses still linked to each other by the bridles.

It was growing dark ere the fiery Philip could force his way through the confusion he had himself chiefly caused by the imprudent command he gave at the commencement of the battle. The unremitting arrows of the English still continued to pour like hail, and the followers of Philip fell thickly around. Many fled, leaving him to his fate; and presently his own horse was killed by an arrow.

One of his attendants, John of Hainault, who had remained by his side the whole day, mounted him on one of his own chargers, and entreated him to quit the field. Philip refused; and making his way into the thickest battle, fought for some time with great courage. At length when his troops were almost annihilated, and when he was wounded, the vanquished king suffered himself to be led from the field; and with a few of his lords, and only sixty men-at-arms, reached his nearest castle of Broye in safety. At midnight he again set out, and did not slacken his flight till he reached Amiens.

The boy Prince of Wales still held his station firmly in the battle; the utmost efforts of the French had not made him yield a single step. By degrees, as night fell, the assailants decreased in number, the banners disappeared, and the shouts of the knights and the clang of arms died away. Silence at last crept over the field, and told that victory was completed by the flight of the enemy. Torches were then lighted in immense numbers along the English lines to dispel the darkness.

King Edward now first quitted his station on the hill; he hastily sought his conquering boy, and clasped him proudly to his bosom.

"God give you perseverance in your course, my

child!" cried the king, as he still held him. "You are indeed my son! Nobly have you acquitted yourself, and worthy are you of the place you hold!"

The youthful hero had hitherto, in the excitement and energy of the battle, felt only the necessity of immense exertion, and had been unmindful of all but the immediate efforts of the moment. Now, however, the thought of his great victory, which his father's praise seemed first to bring fully to his mind, overcame him, and he sank on his knees before the king and entreated his blessing after a day of such glory and peril. And thus ended the battle of Cressy.

The prince had fully established his character as a warrior. Two or three years afterwards he showed that he could display equal courage at sea as on land. This was in an engagement with the Spaniards.

Peter the Cruel, as he was termed, was at that time King of Castile, and encouraged to a great extent the pirates who infested the English seas. His own ships, even in passing through the British Channel, had captured a number of English merchantmen returning from Bordeaux, and, after putting into Sluys, were preparing to sail back in triumph with the prizes and merchandise.

King Edward determined to oppose their return, and collected his fleet off the coast of Sussex, near Winchelsea. When he heard that the Spaniards were about putting to sea, he immediately embarked to command the expedition in person. The Black Prince, now in his twentieth year, accompanied him, and commanded one of the largest vessels. The day on which the Spanish fleet would make its appearance had been nicely calculated. Edward waited impatiently for its approach, and to beguile the

time made the musicians play an air which the famous Chandos, who was now with him, had brought from Germany.

"Now, Sir Knight," said the monarch sportively, "thou hast a mellow voice; we command thee to sing the air with the musicians."

The knight obeyed, though somewhat reluctantly. During the concert the king from time to time turned his eye to the watcher at the mast-head. In a short time the music was interrupted by the cry of "A sail!"

Ordering wine to be brought, Edward drank one cup with his knights, and throwing off the cap he had worn till now, put on his casque, and closed his visor for the day.

The Spanish ships came on in gallant trim. The number of fighting men which they contained was, compared with the English, as ten to one, and their vessels were of a much greater size. They had also large wooden towers on board, filled with cross-bowmen, and were further provided with immense bars of iron with which to sink the ships of their opponents. They approached, with their tops filled with cross-bowmen and engineers, the decks covered with men-at-arms, and with the banners and pennons of different knights and commanders flying from every mast. They came up in order of battle a few hours before night. King Edward immediately steered direct against a large Spanish ship, endeavouring, according to the custom of ancient naval warfare, to run her down with his prow. The vessel, which was much superior to his own in magnitude, withstood the tremendous shock, both ships recoiling from each other. The king now found his ship had sprung a leak, and

was sinking fast. In the confusion the Spanish vessel passed on; but Edward, immediately ordering his ship to be lashed to another of the enemy, after a desperate struggle made himself master of a sound vessel.

The battle now raged on all sides. Showers of bolts and quarrels from the cross-bows, and immense stones, hurled by powerful engines, were poured upon the English. The Black Prince, imitating the example of his father, had fixed on one of the largest ships of the enemy; but, while steering towards her, the missiles she discharged pierced his own vessel in several places. The speedy capture of his enemy was now necessary; for, as he came alongside, his bark was absolutely sinking. The sides of his opponent's vessel being much higher than his own, rendered the attempt very hazardous; and while, sword in hand, he attempted to force his way, bolts and arrows poured on his head from every quarter. The Earl of Lancaster, sweeping by to engage one of the enemy, perceived the situation of the prince, and immediately dashed to the other side of his antagonist. After a fierce but short struggle, the Spanish ship remained in the hands of the prince; and scarcely had he and his crew left their own vessel, before she filled and went down.

Twenty-four of the enemy's ships had by this time been captured; the rest were sunk, or in full flight; and, night having fallen, King Edward measured back the short distance to the shore. Father and son, then mounting horse, rode to the Abbey of Winchelsea, where Queen Philippa had been left, and soon turned the suspense she had suffered, since darkness had hidden the battle from her sight, into joy and gratitude.

Philip, King of France, was now dead, and his eldest son, John, occupied the throne. Some proceedings on the part of the new monarch were regarded as a signal to break the truce which had subsisted for a short time between the English and French. Various displays of hostilities followed, and many negotiations were entered into without success. At length, the Black Prince, being appointed captain-general, sailed for Bordeaux in August 1335, and arrived there after an easy passage. His first movements were successful; and even when winter set in, the judicious manner in which he employed his troops enabled him to add five fortified towns and seventeen castles to the English possessions.

When spring and summer had passed by—the prince still continuing active—the French king collected an immense army, and marched to intercept the invaders. Though well aware that John was endeavouring to cut off his retreat, the Black Prince was ignorant of the exact position of the French army, until, one day, a small foraging party fell in with a troop of three hundred horsemen, who, pursuing the little band across some bushes, suddenly found themselves under the banner of the Black Prince. After a few blows they surrendered, and from them the prince learned that King John was a day's march in advance of him.

A party despatched to reconnoitre, brought back intelligence that an army of eight times the English force lay between them and Poitiers. Though without fear, the prince felt all the difficulties of his situation; yet his simple reply was—"God be our help!—now, let us think how we may fight them to the best advantage."

Some high ground commanding the country towards

Poitiers, defended by the hedges of a vineyard, and accessible from the city only by a hollow way, scarcely wide enough to admit four men abreast, presented to him a most defensible position. Here the prince encamped, and next morning disposed his troops for battle. He dismounted his whole force; placed a body of archers, drawn up in the form of a harrow, in front, the men-at-arms behind, and stationed strong bodies of bowmen along the hedges, on each side of the hollow way. Thus, while climbing the hill, the French would be exposed to the galling flights of arrows; while the nature of the ground would further render their superiority in numbers of little avail.

The French, sixty thousand strong, were now ready to march. The oriflamme, or great banner of France, had been displayed, and the whole army was eagerly waiting the word of command to crush the handful of enemies which crowned the hill before them, when the Cardinal de Perigord rode hastily along their ranks. He was regarded with an evil eye, for the men knew his was an errand of peace.

The good cardinal found King John in the midst of waving banners, nodding plumes, glittering arms, and all the pomp of royalty, combined with the splendour of feudal war. As soon as he saw the king, the cardinal dismounted, and, clasping his hands, besought him to give him audience before he commanded the march.

"Willingly, my Lord Cardinal," the king answered: "what have you to say?"

"Sire," replied the legate, "you have here all the chivalry of your realm assembled against a handful of English:—consider, then, will it not be more honourable

and profitable for you to have them in your power *without* battle, than to risk such a noble army in uncertain strife? Let me, I pray you, in the name of God, ride on to the Prince of Wales—show him his peril, and exhort him to peace."

"I grant your request, my lord," replied the king; "but let your mission be speedy."

Without staying a moment, the cardinal hastened on to the Black Prince, whom he found also armed and ready for battle, yet not unwilling to hearken to proposals of peace. The superiority of the enemy, if they chose to blockade him in his position, rendered him apprehensive that he might be obliged then to surrender unconditionally.

"My Lord Cardinal," he replied at once, "I am willing to listen to any terms by which my honour, and that of my companions, will be preserved."

The cardinal returned to King John with this answer, and, after much entreaty, obtained a truce till next morning. John, however, would hear of nothing but an unconditional surrender. To this the Black Prince would not consent, although he offered to resign all he had captured in his expedition—towns, castles, and prisoners —and to take an oath that for seven entire years he would not bear arms against France.

"Fair son," said the cardinal, when, after finding John inflexible, he sought the Black Prince for the last time "fair son, do as you best can, for you must needs fight, as I can find no means of peace or amnesty with the King of France."

"Be it so, good father!" replied the heroic prince; "it is our full resolve to fight; and God will aid the right."

The French host now began to advance; yet, as its ocean of waving plumes rolled up the hill, the prince, in

same firm tone which had declared, the day before, at *England should never have to pay his ransom*, now oke the hope of victory.

Three hundred horsemen, the pick of the French army, on reached the narrow way, and spurring their horses, ured in at full gallop to charge the harrow of archers. e instant they were completely within the banks, the glish bowmen along the hedges poured a flight of ows, which threw them instantly into confusion. The lies of the slain men and horses soon blocked up the y; but a considerable number, forcing a path through ery obstacle, nearly approached the first line of archers. gallant knight, named James Audley, with his four ires, rushed against them. Thus, almost single-handed, fought during the whole day, hewing a path through thickest of the enemy. Late in the evening, when ered with many wounds, and fainting from loss of od, he was borne from the field.

Meantime, the shower of arrows continued to pour ith, while the English men-at-arms, passing between lines of the archers, drove back the foremost of the emy, and the hollow became one scene of carnage. e of Edward's officers, known as the Captal de Buch, the same time issued from a woody ravine situated ir the foot of the hill—where, with three hundred n-at-arms and three hundred archers on horseback, he l lain concealed—and attacked the flank of one of the isions of the French army, commanded by the dauphin, it commenced the ascent. This, with the confusion in at, and a rumour that part of the army was beaten, ried terror into the rear ranks; and vast numbers, o had hardly seen an enemy, gained their horses with

all speed, and galloped madly from the field. The arrows discharged by the horse-archers now began to tell on the front line of the enemy; the quick eye of John Chandos marked it waver and open.

"Now, sir," he exclaimed, turning to the prince, "ride forward, and the day is yours. Let us charge right upon the King of France, for there lies the fate of the day. His courage, I know well, will not let him fly; but he shall be well encountered."

"On! on! John Chandos!" replied the prince; "you shall not see me tread one step back, but ever in advance. Bear on my banner! God and St. George be with us!"

The horses had been kept in readiness; and, each man now springing into his saddle, the army bore down on the enemy with levelled lances; the Captal de Buch forcing his way onward to regain the main body. The hostile forces met with a terrible shock, while the cries of "Denis Mountjoye!" "St. George Guyenne!" mingled with the clashing of steel, the shivering of lances, and the sound of the galloping steeds. The sight of the conflict struck terror into a body of sixteen thousand men, who had not yet drawn a sword. Panic seized them; and these fresh troops, instead of aiding their companions, fled disgracefully with their commander, the Duke of Orleans. This probably decided the day.

King John was now seen advancing with his reserve in numbers still double the force of the English at the commencement of the battle. He saw his nobles flying, but, though indignant, felt no alarm. Dismounting with all his men, he led them, battle-axe in hand, against the English charge. The sable armour of the Prince of Wales rendered him also conspicuous; and, while the French

king did feats of valour enough to win twenty battles, if courage could have done all, the young hero of England was seen raging like a lion amid the thickest of the enemy. Knight to knight, and hand to hand, the battle was now fought. The French were driven back, step by step, till King John found himself nearly at the gates of Poitiers, which were now shut against him. While, however, the oriflamme waved over his head, he would not believe the day lost; but at length it went down, and with it his hopes fell. Surrounded on every side by foes eager to make him prisoner, he still wielded his battle-axe, clearing at each stroke the space around him and his little son, who had accompanied him through the fatal field. A knight of Artois, of gigantic height, who had been outlawed, and had taken service with England, seeing that the monarch's life would be lost if he protracted his resistance, suddenly rushed into the circle.

"Yield, sire, yield!" he exclaimed in French.

"To whom shall I yield?" demanded John. "Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales? Did I see him I would speak."

"He is not here, sire," replied the knight; "but yield to me, and I will bring you safely to him."

"Who art thou?" inquired John.

"I am Denis de Mortbec, a poor knight of Artois," answered the outlaw, "but now in the service of England, because a banished man from my own country."

"Well, I yield me to you," cried the king, giving him, in sign of surrender, his right gauntlet.

By this time nothing was seen but dead and dying on the field, with groups of prisoners, and parties of fugitives escaping over the distant country. The prince, by the

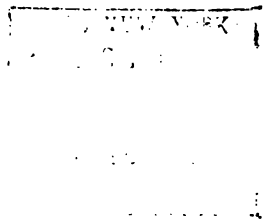
advice of Chandos, now pitched his banner on a high spot; and, while the trumpets sounded a recall to the standard, he dismounted, and, unbracing his helmet, took a draught of wine with the band of knights who had accompanied him throughout the arduous day.

The unfortunate French king was soon brought to the victor by the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cobham, whom he had despatched in search as soon as he learned that the monarch had not quitted the field. He had been snatched from the charge of Denis de Mortbec; and, when the lords arrived, they found his life in great danger, from the eagerness those around him showed in each claiming him as a prisoner. The prince received his vanquished adversary with deep and touching respect. Bending his knee before John, he called for wine, and, with his own hands, presented the cup to the unhappy king.

By mid-day the battle was over; but, as the pursuing parties did not return till the evening, it was only then that the prince learned the greatness of his victory. With eight thousand men he had vanquished more than sixty thousand, and the captives were double the number of the conquerors. Thus was won the most extraordinary victory the annals of the world can produce.

At night a sumptuous entertainment was served in the tent of the Black Prince to the principal prisoners. King John, with his son, and six of his chief nobles, were seated at a table raised higher than the rest; but no place was reserved for the prince himself. Great was the surprise when the victor appeared to officiate as page. This, in the days of chivalry, implied no degradation, though it showed the generous humility of the young hero. The captive monarch repeatedly entreated the





prince to seat himself beside him, and could scarcely be persuaded to taste the food while his conqueror remained standing, or handed him the cup on bended knee. The respectful manner in which the prince conducted himself, and the feeling he expressed for the misfortune of his foe, so touched John, that at last the tears burst from his eyes, and mingled with the marks of blood on his cheeks.

The example of the Black Prince was followed throughout the English camp; every one treating his prisoner as a friend, and admitting him to ransom on terms named, in most cases, by the vanquished.

London presented a gay spectacle on the 24th of May 1357. On the morning of that day the prince entered its gate, proceeding through the city on his way to Westminster. The streets were tapestried with the finest silks and carpets, while trophies of every kind of arms were displayed before the houses. The French king, splendidly attired, was mounted on a superb white charger; while his conqueror, simply clothed, rode on a black pony by his side. In the great hall of the palace at Westminster, Edward III. received the royal prisoner in state, embracing him and bidding him be of good cheer. The palace of the Savoy was then appointed for his residence, and every kindness was added to soften his captivity in a strange land. Four years afterwards, during which time he had been treated like a royal visitor, he was set at liberty, at the signing of the treaty of Bretigny.

It appears that at an early period of his life the hero of Poitiers had been inspired with a tender regard for his kinswoman, Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent. Unfortunately, this lady, known as "The Fair Maid of Kent," had not been particularly circum-

spect in her conduct; and Edward and Philippa could not think of their heir being united to a woman of whom scandal whispered some very light tales. A marriage being thus, as it were, precluded, Joan gave her hand to Sir Thomas Holland. After some years the knight died; and a story is told of the way in which the love of the Prince of Wales was rekindled.

An English noble, whose name history does not give, so runs the story, had fallen in love with the fair widow; and, finding his suit tardy, he entreated the good word of the prince. While pleading the cause of his friend, Edward felt his old tenderness return; and, on the 10th of October 1361, he was united to Joan at Windsor. The unfortunate king, Richard II., born at Bordeaux, was the fruit of this marriage.

After this event the prince again distinguished himself in France; for the claims of his father, which the treaty had in part recognised, were fiercely disputed. Many battles were fought, and much negotiation was carried on, extending over several years. While in the midst of these harassing circumstances, the prince, who had been long ill, became worse. His surgeons advised his return to England. He complied; but day after day his strength failed him, and fainting fits of long continuance often led those around him to suppose him dead. At length, on Sunday, the 8th of June 1376, he closed a life which for years had been one sad scene of suffering. He was interred with due pomp in Canterbury Cathedral, his favourite suit of black armour being suspended over his tomb. Thus, scarcely past his prime, died "the valiant and gentle Prince of Wales, the flower of all chivalry in the world at that time."

HENRY THE FIFTH.

AT the Castle of Monmouth, in the year 1387, Henry of Bolingbroke, son of the renowned John of Gaunt, was presented by his spouse, a daughter of the great Anglo-Norman family of Bohun, with an heir to the Lancastrian branch of the royal house of Plantagenet.

The infant prince, destined to become one of the greatest of English heroes, received the name of Henry; and, appearing somewhat sickly, he was removed from the Castle of Monmouth, his mother's inheritance, to be nursed by the wife of a peasant in the neighbouring village of Courtfield. The care which this woman bestowed upon the embryo warrior was afterwards recompensed by a pension; and her memory has been kept alive by a monument still to be seen in a little church in the vicinity. The cradle in which the future conqueror of France slept the sleep of childhood, is preserved in the neighbourhood of Bristol.

The boyhood of Henry did not pass unclouded. When he was about seven years old, his mother died, leaving, besides her first-born, three sons—John, Thomas, and Humphry—then helpless infants; but destined, as years passed on, to win fame as the wisest and most

valiant princes in Europe. Young Henry, on becoming an orphan, fell to the charge of his maternal grandmother, the Countess of Hereford; and that noble lady, who bestowed much care on his education, had the satisfaction of surviving to hear of his victory at Agincourt.

When Henry was growing, under the auspices of his grandmother, a handsome, intelligent boy, his father was banished by Richard II. The king, considering the circumstances of the case, deemed it prudent to have the heir of Lancaster in his custody; and young Henry was accordingly taken out of the hands of the countess to be educated at the palace, where he was one day to keep royal state. Scarcely was this done when a new scene was opened up. Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, the king's cousin and the presumptive heir to the crown, was slain in a skirmish by the natives of Ireland; and Richard resolved on an expedition to avenge his kinsman's death. The ill-fated monarch carried young Henry of Lancaster in his train, and thus it happened that our hero, almost before entering his teens, won renown as a warrior. The boy fleshed his maiden sword while fighting against the insurgent Celts; and in some of the conflicts gave such signal proof of his courage, that the king made him a knight-banneret.

Meanwhile, the great John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," departed this life, and Henry of Bolingbroke returned from an irksome exile to claim, as he said, the dukedom of Lancaster. He landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire; and was joined by Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, and Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, two of the most potent barons of England. At first Bolingbroke was most moderate in his tone, and

even took a solemn oath that his single object was to recover his hereditary domains; but, when Richard hastened home, and fell into his hands, Bolingbroke let fall the mask, laid aside scruples, seized upon the crown, and sent his unfortunate cousin to Pontefract Castle, where he is said to have been murdered.

Before leaving Ireland, Richard thought it politic to commit the son of so formidable a rival as a state prisoner to Trim, a castle of the Mortimers. Brief, however, was the lad's captivity. When Bolingbroke's success was no longer doubtful, young Henry was brought to England; and having met his sire at Chester, took part in the coronation, and was soon after, by Parliament, created Prince of Wales, and declared heir-apparent to the crown. After being advanced to that dignity, Henry is supposed to have completed his education at Oxford, under the auspices of his half-uncle, who afterwards, as Cardinal Beaufort, amassed so much money and wrought so much mischief. From that ancient seat of learning the Prince of Wales was ere long removed to take part in scenes of war, and to fight for his father's crown, which a variety of circumstances placed in the utmost jeopardy.

In fact, Bolingbroke had scarcely ascended the throne, with the title of Henry IV., when he found himself struggling with every species of opponent. The French court complained loudly of the deposition of Richard, whose second queen, Isabella, was a daughter of Charles VI.; and the Duke of Orleans, brother of the French monarch, openly accused Henry of having murdered the husband of his youthful niece. To curry favour with the court of Paris, the Duke of Albany, who governed

Scotland in the name of his weak and imbecile brother, Robert III., took upon him to describe Henry as a traitor; and the English king, unable to digest the insult, having allied himself with his kinsman, George, Earl of Dunbar and March, who had a daughter's wrongs to avenge, led an army through Scotland to the gates of Edinburgh. The expedition was neither productive of glory nor profit; and while there King Henry received intelligence which made him turn southward in alarm. A rebellion had broken out in Wales.

It appears that, in the household of Richard II., which, as Froissart relates, was maintained with a splendour that threw the state of his predecessors utterly into the shade, a Welshman, named Owen Glendower, had held office as one of the king's esquires. When the court was swept away by the revolution Owen returned to his native country, and, out of temper at having lost a good place, got involved in a quarrel with Lord Grey de Ruthyn. His Welsh blood rose, and accusing that baron of having seized some of his land, he petitioned Parliament for redress. Parliament, in its wisdom, rejected Owen's petition, and the exasperated Celt, assembling a band of wild Welshmen, took the law into his own hands, burned towns and made prisoners. The king declared Owen a traitor, and Owen, after giving out that he was heir of the ancient princes of the country, declared his resolution to be sovereign of Wales. The countrymen of this bold rebel believing him endowed with supernatural powers to restore their nationality, flocked to his standard; and King Henry, after several campaigns, found Owen so formidable an antagonist, that he began to give credit to the popular report that the man was

a magician. The very elements appeared to fight for him.

The plot ere long thickened. While the English king was struggling, without success, against the Welsh, his kinsman, the potent chief of the great house of Dunbar, was much more fortunate in dealing with the perverse and refractory Scots. After Henry's retreat from Edinburgh, Earl Douglas, to avenge the inroad, sent foraging parties to waste the English borders; and one of these, led by Hepburn of Hailes, ancestor of the infamous Bothwell, while returning through the Merse, laden with spoil, was set upon at Nisbet by the Dunbars, and so completely vanquished, that every Scottish knight who fought there was slain or taken prisoner.

As the warriors slain and taken at Nisbet consisted of the flower of the youth of Scotland, this defeat was regarded with national bitterness; and Earl Douglas, in retaliation, gathered ten thousand warriors, the pick of the country, crossed the Border, and ravaged Northumberland as far as Newcastle. Having done this without opposition, the Scots turned back to secure their enormous booty. While marching carelessly towards the Tweed, Douglas encamped on Homeldon, an eminence near Wooler, and thither to give him battle came Dunbar, in company with the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Harry Percy, the far-famed "Hotspur." The conflict was short and decisive. The Scots were utterly vanquished; and among the numerous persons of high rank taken prisoners was the Earl of Douglas.

Chroniclers have asserted that, on hearing of the victory at Homeldon, King Henry forbade the Percies to dispose of their captives, and that his interference exasperated the

northern lords to rebellion. The fact, however, appears to have been, that Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle of the Earl of March, was a prisoner in the hands of Glendower, and that "Hotspur," who had married the captive knight's sister, was anxious to effect his ransom. King Henry, who loved not the house of Mortimer, refused to allow the money to be paid; and Hotspur, stung to the quick, urged his kinsmen to rebel against the man whom they had made King of England, and place the crown on the head of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, a boy of tender years. A league was soon formed. Glendower gave Mortimer the hand of his daughter, and promised to aid the rebellion with thousands of Welshmen. Douglas was set free by Hotspur, on condition of bringing a band of brave Scots to their assistance. Ambassadors were, moreover, sent to solicit aid from the courts of France and Scotland, and Henry's throne began to shake. At this crisis the Prince of Wales, now sixteen, buckled on his armour to strike a blow for the crown, to which he had been recognised by Parliament as heir-apparent.

In the summer of 1403, the Percies raised the standard of rebellion; though the Earl of Northumberland, falling sick, could at that time take no part in the conflict. Douglas, however, true to his promise, joined Hotspur in the north of England, and together they marched towards South Wales in the hope of being joined by Glendower. Henry, on his part, anticipating that the Percies would have chosen the English border for their battle-ground, had gone northward as far as Burton-on-Trent. When informed of his enemies' motions, he took the advice of Dunbar, who was by his side, altered his course forthwith, and marched to Shrewsbury with such rapidity,

that, on the 20th of July, the royal army entered the town before it was invested by the rebels. Hotspur, finding himself cut off from Glendower, called a halt, and took up his position near the king's army, which was slowly issuing out and encamping east of the town. As it was near nightfall, the hostile leaders postponed the encounter till the morrow.

Early next day, which was the eve of the vigil of St. Mary Magdalene, Hotspur set his men in motion; and, after some attempts at an amicable settlement, the trumpets blew. "St. George for England!" cried the king's men; "Esperance, Percy!" shouted the insurgents; and the battle commenced. Percy and Douglas, furious as hungry lions rushing in on their prey, charged forward with the intention of killing the king. Their onset was such as could not be resisted. The guards were dispersed, the royal standard overthrown, Sir Walter Blount, the Earl of Stafford, and others who were dressed like the king, were killed; and Henry himself was on the point of falling a victim, when, warned by Dunbar, who watched the battle with a keen eye which nothing escaped, he changed his position, and baffled Hotspur and Douglas of their prey.

It was now that the Prince of Wales displayed his courage and magnanimity. Wounded in the face with an arrow, and bleeding, the young warrior was advised to retire. "No," exclaimed he scornfully; "who will remain fighting if the Prince of Wales goes back at the first taste of steel?" He forgot his wound in the excitement of the conflict. Wherever the foe mustered thickest, and the contest was keenest, there was the Prince of Wales to be seen fighting and encouraging his father's adherents.

At length the battle, which was terrible and constant,

came to an end. Hotspur, who had supported the renown gained in many a bloody day, was struck down by a random arrow, and his death decided the fight in favour of the royal army. Douglas, who had performed feats of valour almost incredible, seeing that the day was lost, turned to fly, and, falling over a precipice, was taken prisoner. King Henry, who had freely exposed his person in the fight, then raised the cry of "St. George and victory!" and the battle of Shrewsbury was over.

The Prince of Wales had, in the spring of 1403, been appointed Lieutenant of Wales; and after the defeat of Hotspur, he was despatched to encounter Owen Glendower. He succeeded forthwith in defeating the Celtic chief in several skirmishes, and from that time, for years, he was almost entirely occupied with his Welsh campaigns. His life was full of excitement. In March 1405, he vanquished the Welsh in a great battle at Grosmont, in Monmouthshire, capturing Griffith, the son of Glendower; and he soon after reduced the strong castle of Lampeter, in Cardiganshire. Owen, however, was not daunted. In 1404, he had visited the court of France, met there with the welcome due to a royal personage, and received a promise of aid. In pursuance of their promise, the French princes, after several failures, without any declaration of war, contrived to equip a grand fleet at Brest, and transport twelve thousand men to Wales.

The young Lieutenant of Wales was now no match for his antagonist. Landing at Milford Haven, the French burned the town of Haverfordwest, took Carmarthen, and after being joined by Owen and ten thousand Welshmen, penetrated to the gates of Worcester. The prince was under the necessity of keeping aloof, till the king came to

his assistance. Even then no engagement worthy of notice took place; but the king met with a check so severe that he made a rapid and disorderly retreat; while the French, disgusted at the poor entertainment and hard living they experienced, got back to their ships and set sail for their own coast. The Prince of Wales and Owen Glendower were left to terminate the struggle.

Among the morasses and mountains of Wales the prince urged on the war with that confidence and constancy which distinguished him in his more magnificent exploits. The cunning of the Celt was vain against a warrior of such indefatigable energy. He ere long reduced South Wales to submission, and gradually advanced into the North. For every rood of ground he had to fight, however, as his antagonists struggled with the courage of despair. After retreating from fortress to fortress, Owen, three or four years after being abandoned by his French allies, was forced to lurk about the houses of his kinsfolk disguised as a shepherd. For many years he survived his defeats, and died a free man among his native wilds. According to tradition, he was laid at rest in the cathedral of Bangor, and a grave is still pointed out to strangers as the place of his interment.

His Welsh campaigns over, Henry, Prince of Wales, returned to court. His position was irksome to a youth who had proved his capacity. Excluded from affairs, and restrained from exercising his faculties in those spheres for which nature had fitted him, the conqueror of Owen Glendower sought the company of men notorious for debauchery, and soon surpassed them all in the utter recklessness of his conduct. Grave persons were shocked to hear that the heir-apparent took part in street frays

and highway robberies; and King Henry became most uneasy at the idea of having a son whose character was so indiscreet, and whose life was so indecorous.

The stories related of "Prince Hal" by chroniclers, and immortalised by Shakespeare, are sufficient to absolve him from any such charge as that of caring much for appearances, or sacrificing much to public opinion. His pranks form a picturesque chapter in the history of that period, and have perhaps been read of with as much interest as his victory at Agincourt.

Among the manors belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall was that of Cheglesmore, near Coventry, and Henry, as Duke of Cornwall, was in the habit of frequently making this place his residence. Thither the young nobles of England were in the habit of repairing in such numbers that the king's court was quite deserted. What kind of scenes were enacted we can guess from a single fact that has been recorded. On one occasion matters were so bad that the mayor of Coventry was under the necessity of taking the Prince of Wales and his friends into custody.

Not content with appearing before the mayor of Coventry, "Prince Hal" came into collision with one of the most eminent judicial functionaries of that generation. A riotous comrade of the prince having been arrested by order of the Lord Mayor, and indicted before Sir William Gascoigne, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, Henry entered the court and attempted to set the culprit free. The chief-justice interfered to prevent this defiance of the law, and Henry, on sentence being passed, so far forgot himself as to insult the excellent judge. Gascoigne, who was by birth a gentleman of

an blood, was far from daunted. He instantly
d the prince to be arrested, and, after administering
nified rebuke, concluded by committing him to
. The prince, checking his impetuous temper,
d quietly, and was marched off to atone his offence
t the majesty of law. When intelligence of this
arried to the palace, the king said "he was proud
judge who would fearlessly enforce the laws, and of
who would thus submit to them." This exploit,
ich as watching in disguise to plunder the receivers
enues, cost the Prince of Wales his seat at the
Council. His place was supplied by his younger
r, John, Duke of Bedford.

ile Henry was figuring as "the madcap prince,"
ing appears to have thought that a suitable bride
bring him to reason. In any case, he made appli-
for several princesses worthy of figuring as the
f his heir. With four royal ladies the old king
nsuccessful; and he had just turned his thoughts to
, namely, Katherine de Valois, youngest daughter
French king, and sent the Duke of York to de-
her in marriage, when he was seized with his last
hile praying before the shrine of St. Edward, in
minster Abbey. Being carried into the chamber of
bot, and laid in the Jerusalem Chamber, Henry IV.
ted this life on the 20th of March 1413.

e hero of hostesses and familiar of tapsters now
ded the throne, and commenced his career in ear-

He was about twenty-six, in the prime of his
, with a form tall and slender, but vigorous and
ed for martial exercise. His countenance beamed
manly beauty; the expression of his face was frank

and amiable; and his blue eye sparkled with the courag of his race. Add to these advantages a popular manne and an engaging address, and you will comprehend wh Henry V. was in favour with the nation when he suc ceeded to the crown. As for his faults and failings, th multitude were disposed to look with indulgence on th juvenile indiscretions of a prince born and bred o English ground, and sharing all their sympathies an antipathies.

The wise and the prudent, however, shook their hea and predicted the worst. It was anticipated that S William Gascoigne, Chief-Justice of the King's Benc would suffer for having committed the prince to priso and that Sir William Thyrnynge, Chief-Justice of th Common Pleas, would be removed to make way for som of the young king's comrades. On the day after h coronation Henry frustrated all such prophecies, and di pelled all delusions. When the Council was sworn in h spoke with more than regal dignity. He renounced h former companions, and forgave such of his father's cou cillors as had tried to correct his faults. He retaine Thyrnynge as Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, wit high compliments to his ability; and after referring t Gascoigne's having committed him to the King's Benc prison, added—"For which act of justice I shall ev hold him worthy of his place and my favour, and wis all my judges to have the like undaunted courage t punish offenders, of whatever rank." Everybody wa surprised at the course Henry had taken. "The cha acter of the young king," says Hume, "appeared bright than if it had never been shaded by any errors."

Considering the life Henry had led when Prince c

Wales, it can hardly be supposed that he felt particularly satisfied with himself when he ascended the throne and reflected on the past. He knew that he was intended for something higher; and it was natural that he should look around for a field in which to redeem his reputation and prove his genius. The idea of foreign conquest had been suggested by his father; and it occurred to him to renew the claim of his great-grandsire, the third Edward, to the crown of France. Wise and reverend men assured him that he was justified in doing so; and he, ere long, began to believe himself destined by Providence to accomplish great triumphs in that unhappy country.

The condition of France was wretched in the extreme. The wars carried on by the English in the fourteenth century—the subsequent contentions of the princes of the blood—the insanity of King Charles VI.—the vices of his spouse, Isabel of Bavaria—the feud of the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy—and the struggles of the Butchers and Carpenters of Paris, had brought the state to the verge of ruin; and so little was propriety regarded, that Louis the Dauphin, a mere boy, had ventured by a *coup d'etat* to seize the reins of government. This royal cub, installed in the Louvre, surrounded with a band of dissolute companions, was rapidly developing the worst faults of the race of Valois, when, in the summer of 1414, Henry suddenly claimed the French crown. No answer was returned; but the dauphin is said to have laughed scornfully at the demand, and in derision of Henry's claims, and in allusion to his former habits, to have sent him as a present a gilded tun of tennis balls. The King of England answered frankly, that he would return the compliment with such balls as would break the strongest gates of Paris.

A month later, Henry intimated to the French court thal if he received the Princess Katherine in marriage, and a portion of two millions of crowns, he would be satisfied with the fulfilment of Edward's treaty of Bretigny, and the addition of Normandy and Anjou. The French King answered, that he would restore the whole of the ancient duchy of Aquitaine, and give his daughter with a marriage portion of six hundred crowns. Henry rejected the offer; and, after some further attempt to negotiate, prepared to invade France.

At Westminster, in the spring of 1415, a council of peers approved of the project; and Henry appointed his brother John, Duke of Bedford, regent during his absence. He pledged all the valuables he possessed, pawned the crown called "the great Harry," raised five hundred thousand nobles, and in July set out to embark at Southampton. At Winchester he met the Archbishop of Bourges, who had been sent by the old Duke of Berry, in the vain hope that the danger impending over France might yet be averted. Henry told the archbishop that the crown of France was his by right, and that he should win it by the sword. The archbishop said his sovereign had made most liberal offers, not from fear of war, but love of peace. Henry smiled.

"If," said the archbishop, "thou makest the attempt, he will call upon the Blessed Virgin and all the saints, and then, with their aid and the support of loyal subjects, thou wilt be driven into the sea, or taken, or slain."

"We shall see," was Henry's cool reply; after which he dismissed the archbishop with rich presents, and pursued his journey to Southampton.

While embarking his troops, the king discovered that

the Earl of Cambridge, brother of the Duke of York, with Lord Scroope and Sir Thomas Grey, had formed a conspiracy against his life. They were tried, found guilty, and sent to the block. At length, everything being ready, Henry embarked in a ship, which had purple sails, embroidered with gold; and on the 13th of August anchored at the mouth of the Seine, a few miles from Harfleur. On the 17th he laid siege to the strong fortress, which, after thirty-six days, surrendered to the invaders. From Harfleur, Henry sent a challenge to the dauphin, to decide the contest by a personal combat. To this message no answer was returned.

The English were now in considerable perplexity. Disease and death had thinned their ranks so as to render any great enterprise almost hopeless. A council of war was held, and recommended the king to embark for England. But Henry said, "No; we must yet see, by God's help, a little more of a land which is all our own. We will endure every peril rather than be reproached with fear. We will go, if it please God, without harm or danger; if they do disturb our journey, why then we must fight, and win victory and glory."

Sickness and the siege had so reduced the English army, that after a garrison was left at Harfleur, Henry's forces, on being drawn out, did not exceed nine thousand men. Yet with this small army he prepared to march through the hostile provinces of Normandy, Picardy, and Artois, to the city of Calais, which had remained in possession of England since its memorable capture by the third Edward. He chose the line of march by Féchamp, and along the sea-coast, till he reached the river Somme, and on the seventh day came to the ford of

Blanche-Taque, where he hoped to pass as his great-grandsire had done in other days. Here he met with a severe disappointment. The French had rendered the ford impassable, and guarded it by a strong body on the opposite bank. After several days spent in searching for a ford, he discovered, on the 19th of October, a passage near St. Quentin; and the English, as they dashed across, forgot every hardship, and experienced a joy unfelt for days.

Meanwhile, the chivalry of France was in motion to intercept the bold invaders. The dauphin, startled at the occupation of Harfleur by an English garrison, induced the king to nominate him captain-general, and to hold a council of war at Rouen. It was proposed that the king should head the army, and give the English battle. But the old Duke of Berry, who had fought at Poitiers, and remembered the captivity of his father John, opposed the scheme. "It is bad enough," said he, "to lose a battle; but it is better to lose a battle than to lose a battle and the king." Instructions were then sent to the constable, D'Albert, to concentrate his forces, and crush the King of England. The constable was ready to do so: but when the English suddenly crossed the river at St. Quentin he was quite disconcerted, and, falling back from the Somme, marched along the Calais road.

Henry followed quietly and steadily; but with this disadvantage, that while his army was gradually decreasing, all the military power of France was gathering around the constable. The position was trying; but the King of England preserved his equanimity. On the 20th of October, heralds came to warn him that the

French would fight with him before he reached Calais. "God's will be done," said Henry calmly; "I do not seek them; but fear shall not make me go out of the way, nor march faster or slower than I intended. Let them stop me at their peril."

It was the 24th of October when the Duke of York, who led the English van, after crossing the Ternois, a deep and rapid river, at Blangi, descried the French columns and sent intelligence to the king. Expecting an immediate attack, Henry drew up his men in order of battle, and sent David Gam, "the one-eyed," a Welsh captain, to view their situation. David returning, reported that there were enough to kill, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away. The king was much pleased with the description; and as the French showed no inclination to attack, he marched forward, and encamped at a large village, within a few bowshots of the enemy's outposts. The royal standard of France was planted in the Calais road, where it was bounded by a wood on either side; and the constable's army was so posted, that it was impossible for Henry to pass without coming to an engagement. Nothing could have appeared more unequal than the contest; but the English knew they must conquer or die, and they proudly and patiently abided the issue.

Night came on; the moon rose; officers were sent to view the ground, and the half-famished soldiers were refreshed with some provisions. All night the rain fell in torrents, and the morning dawned gloomily. At an early hour, Henry heard mass with his men; and then ranged them in order of battle. The archers he placed in front, under the command of Sir Thomas Erpingham,

a knight old and hoary. Having made all arrangements, the king mounted a grey charger, and rode along the lines, wearing over his mail a surcoat, on which the arms of England and France were embroidered, and over his helmet a golden crown, sparkling with gems, among which was a ruby that had been presented to the Black Prince by the King of Castile. He addressed the divisions in high and patriotic language, reminding them of their ancient glories, and declaring that he would never leave the field vanquished. England would never be asked to pay a ransom for him—he would conquer or die.

As the king rode along the lines, a brave warrior, Walter Hungerford, remarked—

"I wish that some of the gallant knights and stout archers, now living at ease in merry England, could be present on this field."

"Nay," exclaimed Henry, turning round with a cheerful countenance, "I would not have a single man more. If God grants us a victory, the fewer we are the greater our honour; and if we are vanquished the smaller will be our country's loss. But we will not lose," he added; "fight but as you are wont, and ere night the pride of our countless enemies must be humbled to the dust."

Seeing that the French, profiting by experience, refrained from attacking, Henry distributed food and wine to his men, who sate down on the ground and quietly breakfasted, in presence of an enemy ten times their number. As the morning wore away, the constable sent an offer to allow Henry to pass on to Calais, if he would restore Harfleur, and resign all pretensions to the crown of France. He rejected such terms with

disdain; and perceiving at noon that the French did not advance, he resolved to attack them.

Having sent two detachments to lie in ambush, Henry gave the word, "Banners, advance!" and at the same time Sir Thomas Erpingham, throwing his truncheon into the air, cried, "Now strike!" The archers, moving forward, commenced the conflict with loud cheers, and broke the front rank of the French knights; and Henry, bringing up the men-at-arms, made a splendid charge. The battle then became earnest on both sides, and the king's life was repeatedly in danger. His brother, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, was wounded, overthrown, and on the point of being killed, when Henry covered him with his body, and exerted his strength with a determination which made the assailants retreat in terror. Scarcely had this peril passed, when he was beset by another. Eighteen French knights had, it appears, vowed solemnly to take the King of England, dead or alive. Bearing the banner of the Lord of Croy, they charged furiously forward; and one of them, lifting his battle-axe, dealt a blow, under the violence of which Henry was beaten to his knees; but, quick as thought, the English closed around, and made the eighteen knights bite the dust.

No sooner was this scene enacted than the Duke of Alençon charged to the royal standard of England, and with one sweep of his battle-axe beat down the Duke of York, never to rise alive. Henry stood forward to defend his kinsman, but received a blow which knocked off part of his golden crown. The Duke of Alençon lived not to strike another. Seeing himself surrounded, he cried out to the king, "I am the Duke of Alençon;

I surrender to you." Henry held out his hand, but it was too late to save the duke. He was already dead. With the fall of Alençon the contest ceased. The French, who from the first had been in hopeless confusion, fled in utter disorder from the lost field.

When the day was won, Henry, attended by his chief barons, rode over the field and called to him Mountjoye, the herald of the King of France.

"We have not," said Henry, "made this slaughter, but the Almighty, as we believe, for the sins of France." And then he asked to whom the honour of the victory was due.

"To the King of England—to him ought victory to be given," was the answer of Mountjoye.

"Well, then," asked Henry, "what is the name of that castle I see?"

"Agincourt," was the herald's reply.

"Then," said Henry, "since all battles ought to be named after the nearest castle, let this battle henceforward and lastingly bear the name of Agincourt."

Among the personages of high rank whom the English on this occasion took captive was the Duke of Orleans, son of that prince who had been assassinated by the Duke of Burgundy. He was dragged out wounded from a heap of slain, and taken by Sir Richard Waller, sheriff of Kent, and ancestor of Waller, the celebrated poet who flourished in the seventeenth century. The duke was so deeply afflicted at the misfortune which the day had brought on his country that he refused the food offered to him by his captors. Henry hearing of this, went to console the princely captive.

"How fare you, my cousin, and why do you refuse to

eat and drink?" asked the victor king in a tone of kindness.

"I am determined to fast," the unhappy duke answered in accents of dejection and despair.

"Not so," said the king, mildly, "make good cheer, cousin. If God has, in His grace, given me the victory, I acknowledge it is through no merits of mine own. I believe He has willed that the French should be punished; and if what I have heard be true, no wonder at it! They tell me that never were such disorder, such license of wickedness, such debauchery, such vices as now reign in France. Horrible it is to hear of such things; and, certes, the wrath of the Lord has been awakened."

The duke gradually took heart; and next day, when the English struck their tents and left the field, he rode side by side with the King of England, conversing in a friendly tone. At Calais the victorious army embarked and sailed for England. An enthusiastic welcome awaited the young king. At Dover the people, elate with the triumph of their countrymen, rushed into the sea and carried him ashore on their shoulders. At every town through which he passed the inhabitants came forth by thousands to do him honour. At Blackheath he was met by twenty thousand of the citizens of London, and conducted into the metropolis, welcomed with rejoicings on every side; and after paying his devotions at St. Paul's, he rode in triumph to the palace of Westminster. Never, perhaps, had King of England received such a greeting at the hands of his subjects.

Nearly two years passed over before Henry again set foot in France, but when he went, he was prepared to conquer. It was in the beginning of August 1417, that

he landed in Normandy with the finest army that had ever left the shores of England. His successes during this expedition were signal. The whole of Lower Normandy submitted after a struggle: Rouen was besieged, and after a stubborn defence, compelled to surrender; the cities and castles around followed the example; and the standard of England floated over the whole of Normandy. After this he marched along the left bank of the Seine to Nantes, and there encamped within fifty miles of Paris.

The French were still divided into two factions. One of these was headed by the Duke of Burgundy; the other by the king's son, Charles of Valois, who had succeeded to the rank of dauphin, when his brother Louis, who had rudely mocked King Henry with the present of tennis balls, died of grief and regret after the battle of Agincourt. The queen, who hated her son with a perfect hatred, formed an alliance with her former foe, Burgundy; and the king was a mere puppet in the hands of the exemplary pair.

As soon as the English king advanced so near Paris as Nantes, the French court, in the utmost alarm, offered to treat, and it was arranged that the King and Queen of France and the Duke of Burgundy should meet Henry on the right bank of the Seine, near the town of Meulan. Accordingly, close to the edge of the river a space of ground was enclosed. On one side of this was pitched the tent of the King of England; on the other that of the King of France. Between them was a third tent, in which the conference was to be held. When the appointed day arrived, Henry appeared first with a splendid retinue, and entered the enclosure. The poor, insane

heir of Hugh Capet was not in a condition to appear; but the queen, accompanied by her daughter, Katherine, and the Duke of Burgundy, came in great state. At a given signal the trumpets sounded, and leaving their tents the royal personages met in the middle. Henry, for the first time, saw his future bride; and it was thought her charms were not without effect on his heart. The first day's conference ended in nothing, however; and, on a subsequent occasion, Henry perceived such a disposition to delay and trifle, that he exclaimed to Burgundy with English frankness, "Cousin, we shall have the daughter of your king to wife, but on our own terms; and we will have whatever else we have demanded." Henry had good reason to complain. In the course of a month only seven meetings had been held; and at these nothing whatever had been settled. When he rode from Nantes to Meulan to attend the eighth, he had the tents all to himself. Neither Isabel of Bavaria, Queen of France, nor John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, deemed it necessary to appear.

The King of England did not long remain in doubt as to the meaning of the French court. There soon reached his camp intelligence that caused some dismay. The dauphin and Burgundy had been reconciled, and agreed to a treaty. The principal condition of their alliance was, that they should together "resist the damnable enterprise of the English, the ancient enemies of the king and of all Frenchmen."

At the news of this sudden alliance Henry was not so much dismayed as some of his councillors. He was well aware, indeed, that Burgundy and the dauphin hated the English much; but he was also aware that

they hated each other more. Knowing their want of sincerity, he trusted to the course of events, and meanwhile he took a bold step. He crossed the Seine, and marched towards the capital, taking the town of Pointoise on the way. While Henry was at Pointoise there occurred one of those tragic scenes so common in the history of France.

After the duke and the dauphin had settled between them to unite their power and drive the English out of France, they agreed to an interview. The place appointed was the bridge of Montereau; and scarcely had they met, when the duke was assassinated by the dauphin's adherents. Philip, Count of Charolais, son and heir of the murdered man, was at Ghent with his youthful spouse, who was the dauphin's sister. "Michelle," said he, turning to that princess, "my father has been murdered by your brother." Calmly as the count may have spoken, he resolved to seek an alliance with the King of England, and to exact a speedy vengeance.

Both parties now applied to Henry; and it soon appeared that the game was in his hands. To neither party did he owe gratitude, and he acted as seemed best for his own interests and those of his kingdom. He consented to form an alliance with the young Duke of Burgundy, and named certain conditions as the price of his friendship. The hand of Katherine de Valois, the present regency of France, and the succession to the crown on the death of Charles VI.—such were the terms on which the King of England insisted at this crisis. The court of France was no longer in a condition to trifle with such a man; and in April

1420, Charles VI. was made to sign the treaty of Troyes.

Soon after this important event—in the month of May—Henry arrived at Troyes, and was conducted by Burgundy, and a host of French lords, to the church of St. Peter. There he was affianced to the fair Katherine; and next month the English king and the French princess were united by the Archbishop of Paris in the church of St. John. It was not till December, however, that Henry and his queen made their celebrated entry into Paris. They were received with enthusiasm. The poor shouted out words of welcome; the rich wore the red cross of England; and priests chanted,—"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Among the poor, at least, there was an impression that Henry would deliver them from the intolerable evils to which they had long been exposed.

When the year 1421 set in, the king and queen of England left France; and landing at Dover, proceeded by Eltham to the capital of their dominions. Their reception was flattering in the extreme; and on the festival of St. Matthew, Katherine the Fair was crowned in the Abbey of Westminster. Henry's residence in England was brief. While making a royal progress, he received unwelcome intelligence that a body of Scottish troops had landed in France to aid the dauphin; and that these formidable auxiliaries had obtained an important victory over his brother, Thomas, Duke of Clarence.

Godscroft tells us that the Scots, under the Earls of Buchan and of Wigton, had hardly arrived in France, and been assigned the town of Chastillon for their quarters, when their French allies began to accuse them of being fit for nothing but to eat and drink. Eager to free

themselves from this reproach, the Scots were glad to have an opportunity of exhibiting their prowess and courage. It happened that the Duke of Clarence, whom Henry had left Governor of Normandy, made an incursion into Anjou, which sided with the dauphin. Suddenly on the 22d March 1421, Clarence was set upon by the allied forces at the village of Baugé. The duke, who thought his army invincible, without waiting for his archers to come up, led a body of men-at-arms across a bridge, and charged valiantly upon the foe. Clarence was at once recognised by his magnificent armour and his coronet of gold, sparkling with precious stones; and a Scottish knight, named Swinton, riding furiously forward, wounded him severely in the face, and bore him to the ground. The Earl of Buchan completed the exploit by killing the duke with his mace, and the English beat a retreat. This victory revived the drooping spirits of the dauphin's adherents; and the fugitive prince, out of gratitude, appointed the Earl of Buchan Constable, and the Earl of Wigton Marshal, of France. No honours were deemed too high for the brave auxiliaries. They had proved that the English were not altogether invincible. "In truth," said the Pope, when he heard the news, "the Scots are the only antidote to the English."

Henry was at Beverley when he received intelligence of his brother's defeat and death; and knowing that there was no time to lose, if his conquests were to be saved, he forthwith summoned a parliament, and prepared to submit to its consideration the treaty of Troyes. Parliament on assembling readily ratified the treaty, and without a murmur voted the king money to carry on the war. Having succeeded thus far, Henry resolved to carry in

his train such Scots as would leave him little to fear from the enmity of that nation. With this view, he took with him James, King of Scots, who had long been a captive at Windsor, and prevailed on that Earl of Douglas, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Shrewsbury, to participate in the expedition.

Hardly had King Henry landed at Calais, when the aspect of affairs changed. Every difficulty yielded before his genius and energy, and he made his way to Paris, conquering as he advanced. The dauphin was at that time besieging Chartres; but on Henry's approach he raised the siege, and having no inclination to try conclusions with such an antagonist, he took refuge in the stronghold of Bourges, in Berry. Henry thereupon recrossed the Loire, returned to Paris, and after a brief sojourn, marched, in October, to besiege Meaux, about thirty miles to the north-east of the capital.

There was something exciting in the expedition. That strong place was held for the dauphin by the Bastard of Vaurus, a chief of such ferocity, that whenever Englishmen or Burgundians fell into his hands, he killed them on the spot, or tortured them to death. He was, moreover, the terror of the surrounding country; for when riding at the head of his desperate bands, he was in the habit of seizing the farmers and traders, tying them to the tails of his horses, and in this way conveying them into Meaux. When his prisoners discovered their hidden treasure, or prevailed on their friends to pay ransom, the Bastard set them free; when they proved to be captives out of whom nothing could be got, he hanged them on a tree outside the town. This tree was widely known as "the elm of Vaurus;" and the report of the punishments,

of which its branches were the silent witnesses, struck terror even into the hearts of the distant Parisians.

Henry was a Plantagenet, and the chiefs of that great regal house were not quite the men to permit such lawless proceedings in any country under their rule. He resolved to make an example of the Bastard, and teach evil-doers what treatment they had to expect at his hands. He first carried the town of Meaux by assault; but the Bastard, with his outlaw adherents, retreated to the market-place, and there made a stout and desperate resistance. The struggle, though long, was utterly vain. In the month of May 1422, the citadel surrendered, and the Bastard of Vaurus was hanged on the elm-tree, to the branches of which he had consigned so many innocent persons.

The capture of Meaux was the last achievement of the conqueror of Agincourt. It appears that about two months later he left Paris to relieve Cosne, which was besieged by the dauphin, and had proceeded as far as Corbeil, when compelled by illness to halt. After resigning to his brother John, Duke of Bedford, the command of the English army, King Henry was conveyed in a litter to the Bois de Vincennes. There, on the 31st August 1422, he breathed his last.

The body of the royal warrior was embalmed, and borne with great state to Notre Dame, where a solemn service was performed for the soul that had departed. It was not, however, in Notre Dame that the bones of Henry V. were to rest, but in that great abbey so intimately associated with those national glories to which he had immensely added. A funeral procession was therefore formed, and moved, by slow stages, to Calais. The

King of Scots appeared as chief mourner, accompanied by the princes of the blood, and by a host of knights and squires in black armour, with their lances reversed and sable plumes in their helmets. Last of all came the widow, scarcely yet twenty, bitterly lamenting her hero-husband, and little dreaming that in a few years she was to forget him and dignity and decorum for the sake of an obscure Welsh soldier.

When the mournful procession reached Calais, a fleet was in readiness to convey the corpse to Dover. Thence it was carried to London; and obsequies were performed at St. Paul's in presence of the whole Parliament. It was then removed, with much pomp, to the abbey of Westminster; and the remains of the hero of Agincourt were laid in that ancient chapel, where, hard by the shrine of St. Edward, whose name they bore and whose crown they inherited, reposed their country's two greatest sovereigns—the English Justinian and the conqueror of Cressy.

Sir Richard Baker, in his "Chronicles of the Kings of England," thus describes Henry's appearance and characteristics under the head of "personage and conditions:"—"He was tall of stature, lean of body, and his bones but small: but strongly made, somewhat long-necked, black-haired, and very beautiful of face; swift in running, so that he, with two of his lords, without bow or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe in a large park. He delighted in songs and musical instruments, insomuch that in his chapel amongst his private prayers he used certain Psalms of David, translated into English metre by John Lydgate, monk of Bury. And, indeed, it may be said of him as was said of Æneas—'Quo justior alter,

nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis'—for he seldom fought battle where he got not the victory; and never got victory whereof he gave not the glory to God with public thanksgiving. He was a better man and king than a subject; for till then he was not in his right orb, and therefore no marvel if he were somewhat exorbitant. He was of a merciful disposition, but not to the prejudice of wisdom, as thinking wise cruelty better than foolish pity. He was no less politic than valiant; for he never fought battle nor won town, wherein he prevailed not as much by stratagem as by force. He was so temperate in his diet and so free from vain-glory, that we may truly say, he had something in him of Cæsar which Alexander the Great had not—that he would not be drunk; and something of Alexander the Great which Cæsar had not—that he would not be flattered. He was, indeed, a great affector of glory, not of the glory that is the blast of men's mouths, but of the glory that fills the sails of Time."

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

ABOUT the opening of the nineteenth century a cottage, which had stood unchanged for three hundred years on the beautiful banks of the river Tavy, was pulled down, and a stall for the cattle of a neighbouring farmhouse erected in its place. In this cottage, Sir Francis Drake, "the terror of the Spaniards," was born. The year of his birth has perplexed biographers, but it is generally supposed to have been 1544. His early days were passed in poverty and obscurity. Apprenticed by his father to the master of a small coasting barque, Drake was "held hard to his business;" yet gave so many proofs of diligence and fidelity, that his master, dying unmarried, bequeathed him his little vessel as the reward of his services. He continued for some time in this humble yet active way of life, till, having acquired some money, he sold his ship, and repairing to Plymouth, joined an expedition under Captain John Hawkins, to the "New World." Owing to the treachery of the Spaniards, who, after admitting the English ships to traffic in the bay of Mexico, attacked them without any declaration of hostilities, and in violation of the peace between Spain and England, four ships were lost, and

with these all that Drake had accumulated by his industry.

A divine belonging to the fleet comforted Drake with the assurance that he "might lawfully recover in value of the King of Spain, and repair his losses upon him wherever he could." Drake, however, first endeavoured to obtain compensation by his own interest at the Spanish court. He then obtained letters from Queen Elizabeth; but finding all his remonstrances vain, "though a poor private man, he undertook to avenge himself on so mighty a monarch." In order to make himself acquainted with the seas and coasts, Drake undertook two preparatory voyages to America; and, having thus gained information of the exact state of the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, he determined on a third voyage of more importance, in which he resolved to teach the Spaniards how imprudently they always act who injure and insult a brave man.

Two small ships, one of seventy tons commanded by himself, and the other of twenty-five tons, under his brother John, both vessels containing only seventy-five men and boys, was the force with which Drake set out to make reprisals on the most powerful nation in the world! He had three pinnaces in pieces, ready framed on board, and was well provided with a year's provision, and such artillery and ammunition as he judged necessary for his undertaking.

The high land of America appeared in sight on the 2d of July 1572. Directing his course to Port Pheasant —which lay to the east of Nombre de Dios, "then the granary of the West Indies, wherein the golden harvest brought from Panama was hoarded up till it could be

conveyed to Spain," and from whose stores Drake hoped to enrich himself—he there landed. A smoke at a distance attracted his attention; and on advancing towards it, he found a fire in the top of a high tree, and nailed to another tree of such girth that four men with outstretched arms could not embrace it, a plate of lead, with this warning engraved upon it: "Captain Drake, if you fortune to come into this port, make haste away; for the Spaniards which you had here last year have betrayed this place, and taken away all that you left here. I departed hence this present 7th of July 1572. Your loving friend, John Garret." Though thus made aware of his danger, Drake still determined to build his pinnaces at this port. In seven days they were put together; and, just as they were completed, an English barque, from the Isle of Wight, James Rowse, captain, with thirty-eight men aboard, came into port; and, being made acquainted with Drake's design, joined company.

A short voyage brought them to Nombre de Dios, which they approached by night, keeping close to the shore, intending to attack the town at daybreak. Overhearing his men muttering together formidable accounts of the strength of the place and the number of its inhabitants, Drake changed his resolution; and, when the moon rose, he ordered his crew to their oars, and landed without opposition. While engaged in tumbling six large brass cannons into the sea, the *single* gunner, to whose charge these had been left, alarmed the town; and the rattle of drums, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the people, soon told them that their landing was no longer unknown.

Not to be behind the Spaniards in alacrity, Drake

divided his men into two companies, and ordering drums to beat, and trumpets to sound, without difficulty entered the town, which was unwalled. The English had fire-pikes in both their companies, which gave them light to discover every place, and frightened their enemies. They reached the market-place before they met with any opposition; but here they were saluted with a volley of shot, which being immediately answered by a flight of arrows, "the ancient English compliment" drove the Spaniards from the ground; the weapons which they threw away doing more hurt to the invaders than their hasty fire.

Making their way to the governor's house, by the direction of a poor Spaniard they had captured, they found the door open; and, entering the room where the silver brought by the mules from Panama was deposited, they found it heaped up in bars in such quantities as almost to exceed belief; the pile being, they conjectured, seventy feet in length, ten in breadth, and twelve in height, each bar weighing between thirty and forty-five pounds. At the sight of such treasure, the men thought of nothing but how to convey it to their boats. Drake, however, well knowing the danger they would be exposed to from the Spaniards, who he judged would soon reassemble, prevented them from touching a single bar, promising to lead them to the king's treasure-house, where there was gold and jewels to far greater value, and where the treasure was not only more portable, but nearer the coast. Thither then they proceeded, but found the place well secured.

"Now, my men," exclaimed Drake, "I have brought you to the mouth of the treasury of the world: if ye do not gain the treasure, none but yourselves are to be

blamed. Courage, then; for if so bright an opportunity once setteth, it seldom riseth again."

Grasping his pike, he stepped forward to animate them by his example to force the door; but suddenly he fell speechless and fainting to the ground. His companions then perceived a severe wound in his leg, which he had hitherto concealed, lest his men should make their concern for his life a pretext for returning to their boats. They bound up the wound with a scarf, and cordials soon restored Drake to speech. The loss of blood had, however, been so great, that all wondered that life could remain; the prints of his footsteps from the market-place being completely filled with blood. Concern for the life of their captain made every one now feel disposed to return to their ship: Drake alone was unwilling to leave the enterprise incomplete. His men, at length finding he would not be persuaded, "added force to their entreaties, and so carried him to his pinnace." Knowing that the Spaniards would discover their weakness by daylight, they made sail for a small island about a league distant, where they stayed two days to repose their wounded men, and to regale themselves with the fruits which grew plentifully in its gardens.

A negro, whom Drake had taken on board at Nombre de Dios, made him acquainted with the most wealthy settlements, and the weakest parts of the coast. Drake was not a man to be disheartened by one disappointment, and he resolved to attack Carthagena without delay. On entering the harbour, he found at its mouth a frigate, with only an old man on board, who informed him that a pinnace with sails and oars had passed an hour before,

evidently carrying the news of his coming. Drake himself had heard the noise of a cannon fired as a warning; and now seeing the shipping drawn up under the walls of the castle, he felt that he was discovered, and that no attempt could be made with any hope of success. He, however, captured a ship of two hundred and forty tons, and two small frigates, on board of which he found letters from Nombre de Dios, intended to alarm all the coast.

Ships were now more abundant than men; and Drake, finding his pinnaces badly manned, was very desirous of destroying one of the large vessels. He knew such a procedure would offend his company if done openly; he therefore hit upon an artifice which saved the exertion of an authority that would have lessened him in his men's esteem. Sending for the carpenter of the "Swan"—the doomed vessel—he took him into his cabin. Then, engaging him to secrecy, he desired him in the middle of the night to go down into the well of the ship, and bore three holes through the bottom, laying something against them to prevent the bubbling of the water from being heard. The man expostulated, but at last consented, and performed his promise next night.

Early in the morning Drake got into his pinnace to go a-fishing, but first ordered his men to row up to the "Swan." "Good morrow, brother," cried Drake, as he came alongside; "won't you join me in my sport?" Then, laughing carelessly, he continued, "But, methinks, while we have slept, you have had better sport than I can offer you; for the 'Swan' seems laden with Spanish silver."

Looking over the side, his brother at once saw how deep his bark lay in the water, and immediately sent

down the steward. As anticipated, he brought up word that the ship was leaky, and in danger of sinking in a little time. The pumps were instantly manned; but at three in the afternoon the water still gained upon them, and then the crew, very *willingly*, according to Drake's advice, set the "Swan" on fire, and went on board the pinnaces.

Drake's leg being quite healed, he opened up a communication with the Maroons—negroes who, having escaped from slavery, had established themselves in small towns in the interior of the Isthmus of Darien. They had a chief, and could furnish seventeen hundred fighting men. From these people Drake learned the time when the treasure from Panama was brought on mules to Nombre de Dios. With some of these men as his guides, Drake set out, hoping to intercept a *recua*, as they called a party of mules thus laden. Their march lasted several days. On their way, they came to the top of a high hill, on whose summit grew an immense tree. Steps, it is said, were ready cut in its trunk; and thus, easily ascending it, one of the chief Maroons led Drake to a kind of tower or arbour which had been made near its top "wherein twelve men might sit." From this eminence Drake had his first view of the great South Sea, on which no English vessel had yet been. At the sight he fell on his knees, and besought God to grant him "life and leave once to sail an English ship in those seas."

Having come within view of Panama, the adventurers concealed themselves in a grove, and sent a Maroon, disguised as a negro of the town, to inquire on what night the mules would leave the city. The messenger brought

back word, that the treasurer of Lima would pass that night on his return to Europe, with eight mules laden with gold and one with jewels.

Drake without delay marched his party towards Venta Cruz, the first town on the road to Nombre de Dios, and ordered his men to lie down among the long grass, in two companies, one on each side of the road, and with one party a little in advance of the other, so as to prevent the escape of the mules, by thus surrounding them at once.

In about an hour, they began to hear the noise of the bells, with which the mules were always provided, in both directions. Drake gave orders that the troop travelling from Venta Cruz should be allowed to pass unmolested, as it contained but little value. One of his men, however, who was intoxicated, marred the enterprise; for he rose up, and was observed by a horseman of the party, who rode hastily on, and advised the treasurer to send back his richly laden mules, and suffer the rest only to proceed. On their appearance, the English and Maroons rushed upon them, hoping to secure the wealth of the Indies; and great was their disappointment when they learned from the captive driver, that he had been sent forward to ascertain, by a cheap experiment, whether any ambush was in the way.

Fortune ere long favoured Drake. Having concealed his men as before, they were not long ere they heard "the sweet music of the mules coming with a great noise of bells." Two companies came in sight with no other protection than the muleteers, who, mistrusting nothing, were taken by surprise, and easily overcome. The captors took as much treasure as they could carry, and concealed

several tons of silver. The drunkenness of one man again partially spoiled this adventure; for, lagging behind, he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who compelled him by torture to discover where the silver had been buried; and when the English returned for a second load, it was almost all removed.

On reaching the coast where Drake had ordered his pinnaces to meet him, they were not to be seen. Seven Spanish pinnaces, however, were visible enough, evidently watching for the arrival of the English vessels. Drake was now afraid that his ships were lost. Still it was useless to remain where he was: so, collecting the trees which the current of the river brought down, he formed them into a raft. A biscuit sack served for a sail; and a young tree, shaped roughly into a large oar, answered the purpose of a rudder. On this raft, Drake, with three others, left the river, and ventured out to sea—the water at all times up to their waists, and at every billow reaching to their shoulders. After sailing thus for six hours, they caught sight of their own pinnaces, which were running behind an intervening headland for shelter during the night. Gladly forcing their raft ashore, they crossed at a narrow point, and were joyfully received. They afterwards sailed round to the river, and taking in their comrades with the treasure they had secured, rejoined the ships.

The English had now to take leave of their faithful allies, the Maroons. The iron of the pinnaces, which were all broken up, they esteemed as sufficient reward for their services, valuing it far more highly than the English did the gold they had obtained at much peril. Drake desired Pedro, their captain, to go through the

ship, and choose what he most desired. A sword set with diamonds took his fancy; but, well knowing the estimation in which it was held, and unwilling to ask for so valuable a present, he offered for it four large quoits or plates of gold. Drake desired him to accept the sword without recompense; but Pedro insisted on leaving the golden wedges. Finding that his resolution could not be changed, Drake threw the gold into the common stock, saying, "It was just that they who bore part of the charge, in setting him to sea, should enjoy their full proportion of advantage at his return." A favourable wind springing up, in twenty-three days from Cape Florida, he arrived at Plymouth, August 9, 1573. It was a Sunday, and during service; but the church was immediately deserted, the people running out to welcome one who was already regarded as the hero of that place.

In the early part of the year 1577, among a throng of lords, knights, and gentlemen, in the ante-room of the presence chamber in the stately palace of Whitehall, there was one individual who attracted general attention. Though of short stature, his limbs were well set, firm, and muscular. His dress was that which a private gentleman usually wore on such occasions—it was a levee day. Yet, though undistinguished by any honours, he was evidently no common personage. His features told the observer that their owner was possessed of quick penetration and unflinching courage. Few of the courtiers knew him even by name, yet he was not without a friend; for at this moment he was engaged in animated conversation with Sir Christopher Hatton.

Many had gathered round the two disputants—for their discourse had now assumed the character of a dispute—yet, almost unconscious of the bystanders, each continued to ply his arguments; and the contest was nearly decided in favour of the stranger, when the signal was given by the usher to approach the royal presence.

Elizabeth's eye glanced approvingly on the manly form before her, as, presented by Sir Christopher, he knelt, and respectfully kissed her hand. As he rose, she took a sheathed sword of exquisite workmanship from the hands of an attendant:

"Receive this sword, Francis Drake," said the queen, "and wear it till we require it of thee again. We do account that he that striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us!"

Thus assured of the sanction of his sovereign, Drake again set out, in the following November, to achieve his long-cherished resolution of sailing on the South Sea. He had five vessels of different sizes, well manned, to the number of one hundred and sixty-four men, gentlemen and sailors, and furnished with plentiful provision of all things necessary for so long and dangerous a voyage. As on his former expedition, he had several pinnaces in frames, which could readily be put together when required. "Nor did he omit," says a writer of an account of this voyage, "to make provision for ornament and delight; carrying to this purpose with him expert musicians, rich furniture (all the vessels for his table, yea, many belonging to the cook-room, being of pure silver), with divers shows of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby the civility and magnificence of his native country might, among all nations whither he should come, be the more admired."

Drake carefully concealed his destination, although he sailed at once in a southerly direction. After many adventures and many perils from the treachery of the natives of the different places at which he touched,—having also been in great danger from a conspiracy among his own men, fortunately discovered before it ripened into action,—the ships reached the Straits of Magellan. Drake was the second European who had attempted this passage; but, happily escaping all its dangers, on September the 6th, 1578, he entered the South Sea.

The celebrated Spaniard, Balboa, had taken possession of this sea some time before, in a very singular manner. Arriving at its shore, during ebb tide, he, with his comrades, patiently seated themselves till the returning tide reached them. Balboa then rose, fully armed, a sword in one hand, and in the other a banner bearing a figure of the Virgin, with the arms of Castile at her feet. Advancing into the waves till more than knee deep, he proclaimed aloud: "Long live the high and mighty sovereigns of Castile! Thus in their names do I take possession of these seas and regions; and, if any other prince, whether Christian or infidel, pretend any right to them, I am resolved and ready to oppose him, and to assert the just claims of my sovereigns!" The exclusive right of Spain to these seas was now about to be disputed.

As if the elements were in league with the "sovereigns of Castile," a gale now blew from the north-east for nearly fifty-one days, during which one of the ships was obliged to bear away, and was never heard of again; while another, after being separated, and having sought

her consorts in vain, returned to England. Drake himself was driven by the gale to the south; and when the storm ceased, he anchored off Cape Horn. He was thus accidentally the discoverer of the "uttermost part of the land towards the South Pole—beyond which the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a large and free scope." Sailor-like, Drake landed, and lying flat on the ground, stretched himself as far as he could with safety over the promontory, and coming back, told his people that he had "been further south than any man living."

Drake then coasted northwards for nearly a month, hoping to recover his lost ships. Landing at an island on the coast of Peru to obtain some water, the natives, who at first had evinced a friendly disposition, suddenly attacked them, and the consequences had well-nigh been fatal; for the Indians discharged their arrows so truly, that, before they could retire or defend themselves, every one of the boat's crew was wounded, Drake himself receiving an arrow under his eye, which pierced him almost to the brain, and another in his head. Drake would not allow his men to revenge this unprovoked attack: "The poor creatures," said he, "have doubtless mistaken us for Spaniards; and, as in that case they would have acted justifiably, it behoves me not to punish their offence."

On the last day of November they fell in with an Indian fishing in his canoe. Drake made him understand that they were in want of provisions; and desiring a boat to accompany him to the shore, several friendly natives in a short time brought a supply of fowls, eggs, and a fat hog. One of the natives, of apparent consequence, came on board. Felipe was this Indian's name. He spoke Spanish, and offered to pilot them to the port

of Valparaiso, where, he said, they would find a richly laden Spanish ship. Under his conduct they came suddenly upon the Spaniards, who, having never seen an enemy in those seas, had not the slightest expectation of being thus surprised. This prize contained sixty thousand pieces of gold, a quantity of pearls, nearly two thousand jars of Chili wine, and some other merchandise. After liberally rewarding Felipe, they landed him at the point he chose, and continued their search along the coast for their missing vessels, having first put together one of their pinnaces in order to explore the smallest creek.

Drake captured two other vessels before he reached the equator; but he was now looking out for a large and richly laden Spanish ship, of which he had intelligence. He had promised his chain of gold to the man who should first espy the hoped-for prize. On St. David's day, a seaman, named John Drake, caught sight of the object of their long chase. The "Golden Hind," as Drake had now named his vessel, sailed more slowly than suited his wishes, in consequence of being heavily laden in her forehold. To remedy this, he caused a number of large pots, such as the Spaniards use for oil, to be filled with water, and hung by ropes over the stern. But it was unnecessary to try to overtake the Spanish ship; for she steered directly for them, thinking Drake's vessel one of the ships which used to sail along the coast, and traffic in the country. When close enough, Drake ordered the Spaniard to strike, and on refusal, a well-directed shot sent her mast overboard; and the captain being wounded by an arrow, the ship yielded. This proved indeed a rich prize. Gold, silver, and jewels,

amounting in value to three hundred and sixty thousand pieces of gold, were found on board. The silver alone was valued at £212,000.

The only object of the English now was to convey their booty home in safety. Drake felt that it would be madness to attempt to return through the straits, as the whole coast of Chili and Peru was in alarm. His genius soon suggested a plan, which was to sail northwards, and endeavour to discover, between America and Asia, a northern passage from the Pacific Ocean into the Atlantic. This being agreed to by all on board, the ship stood due north for nearly six weeks without sight of land. They had now arrived in the latitude of 38 degrees, and were suddenly benumbed with such cold blasts, that the men were scarcely able to handle the ropes. This cold increased upon them to such a degree, that the sailors were discouraged from mounting upon the deck. The ropes were stiffened with frost, and the meat could scarcely be conveyed from the cooking-place warm to the table. They could not long remain in this chilly region; and having proceeded as far as 48 degrees without finding the wished-for outlet, they drew back ten degrees, and anchored near what is now called Cape Francisco. The natives, when they landed, took the strangers for gods, making loud outcries; the women at the same time tearing their cheeks and bosoms with their nails, and throwing themselves on the stones, till they were covered with blood—thus hoping to gain the favour of the imagined divinities. To convince these poor people of their error, Drake ordered his whole company to fall on their knees; and with eyes lifted to heaven, that the savages might observe that they wor-

shipped a Being dwelling there, they joined in prayer for this harmless though deluded race. After this, they sang psalms, which so pleased their wild audience, that, at each subsequent visit, the first request was that they would sing. A friendly intercourse was kept up during their stay; and when they resolved on departing, the poor natives could not forbear perpetual lamentations. As the ships sailed from the coast, the English could see the natives climbing the hills in order to keep them in view as long as possible.

The northern summer being now far advanced, the design of seeking a passage by the north of America was given up; and following the example of Magellan, Drake steered direct for the Moluccas. Sixty-eight weary days they sailed without sight of land. They then reached some inhabited islands, which, from the conduct of the natives, they named the Islands of Thieves. At first they brought fruit, potatoes, and other provisions, and showed every wish to traffic: when they imagined they had thus lulled suspicion, they suddenly commenced an attack on the ship with large stones. A great gun fired over their heads made them instantly leap into the water, and hide themselves under their canoes. But soon reappearing, and finding themselves uninjured, they became bolder than before, and "could not be got rid of till they were made to feel smart as well as terror." It is supposed that these were the Pelew Islands.

On the 3d of November they came in sight of the Moluccas. Passing a little island, a boat came off, containing the viceroy of the place. On learning that Drake was no friend to the Portuguese, this functionary invited him to alter his destination, and go to Ternate,

whence they had been driven out, instead of Tidore, where they had just taken up quarters. The ship was accordingly brought before Ternate; and Drake sending a rich velvet cloak as a present to the king, requested to be supplied with provisions, and have leave to trade for spices. The king soon prepared to visit the ship. Four large canoes, in each of which were some of his greatest statesmen, "attired in white lawn cloth of Calicut, having over their heads, from one end of the canoe to the other, a covering of thin perfumed mats, borne up with a frame made of reeds for the same use, under which every one did sit in his order, according to his dignity, to keep him from the heat of the sun; divers of whom, being of good age and gravity, did make an ancient and fatherly show. There were also divers young and comely men, attired in white, as were the others. The rest were soldiers, which stood in comely order round about on both sides; without whom sat the rowers in certain galleries, which being three on a side, all along the canoes, did lie off from the side thereof three or four yards, one being orderly builded lower than another, in every one of which galleries were the number of fourscore rowers. These canoes," continues this old narrator, "were furnished with warlike munition; every man, for the most part having his sword and target, with his dagger, besides other weapons, as lances, calivers, darts, bows, and arrows; also every canoe had a small cast cannon, mounted at least one full yard upon a stock set upright. Thus coming near the ship, they rowed about it, one after another, and passing by, did their homage with great solemnity, the great personages beginning with great gravity and fatherly countenance, signifying that the king had sent them to conduct the ship into a

better road." At length the monarch arrived: and Drake received him with a salute of great cannon, the trumpets sounding meanwhile. After a short visit he left, well pleased with his presents, as the ship dropped anchor, promising supplies of provisions, which were brought soon after in great abundance.

Numberless were the visitors who came on board the "Golden Hind," during her six days' stay at Ternate. One of these, dressed somewhat in European fashion, accompanied by an interpreter, soon distinguished himself by his civility and intelligence. He was a native of China, and related, he said, to the family of the reigning emperor. Having been accused of a capital crime, he feared, although he knew himself to be guiltless, that at his trial he should be unable to make his innocence appear, and therefore obtained leave to go into exile. Still there was this condition, that, on bringing any intelligence of importance to his native country, he should again be permitted to dwell in the land of his birth; otherwise he must end his days in exile. Now he considered himself a happy man, since he had seen and spoken to the English; for he hoped this would find favour in China. He entreated Drake to go thither with him, representing the favourable reception with which he would certainly meet, while, at the same time, it would restore an unfortunate exile to his own land. But Drake's business was to secure both the wealth and the glory which he had acquired, by returning home with as little delay as possible; and the poor Chinese departed sorrowfully when he found that his persuasions did not succeed.

Being now well provisioned, and having taken as large a cargo of cloves as the diminished stowage of his ship

permitted, Drake sailed. In a few days he reached a small uninhabited island, where he landed, and erecting a forge, caused the ship to be carefully repaired. On a neighbouring island, from which water for the use of the crew had to be brought, they beheld every evening a sight which surprised and delighted them, which is thus described:—"Among the trees, night by night, through the whole land, did show themselves an infinite swarm of fiery worms flying in the air, whose bodies, being no bigger than our common English flies, make such a show and light as if every twig and tree had been a burning candle." This is a *traveller's* account of the now well-known fire-fly.

Still sailing westerly, they came amongst so many small islands (the Celebes) surrounded by shoals, that they changed their direction, and steered southward. Early in the morning of the 9th of January 1579, the ship was scudding along under full sail, in an apparently clear sea, when suddenly she touched a rocky shoal, and the next instant was fast aground. Boats were got out to examine if an anchor could be placed in any direction, by which they might endeavour to draw the ship off into deep water; but, at the distance of only a boat's length, no bottom could be found with all their lines. The ship had not become leaky in consequence of the shock, but she remained all night fixed, and another examination after daylight was as fruitless as the former. At four in the afternoon she was still firmly fixed.

Drake, "as he had always hitherto showed himself courageous, and of a good confidence in the mercy and protection of God, so now he continued in the same; and lest he should perish wilfully, both he and his men did

their best endeavours to save themselves. These endeavours were all in vain; and it was to God's special mercy that they were alone beholden for their preservation, when no human effort could avail. In a state which was hopeless, as well as helpless, the crew were summoned to prayers, and when that duty was performed, they tried what could be done by lightening the ship. Three tons of cloves were thrown out, eight of the guns, and a quantity of meal and pulse, but none of the treasure, though that was the heaviest part of the cargo. No visible effect was produced. The ship had grounded on a shelving rock; where she lay there was on one side only six feet depth at low water, and to float her it required thirteen. The wind, blowing fresh directly against the other side, kept her upright during the time she was left by the tide; but when it was nearly at the lowest, the wind slackened, and the ship, losing this prop, fell toward the deep water. Her keel, with the shake, was freed from the rocks; and, not less to the surprise than to the joy of every one on board, sliding gently down, she was once more afloat. Thus were they delivered at the very time when the tide was least favourable, and when all efforts were thought useless."

A long voyage was still before them; but it proved free from any of the perils which had hitherto menaced them. After touching at Java, Drake steered for the Cape of Good Hope, which the sailors judged "a most stately thing, and the fairest cape they had seen in the whole circumference of the earth." Landing at Sierra Leone, they supplied themselves with water; and on the 26th of September, after a voyage of two years and ten months, arrived at Plymouth. By the ship's reckoning

it was Monday; but, to their surprise, they found it was Sunday in England. This phenomenon is now well understood; but the space of our narrative will not permit a full explanation. It is, however, always found that in sailing, as Drake did, from east to west, and thus in the direction of the sun's course, a day is always gained when the circumference of the earth has been travelled; and, on the contrary, in sailing from west to east, against the course of the sun, a day is invariably lost. A chapter in the first series of Captain Basil Hall's "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," entitled "Jack Afloat," furnishes an excellent explanation.

Drake was received in England with enthusiasm; and on repairing to court, he met with a most gracious reception. Queen Elizabeth ordered his ship to be drawn into a small creek near Deptford, that it might be preserved as a monument of the most memorable voyage the English had yet performed. Moreover, she paid the ship a visit, and honoured Drake by partaking of a banquet on board.

"Francis Drake," said the queen, when the feast was ended, "we entrusted a sword to thy keeping, till we demanded it of thee again. We now require thee to deliver it up in the manner in which thou receivedst it from our hands."

Kneeling before the queen, Drake presented the weapon in its scabbard. Elizabeth took it, and glancing carelessly at the sheath, drew it gradually, examining the blade carefully.

"'Tis a sword that might serve thee yet, Drake!" she remarked, "although thou hast carried it round the globe. But ere we return it to thee, it must render us a service," —and stepping back a pace, the next instant the sword

smote the navigator's shoulder, while the queen continued —"Rise up, Sir Francis Drake!"

A burst of applause from the crowd of spectators which had assembled on the bridge of planks over which the queen and her retinue had passed to the ship, showed their joy at the elevation of their favourite hero. Suddenly the shout changed into a scream of terror. With a loud crash the bridge gave way, and more than a hundred persons fell to the ground. This was a bad omen; but, although there were numerous sprains and bruises, yet none suffered any serious injury.

The "Golden Hind" remained at Deptford until quite decayed. The vessel was then broken up; and from the soundest plank a chair was made, and presented to the University of Oxford.

The new dignity which had been conferred on Drake made it necessary for him to assume a coat of arms. As neither he nor his family had kept a careful pedigree, it became a matter of some difficulty. At last he decided on appropriating those of a family of the same name; but as he could not make out his descent from that family, this act was considered an offence by its representative, Bernard Drake. Although a sea captain himself, he did not consider that the name of Sir Francis Drake would render his genealogical tree more illustrious than ever. Meeting the navigator at court, Bernard accosted him angrily, and at length struck him a blow. Had this outrage been offered in any other place than the queen's palace, the worst consequences must have followed. But the queen, hearing of it, put an end to the dispute, by giving Sir Francis a new coat of arms, far nobler than that of his irritable namesake, if not quite so ancient.

Idleness was not congenial to Drake; nor could such a man have been suffered to remain idle, had his nature so disposed him. Philip, King of Spain, having laid an embargo on all English ships, goods, and subjects in his dominions, Elizabeth authorised all who had suffered by this measure to repair their loss by seizing all ships and merchandise belonging to Spain, wherever they could find them; and, not staying till the war, which she knew would ensue, was brought to her own doors, she fitted out an expedition of twenty-five sail and pinnaces, and appointed Sir Francis admiral. Success everywhere attended him; and Philip received such a check that he was obliged to delay his intended invasion of England, in consequence of the number of ships which Drake sunk, burned, or carried away with him. In the mirthful spirit of a sailor, Sir Francis called this service "singeing the King of Spain's beard." On his return, he applied the chief share of his prize-money to the bringing a supply of fresh water into Plymouth; for till that time the inhabitants had been obliged to procure it from a distance of a mile. Fitz-Geoffrey, a poet of that age, has celebrated this local patriotism of Drake.

The post of vice-admiral was assigned to Drake in the fleet which, aided by the winds and waves, totally vanquished and dispersed the "invincible" Armada. Six years after, he and Sir John Hawkins were sent with a fleet against the West Indies. Their chief exploit was the entire destruction of Nombre de Dios; but the voyage was not on the whole successful. This, and "the sickly climate, given to much rain," made Sir Francis ill in mind and body, and he was obliged to keep his cabin. Early in the morning of the 27th of January 1597, he

rose and dressed himself; but his incoherent speeches showed how little he was master of his faculties, and being put to bed again, he died within an hour. He received a sailor's funeral. His body was placed in a leaden coffin,—the impressive service of the Church of England was then read over it,—and at the appointed signal it was committed to the deep, amid volleys of musketry and a discharge of all the guns of the fleet. Instead of an epitaph, these lines were written on him:—

"Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame.
His body's buried under some great wave;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave;
On whom an epitaph none can truly make,
For who can say, '*Here* lies Sir Francis Drake!'"

Many superstitious fables relating to Drake sprang up among the people of that age. The general belief among the west-country people was, that he had supplied Plymouth with water—not through his skill as an engineer, and a generous outlay of wealth which he had obtained at the hazard of his life, but by mounting his horse—riding about Dartmoor till he found a spring which pleased him—and then wheeling round, on pronouncing some magical words, the stream formed a channel after his horse's heels as he galloped back, and followed him into the town.

Another tradition relates, that, when the news arrived that the Spanish Armada had entered the British Channel, Drake was playing at skittles on the Hoe at Plymouth. Although he was told the enemy was sailing into the harbour, he played out his game without showing any surprise. Then calling for a block of wood and a hatchet,

he bared his arms, and chopping the block into very small pieces, cast these into the sea. Immediately each *chip* became a fine *ship*, and by this fleet the enemy was defeated.

In those days it was not thought possible to make a voyage round the world by plain sailing. The earth was supposed to be flat, and that a great gulf, which it was necessary to shoot across, was the sole passage to the other side. Having shot this gulf, one day, Drake asked if any of his men knew where they were. None replied except a boy, who answered that he knew that at the time they were just under London Bridge. Jealous of his knowledge, Drake threw him overboard, exclaiming, "Hast thou, too, a devil? If I let thee live, there will then be one greater man than myself!"

On embarking for this long voyage, another story says that Drake, when taking leave of his wife, told her that after a certain number of years, if he returned not, she might consider him as dead, and gave her leave then to wed another husband. Many offers were made to Madam Drake; but, till the term had expired, she listened to none. One of Drake's ministering sprites at last brought the news that his wife had accepted an offer, and was now on the road to church. Instantly loading one of his great guns he fired it right down through the globe with so true an aim, that it came up on the other side in the church, between the two parties most concerned, just as the marriage service was beginning. "That comes from Drake!" cried the wife to her intended bridegroom; "and, while he lives, there must be neither troth nor ring between thee and me!" Another version is to the effect, that, on the road to church, a

tween the Huguenots and the Catholics being then at their height; and as one of a gallant company of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, who went under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth to the aid of the persecuted Protestants, Raleigh remained in France, till the peace of 1576. He next served in the Netherlands against Spain, and then distinguished himself in the suppression of the rebellion in Ireland. He returned to England with an established reputation for valour and experience, when little more than five-and-twenty. The court of Elizabeth was at this time in its meridian splendour, so that it is not to be wondered at that Raleigh should at first be unregarded by the side of the renowned statesmen, poets, philosophers, and favourites of the queen. But a circumstance soon brought him into notice.

Queen Elizabeth's favourite mode of taking an airing was by sailing on the Thames. Almost daily, when the weather was favourable, seated in a splendid barge, surrounded by her ladies, nobles, and officers, she was seen floating in state on the bosom of the river. One morning the barge had approached the landing-place—the queen had stepped out, and, followed by her usual retinue, proceeded towards the palace. A heavy rain had fallen; and the ground being still moist, the queen at one spot hesitated a moment to advance. Casting off a richly embroidered cloak, which he then wore, Raleigh stepped forward, and gracefully spread it on the ground before the queen. Elizabeth coloured; then glancing for an instant at the noble figure of the young soldier to whom she was indebted for so fair a foot-cloth, she passed over, and proceeded on her way. On reaching the palace, Raleigh

was immediately summoned to the royal presence, and taken into the service of Elizabeth. He was handsome, and such men the queen loved to have about her person; while the sacrifice of his gorgeous mantle, made, as it was, with an air of devotion and gallantry, was well calculated to surprise and delight this princess. Raleigh soon rose into high favour at court. An expedition which he fitted out at his own expense, discovered, and took possession, in the name of England, of that portion of America called Virginia, a name bestowed upon that country by Elizabeth, in allusion to herself. Soon after this, Raleigh was knighted—a dignity which the queen throughout her reign reserved as the highest distinction which could be conferred upon a warrior and a gentleman.

The new colony furnished a plant which before that time was unknown in England. Sir Walter had seen *tobacco* in use during his residence in France; and hearing that it grew plentifully in Virginia, he directed a cargo of it to be brought in the ships on their voyage home.

Raleigh's study was a specimen of its owner's highly cultivated taste. It was in a little turret of Durham House, overlooking the Thames, commanding some of its finest views. Though small, its furniture was costly, and it was adorned with rare paintings and curiosities from every quarter of the globe. Books on every subject in literature and science filled the shelves; each of which would be now a treasure beyond price. Here would Raleigh retire from the parade of a ceremonious court, and—whether his mind were jaded by the idle pomps in which he had to bear a conspicuous part, or whether he

were disappointed in any object of ambition—*here* he found resources which never failed him, in useful, learned, or elegant studies. From mathematics to poetry; from metaphysics to music; from ornamental gardening or painting, to researches in history or antiquities—his intervals of leisure were fully occupied; while he maintained his intercourse with the world, and kept a vigilant eye on every movement in the English and foreign courts, ready to avail himself of any new avenue to renown.

One day a long silver pipe was added to the furniture of Raleigh's retreat. Its use puzzled every head among the domestics, until a servant, bringing in a tankard of ale and nutmeg, found Raleigh intent upon a book, but at the same time regaling himself with his pipe. Seeing the smoke issuing from his mouth, the servant, imagining Raleigh to be on fire, in a great fright dashed the liquor in his face, and running downstairs, filled the house with piercing cries, that, before any help could be rendered, his master would be burned to ashes!

The zeal of this faithful retainer may now raise a smile, but at the time his conduct was not more strange than might have been expected. Curious mistakes always accompany the introduction of any new thing. The Virginians themselves, who furnished the tobacco, during a quarrel with the English seized a quantity of gunpowder. This they at once sowed as though it had been grain, fully expecting at harvest-time to reap a plentiful crop of combustion, with which to destroy their enemies!

Raleigh's pipe often furnished him with an opportunity of displaying his ready wit to the queen. One day he was conversing on the singular properties of the new herb:—"I can assure your majesty," said he, "that I have so well

experienced the nature of it, that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume."

"I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, thinking only of the impracticability of weighing smoke in a balance, "and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt."

A quantity was agreed upon to be thoroughly smoked. Carefully preserving the ashes, Raleigh weighed these with great exactness; and what was deficient in the original weight he gave as the result:—

"Your majesty," said he, "cannot deny that the difference hath been evaporated in smoke."

"Truly, I cannot," answered the queen. Then turning to those around her, who had been amused by the calculation, she continued, in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous, "Many labourers in the fire have I heard of who have turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who hath turned smoke into gold."

About this time Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was Elizabeth's chief favourite. The Earl of Leicester, who had shared the queen's notice, had lately died, and Essex became doubly jealous of rivals. It is said that he now brought the queen's displeasure on Raleigh, so that he was obliged to leave the court for a time. He paid a visit to Ireland, and remained there till Elizabeth's anger passed away. It was of short continuance, for early in 1590 he was again in high favour. His revived influence he benevolently employed. He saved from death a minister of religion, whose zeal in reforming church matters had brought down the vengeance of the bishops and judges. He also interceded for a brave officer, who had been severely wounded in her majesty's service, and from

whom the Government withheld a large sum justly due to him. "When, Sir Walter," impatiently demanded the queen, a little irritated by these and similar applications, when one day he told her he had a favour to ask—"when, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your majesty ceases to be a benefactor," was Raleigh's happy answer.

But Raleigh was soon to feel another outbreak of Elizabeth's anger. One of this queen's foibles was to insist that the whole admiration of her courtiers should be concentrated on herself. Any lady or officer of her court who might interfere with this whim was certain of her severest displeasure. She once so far lost command over herself as to strike in public a beautiful lady to whom the Earl of Essex had shown some attention. Raleigh had fallen in love, and this soon reaching the queen's ears, he and his mistress, Miss Throgmorton, were at once committed to the Tower. Raleigh, however, knew Elizabeth's weakness; and though his conduct on this occasion appears rather servile, the stratagem he employed was perhaps the only means of regaining his liberty. Knowing that his conduct would be reported to Elizabeth, he quarrelled and fought like a madman with his keeper, Sir George Carew, for denying him a sight of the queen, who was paying a visit near the Tower. He also wrote a letter to Cecil, in which he described the woe he felt in not seeing her whom he "was wont to behold riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel." This gross flattery was not too great for Elizabeth, now nearly sixty;

the woman's ridiculous vanity was gratified, and Raleigh was set free. Still, for some time he was treated like a state criminal, and had a keeper constantly attending him; so that when congratulated on his release, he replied, "I am still the Queen of England's poor captive."

During the next four years Raleigh's fortune still continued under an eclipse, although he served as member of parliament, and afterwards undertook an expedition to Guiana on his own account. On his return he was the means of reconciling Essex and Cecil, who had quarrelled; and his good offices on this occasion led to his being readmitted to court. Once more we find him established in the office of captain of the guard, riding abroad with the queen, and being present in her privy council.

Philip II. of Spain, it will be remembered, was the king who fitted out the Armada which some years before this time had threatened England. He was still determined on invading the country, but after collecting a large fleet, the elements were once more against him, and thirty-six of his ships were dashed to pieces. Undaunted by these disasters, he fitted out a third armament in a few months, intending, it was said, to invade England and Ireland at the same time. Elizabeth resolved to prevent his descent by meeting him on the open seas. The Earl of Essex was appointed commander of an expedition of one hundred and twenty sail, Lord Thomas Howard being vice-admiral, and Raleigh rear-admiral.

Through false information the fleet first sailed to the Isle of Flores, one of the Azores, but not finding the enemy there, the commanders resolved to divide their force, and attack at the same time several of the Spanish forts. Essex bore away for Fayal, and soon after sent a

summons to Raleigh to follow him. This he obeyed instantly, but being unable to overtake his leader, he steered a straight course for Fayal, and came in sight next morning. While waiting for the appearance of Essex, he determined to land and fill his water casks; but on the boats approaching the shore, a strong body of Spaniards filled the trenches, and waving their colours and brandishing their weapons, dared the English to the attack. Raleigh thereupon increased his party to the number of two hundred men, and ordering the pinnaces to play their heavy ordnance on the trenches, he directed his boats to pull as fast as oars could carry them, and led his own barge amid showers of shot. Leaping out, he waded through the water, and clambering up the rocks, cut his way at the head of his men through the narrow entrance, attacking the enemy with such resolution that they threw away their arms and fled. Having effected a landing he determined to gain possession of the town. He ordered some sergeants and musketeers to proceed and view the enemy's lines, but these were so afraid of the batteries, one of which commanded the road, that they declined the service.

"Bring me my casque and cuirass," cried Raleigh; "and although it is rather the duty of a common soldier than a commander, I will ascertain the approaches to the hill myself."

At first this was taken for a jest, but in spite of remonstrances he placed himself at the head of his men and proceeded to observe the town. The shot and stones from the battered walls flew thickly about while engaged in this service, his clothes were pierced in several places, but he remained unhurt. The first attack had, however,

so disheartened the Spaniards, that when Raleigh summoned his companies to come up to attack the fort, they abandoned it without resistance, and on marching onward to the town it was found also deserted. Thus, with the loss of ten men and twenty wounded, Sir Walter rendered himself master of the whole island.

Early the next morning, Essex's fleet was seen bearing in full sail to the roads. The jealousy of the earl showed itself on this occasion; but on Raleigh describing the affair, and convincing him that at first there were no serious intentions of attacking the town till his arrival, he became pacified.

This Earl of Essex was of a noble and generous temper, but extremely jealous. Great rejoicings were held on the queen's birthdays; and in the tournaments celebrated on these occasions, at which Elizabeth presided, Raleigh generally carried off some mark of the royal favour. One birthday the earl learned that Raleigh had prepared a pageant in which he and his followers were to appear in plumes of orange-tawny feathers. He so arranged matters that at the same moment he entered the barriers at the head of two hundred cavaliers, superbly armed, each with an orange plume. Sir Walter and his followers were thus scarcely observed, but seemed merely to be under the banner of this nobler troop. When, however, the tilting came, the earl was so unfortunate that all eyes were attracted to his failure. Sir Walter soon saw his rival renounce the orange-tawny in which he had gained so little honour. Essex reappeared in a green suit; but his success was equally lamentable.

"Why," asked one of the spectators, "hath this tilter,

who seems to be known in both habits, changed his colours?"

"Surely," answered his neighbour, ironically, "because it may be reported that there was one in green who ran worse than he in orange colour."

Raleigh continued in high favour with the queen, who now promoted him to the government of Jersey. His minute attention to Elizabeth's tastes was the great secret of her partiality to him, while the gracefulness of his person was no mean recommendation; for, as related above, the queen liked to have proper men about her court. The following anecdote shows that Raleigh studied the queen's wishes in this respect.

There came to London a country gentleman, who had several sons; one of whom, a very handsome youth, he hoped to have preferred to be a yeoman of the guard. The father, a goodly man himself, came to Sir Walter, and told him he had brought up a boy that he would desire (having many children) should be one of her majesty's guard.

"Had you spoken for yourself," quoth Raleigh, "I should readily have granted your desire, for your person deserves it; but I put in no boys."

Without replying, the father went towards the door, and beckoning his son, said, "Boy, come in." The son entered, a youth about eighteen or nineteen, and such a goodly proper young fellow, that he was taller than any of the guard. Sir Walter swore him in immediately, and ordered him to carry up the first dish at dinner, when, it is said, "the queen beheld him with admiration, as if a beautiful young giant, like Saul, taller by the head and shoulders than other men, had stalked in with the service."

Raleigh was very magnificent in his own dress, and in this respect also gratified Elizabeth's passion for finery. At the tournaments he wore a suit of silver armour; his sword-hilt and belt being studded with diamonds, pearls, and rubies. On state occasions, his court dress was covered with jewels, said to be of the value of sixty thousand pounds, while even his shoes glittered with precious stones. Thus splendidly attired, he attended his royal mistress as captain of the guard, on her frequent visits to the mansions of her nobility.

But Raleigh experienced a reverse of fortune when Elizabeth was laid at rest in the chapel reared by her crafty grandsire at Westminster. King James, from the first, seemed prejudiced against him, and having needy favourites, soon deprived him of his post of captain of the guard. Other offices were gradually withdrawn; and in less than three months from James's accession, the enemies of Raleigh involved him in a charge of treason. He was accused of being in secret communication with the King of Spain, and having a design to subvert the existing government, and place the crown on the head of Lady Arabella Stewart. The principal evidence brought in proof of these charges was that of Lord Cobham; but this nobleman afterwards denied all that he had alleged at first against him. Notwithstanding, after a long trial, during which he suffered many indignities, the jury found him guilty. Raleigh, who had conducted himself with perfect command of temper, was then asked why judgment and execution of death should not pass against him.

"My lords," he calmly replied, "the jury have found me guilty. They must do as they are directed. You see whereof Cobham hath accused me, and you remember

his protestations that I was never guilty. I desire, my lords, to remember three things to the king:—First, I was accused to be a practiser for Spain. I ask no mercy at the king's hand if Lord Cobham will affirm it. Second, I never knew of the practice with Arabella. Third, I never knew of my Lord Cobham's practice with Aremberg, nor of the surprising treason. I submit myself to the king's mercy; I know his mercy is greater than my offence. I recommend my wife, and son of tender years unbrought up, to his compassion."

Sentence of death was pronounced—Sir Walter only entreating that the ignominious and horrible mode of death usual in cases of treason, might be qualified in consideration of the high offices he had held. He was then led back to prison, and the court broke up; every one being struck with his noble demeanour, becoming a man conscious of his innocence, yet well aware of his situation as condemned by the laws of his country. His replies had so convinced many of the spectators of the trial, that of two who brought the news to the king, one maintained "that never man spake so well in times past, nor would do in the world to come;" and the other asserted, "that whereas when he saw him first, he was so led with the common hatred, that he would have gone a hundred miles to have seen him hanged, he would, ere he parted, have gone a thousand to have saved his life."

Raleigh was kept confined at Winchester, where the trial had taken place, for nearly a month, in daily expectation of death. But his time to die had not yet arrived. After being warned to prepare for execution, the king suddenly sent a reprieve, and Raleigh was

remanded to the Tower. His wife and son were permitted to be with him in prison, and his youngest son, Carew, to whom allusion will afterwards be made, was born within the fortress. The captive knight was allowed two servants and a boy, and three or four of his friends were occasionally admitted to see him.

Thus, at the age of fifty-one, still vigorous in mind and body, Raleigh had entirely to forego active life, and commence the life of a prisoner. His manly and cheerful disposition enabled him soon to reconcile himself, in a great measure, to his change of situation. Those studies which had before been pursued in short intervals of leisure only, now occupied nearly all his time. He began and completed his great work, the "History of the World." A small house in the Tower garden he fitted up as a laboratory, and spent much time in distillations. Between his family, his books, his experiments, and the visits of his friends, time glided on in progressive knowledge and contentment. But his enemies would not let him rest. They had determined to work his ruin, and the capricious mind of James was easily influenced against him. The seal of the high public offices he had held under Elizabeth was first demanded of him, and immediately given up. Then his estate of Sherborne, in which the king had given him a life-rent, was, through a slight flaw or quibble, declared to be forfeited to the crown. Lady Raleigh, a woman of high spirit and devoted affection, threw herself on her knees before James, and implored him not to forget that most glorious attribute of a king—mercy. It was in vain: James answered coldly—"I maun have the land—I maun have it for Carr." She could no longer contain

herself, and, in bitterness of spirit, prayed that God would punish those cruel and unjust persons who had brought ruin on her husband and his house.

Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who had been Raleigh's great enemy, at last died; and the rise of a new favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, encouraged Sir Walter again to petition for release. By the interest of the duke he was liberated. Immediately on finding himself free, he set about an expedition to Guiana, to work a gold mine, which, in his former visit, he had partially discovered. Through the blackest treachery on the part of Spain, the enterprise failed, and he was obliged to return empty-handed to England. This led James, who had expected an addition to his revenue, to awaken the resentment he had always felt towards Raleigh, who was placed in arrest on his return to Plymouth, to answer for an attack on the Spaniards, which had been accidental, and against his orders. Twice he resolved on attempting to escape, yet, after getting beyond danger, his consciousness of innocence induced him to return before he was missed. On a third occasion he was betrayed by two spies, who had been placed near him, and had pretended great friendship towards him. He was immediately sent to the Tower—there to spend his third and last season of imprisonment.

The sentence passed on Raleigh fifteen years before for high treason, was now revived against him. He pleaded that he had since been commissioned by his majesty, and had had the power of life and death in his own hands, and that surely, therefore, *that* judgment had been remitted. As, however, there had been no special pardon, this plea could not avail, and once more "exe-

cution was granted," the ignominious death by hanging being dispensed with—he was ordered to be beheaded.

Raleigh requested that a little time might be given him to arrange his affairs, and settle his mind for death; but this favour was not granted. On the 28th of October he had been brought up for trial; and on returning to prison, he was informed that the execution must take place next morning at nine o'clock! Such was the indecent haste to which a heartless king doomed his unfortunate subject.

It was at midnight that his wife left his prison; for Raleigh had yet much to do during the few brief hours left him. On parting, she told him, while her tears gushed fast, that the favour of disposing of his body had been granted her.

"It is well, Bess," he answered, smiling, "that thou mayest dispose of that dead thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive."

Sir Walter next wrote a paper, which he entitled, "AN ANSWER TO SOME THINGS AT MY DEATH," in which he solemnly cleared himself of the accusations brought against him. Then, having made a few notes of the different subjects on which to address the people, if allowed to speak on the scaffold, he took his Bible, and wrote on a blank leaf the following beautiful and affecting lines:—

"E'en such is Time! who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord will raise me up, I trust."

At an early hour in the morning Raleigh received the holy sacrament from the hands of the Dean of Westminster, professing his deep trust in the Saviour, and forgiving all men, especially those who had betrayed him to death. Of the mode in which he was to die he made light. "I would rather thus end my days," said he, "than by a burning fever; and I thank God who hath imparted to me strength of mind never to fear death."

Raleigh then took breakfast heartily. Afterwards, as was his custom, he smoked a pipe of tobacco, drinking at the same time a cup of sack. On being asked if it pleased him, "Ay," answered he, "'tis a good drink, if a man might tarry by it." He now retired for a while to change his dress; his usually splendid attire he exchanged for a plain mourning suit of black satin, over which was thrown a black velvet night-gown. Though his body was enfeebled by sickness, his appearance was still striking and noble.

Nine o'clock had nearly arrived when Raleigh declared himself ready. The place of execution was the Old Palace Yard. Thither he was led by the Sheriffs of London, accompanied by the Dean of Westminster. A vast multitude had assembled; and among the many who pushed forward to see him, Sir Walter especially noticed a venerable old man, his head entirely bald, striving to press nearer to him.

"Dost thou want ought with me, my friend?" inquired Raleigh.

"My only desire is to see thee, Sir Walter," replied the old man, "and to pray God for thee."

"I thank thee heartily, my good friend," said Raleigh; "sorry am I that I stand in no case to return thee any-

thing for thy good will. Yet," continued he, looking at the uncovered bald head, "take this night-cap," removing the velvet one he wore under his hat; "thou hast more need of it now than I have."

The pressure of the crowd had become so great, that before Raleigh reached the scaffold he had nearly swooned away. On coming to the steps he recovered; and, though faint from sickness, he mounted them easily, saluting those who stood near with his usual graceful courtesy. Silence being obtained, he addressed the assemblage with animation in a masterly speech, in which, while he admitted some slight charges that had been brought against him, he still maintained, that, though about to die by course of law, he was innocent of all treason in heart or conduct. "It is now no time," said he, "to fear or flatter kings. I am now a subject of death, and have only to do with my God, in whose presence I stand; and I do now here solemnly declare I never spake disloyally or dishonestly of the king."

When he had concluded, he embraced the lords and others of his friends who were present, entreating Lord Arundel to use his influence with the king that no defamatory writings against him might be published after his death. The dean asked him in what faith he died.—"In the faith professed by the Church of England," he answered, "hoping to be saved and to have my sins washed away by the precious blood and merits of our Saviour Christ." The morning being cold, the sheriff now offered to bring him down to warm himself by the fire before he should say his prayers. "No, good Mr. Sheriff," said he, "let us despatch, for within this quarter of an hour my ague will come upon me; and, if I be not dead

before that, my enemies will say I quake for fear." Then kneeling, he made a fervent and admirable prayer, after which, rising with his hands still clasped, he exclaimed, "Now I am going to God."

The scaffold was soon cleared. Throwing off his gown and doublet, he bade the executioner show him the axe. This not being done immediately, he repeated his request urgently. "I prithee," said he, "let me see it. Dost thou think I am afraid of it?" Taking it in his hand, he kissed the blade, and passing his finger slightly along the edge, observed to the sheriff, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." Then turning to a corner of the scaffold, and kneeling down, he requested the people to pray for him. After remaining a considerable time engaged in silent devotion, he rose and carefully examined the block, "laying himself down to fit it to his neck, and to choose the easiest and most decent attitude." Having satisfied himself he rose, and declared himself ready.

The executioner now came forward, and, kneeling, asked his forgiveness.

"Be satisfied," said Raleigh, smilingly, laying his hand on his shoulder; "I most cheerfully forgive thee: only strike not till I give the signal, and then fear nothing, but strike home."

Once more he lay down on the block. It was suggested to place himself so that his face should look towards the east. "Little matters it," he answered, "how the head lies, provided the heart be right." For a little while he was occupied in prayer, and then gave the signal. Whether from awkwardness or agitation, the executioner hesitated. Partially raising his head,

Raleigh said aloud, "What dost thou fear? strike, man!"

The axe then fell, and at two strokes the head was severed from the body. Raleigh shrunk not, nor altered his position. The quantity of blood which gushed forth showed the vigour of Sir Walter's constitution, although, when he suffered, he was in his sixty-sixth year.

The head, after being as usual held up to the view of the people on each side of the scaffold, was put into a red bag, over which Sir Walter's velvet gown was thrown. The whole was immediately carried to a mourning coach which was in waiting, and conveyed to Lady Raleigh. This faithful and affectionate woman, though she survived him twenty-nine years, never married again. The head she had embalmed, and preserved it in a case which she kept with pious care till her death.

Some years afterwards, Raleigh's only surviving son, Carew, was presented at court. King James no sooner perceived him than, turning away, he exclaimed, remorsefully, "The lad looks like his father's ghost." Acting on the advice of his friends, Carew did not again present himself, but retired to the Continent till the death of James.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

AT Penshurst, in the county of Kent, Sir Philip Sidney drew his first breath on the 29th of November 1554.

Heralds derived the descent of this "English Bayard" from a family whose ancestor had accompanied Henry II. from Anjou, and subsequently figured as chamberlain to that great prince. After the time of Henry, the Sidneys vegetated among the gentry of Surrey and Sussex for nearly four centuries; and they did not again come into anything like public importance till the Tudors were on the throne. One of them —Nicholas by name — then espoused a daughter of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; and this marriage, by connecting the Sidneys with the royal family, doubtless drew them to court. At all events, William, the son of Nicholas, after serving Henry VIII. in various capacities, received the honour of knighthood; and, in 1547, obtained various lands and manors, among which was Penshurst. Sir William's son, Henry, was the friend of Edward VI.; and being subsequently in favour with Elizabeth, was made a Knight of the Garter, Governor of Ireland, and President of Wales. He married the eldest daughter of John Dudley, Duke of Northumber-

land, and by that lady had three sons. Of these, the eldest was the bravest and politest gentleman of his age —the accomplished cavalier who wrote the "Arcadia," and fell at Zutphen.

When Sidney's father was President of Wales, and his family resided at Ludlow, the boy was placed at the grammar-school of Shrewsbury, and exhibited extraordinary talent for his years. It appears, indeed, that almost from the cradle there was nothing of childhood about him but his age; and when twelve years old he wrote to his father in elegant Latin and French. In 1569, he was removed from the school at Shrewsbury to Christ Church, Oxford; and he afterwards pursued his studies for some time at Cambridge, where he confirmed with Fulke Greville a friendship which had been commenced in earlier days, and the memory of which was cherished with tender regard long after one of them had filled an untimely grave.

At the age of seventeen, Sidney closed his academic career; and in May 1572, departed for France, with Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, then sent on a mission to the court of Paris. There Sidney, introduced by Sir Francis Walsingham, then English ambassador, was received with great distinction, and appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber by King Charles IX. The young Englishman little knew the peril to which men holding the new faith were about to be exposed—he could guess little of the terrible projects of the court at which he had been honoured with an office.

The treaty of St. Germain had just produced a peace between the Catholics and Huguenots; and the latter had flocked to Paris, to cement that alliance which, it

was hoped, would prevent further carnage. Among the Huguenots who then appeared in Paris was the King of Navarre, in after-years the great Henry IV., but then a young man of seventeen, with an eagle eye, a curved nose, black hair, a slight moustache, and a sneering smile. This royal hero, who on the eighteenth of August 1572, became the husband of the king's sister, Margaret de Valois, formed with Sidney a familiar friendship. "He used him," says Fulke Greville, "like an equal in nature, and fit for friendship with a king."

Sidney had hardly been installed in his office in the French king's household, when Katherine de Medici and her sons were on the eve of that monstrous crime known as the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Of all the Huguenots who had been beguiled to Paris, the King of Navarre alone appears to have suspected a snare, and he warned his friends of their danger. The instinctive sagacity of the young Bourbon had not misled him. At break of day, on the morning of the 24th of August, the bell of the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois suddenly tolled; and the Catholics, at this signal, rushed forth to commence the work of murder. The brave Admiral Coligny was among the earliest victims; and nothing but admirable presence of mind could have saved the King of Navarre from instant death, when menaced by King Charles, who was raging like a maniac. Sidney's situation was not enviable. However, he sought shelter in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, and remained under the protection of the ambassador while the massacre lasted. Impressed, doubtless, with horror at the scene he had so unexpectedly witnessed, he quitted

Paris as soon as the storm had subsided, and betook himself to Frankfort with a feeling of relief.

At Frankfort, Sidney lodged in the house of one of the learned printers of the sixteenth century; and there he met the celebrated Hubert Languet, who was resident minister for the Elector of Saxony. Sidney became Languet's pupil. They passed together most of the three years devoted by Sidney to his travels; and Languet, impressed with the high qualities of his companion, said, "The day on which I beheld him shone propitious upon me."

While spending some time at Vienna, Sidney perfected himself in the accomplishments necessary to a cavalier of his age. He practised manly and martial exercises, played tennis, cultivated music, and studied horsemanship with much attention. His equestrian preceptor was an equerry in the imperial service, and of him Sidney writes facetiously—"If I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to wish myself a horse."

After staying long at Vienna, Sidney travelled through Hungary, and then passed into Italy. He resided for some time at Venice and Padua, and then turned his face homeward.

On returning to England, Sidney attached himself to the court of Elizabeth, with whom his maternal uncle, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was then in the highest favour. The queen expressed her satisfaction with Sidney, and everybody whose good opinion was worth having was impressed with his graceful manner and cultivated mind. So much was he considered by the queen, that she thought there was a want about the court when he was absent.

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The celebrity of Sidney, and the admiration excited by his learning, chivalry, and accomplishments, were not confined to England. On the continent of Europe, his name was of high account; and all who knew him were inclined to do him honour. Thus it came to pass that in 1585 the crown of Poland was placed within his reach. It was a prize worth an English knight's taking. Elizabeth, however, was jealous of any of her subjects being kings, and threw insuperable obstacles in Sidney's way.

"I will not have my sheep marked with a stranger's mark; nor shall they follow the whistle of a foreign shepherd," said this imperious daughter of the house of Tudor.

At length, in the year 1586, Sidney found a field open for his ambition, being then appointed Governor of Flushing. At that time the war between Spain and Holland was raging, and the Hollanders naturally looked to England as the champion of Protestantism in Europe. After the assassination of the Prince of Orange at Delft, the States sent an embassy to offer to Elizabeth the sovereignty of their provinces. This the queen declined; but, resolved on maintaining the cause with which her own interests were bound up, she despatched an army of auxiliaries, and the Earl of Leicester, for whom the amorous regard of the royal spinster had cooled, was permitted to take the command.

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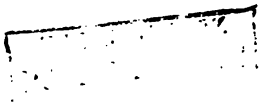
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of July 1586, he undertook an expedition into Flanders in company with a son of his murdered friend, the Prince of Orange, and had the good fortune to take Texel by surprise. On this occasion he is said to have revived the ancient discipline of order and silence in the march of his soldiers. At Flushing, soon after this success, Sidney received Leicester, his unworthy uncle; and the latter forthwith commenced military operations, though without any of the advantages he had anticipated. In fact, the Spanish forces were commanded by Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma; and that renowned warrior, who lived to outwit Henry of Navarre, when the great Bourbon was at his best, was not likely to be beaten by a "carpet knight" like Leicester. Parma not only kept his ground in presence of the discarded favourite, but was successful in capturing several strongholds from the enemy.

It happened that Leicester was anxious to draw off his formidable adversary from Rheinberg. With that view, he laid siege to Zutphen; and Parma came to the relief of that town with a haste befitting the occasion. While the soldiers who composed the van of the Spanish army were advancing through a fog, they accidentally encountered the English, and a desperate battle ensued. In this conflict Sidney took a conspicuous part, exhibited the finest courage, and fought in such a way as to remind men of the feats of the heroes of antiquity. During the engagement he had two horses killed under him; and he had just mounted a third to continue his exertions, when a musket-shot struck his leg, and broke the thigh bone. The horse, startled with the shock, carried him from the field, and he rode wounded and bleeding a mile and a half back to the camp.

While passing along by the rest of the army, the pain from his wound, the heat of the weather, and the fever which they produced, excited his thirst to an intolerable degree, and he asked for water. With great difficulty a small quantity was procured and brought to him in a bottle; but just as he was raising it to his lips his attention was arrested by a wounded soldier who was carried along. Agonised with thirst, and suffering fearful pain, this poor man looked wistfully to the bottle, his eyes saying, as plainly as words could have done—

"One drop of water to quench my dying thirst."

The sight was enough. Without hesitation, Sidney, forgetting his own sufferings to alleviate those of another, handed the bottle to the dying man, saying at the same time, with fine feeling and elevation of thought—"Soldier, thy necessity is greater than mine!"

Conveyed to Arnheim, Sidney was carefully tended, and for three weeks a multitude of physicians attempted to work a cure. Such remedies as they tried were vain; and mortification ensuing, he prepared for death, made his will, and said to his brother, who was with him—

"Love my memory. Cherish my friends. But, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator—in me beholding the end of this world with all its vanities."

Sidney to the last exhibited that chivalry which had coloured his conversation and characterised his conduct. He survived to the 17th of October, and on that day he added a codicil to his will, leaving many tokens of regard to intimate friends. A slight but interesting fact appears from that document. It ends with these words:—

"I give to my good friends, Sir George Digby and Sir Henry Goodier, each a ring of . . ."

The dictation of the dying hero was, at this point, interrupted: Sidney, as he spoke, had ceased to breathe.

The body of Sidney was brought to England, and laid, with becoming state, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The nation mourned his death; the admiration of the greatest of his contemporaries went with him to the grave; King James of Scotland wrote his epitaph; and the universities of Oxford and Cambridge composed verses to his memory. Camden says that Sidney "was born into the world to show unto his age a sample of ancient virtues;" and half a century after the hero had been laid at rest in St. Paul's, Lord Brooke caused to be engraven on his own tomb in the Collegiate Church at Warwick—"Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

When on his deathbed Sidney earnestly requested that the "Arcadia" should be destroyed. Four years later, however, the Countess of Pembroke, out of sisterly affection, collected the fugitive leaves and published them under the title of "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." It was on this lady, who was held in universal reverence and admiration, that Ben Jonson wrote this celebrated epitaph:—

> "Underneath this marble hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse;
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death! ere thou hast slain another,
> Learned, fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw his dart at thee."

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

ADMIRAL ROBERT BLAKE was born at Bridgewater in August 1598. Of his earlier years there is little account, except that he met with disappointment at college (where he was noted for his early rising and his studious habits) in consequence of his *small stature*, Sir Henry Savil, who was then warden, paying much regard to the *outward man!* To the folly of this pedant we owe a distinguished admiral; for had Blake gained literary preferment he would not have sought distinction at sea, for which he seemed by nature to be designed.

It is surprising that this great man should have reached his fifty-first year before he began to serve his country at sea. He was then sent in pursuit of Prince Rupert, whom he shut up in the harbour of Kinsale, in Ireland, till, growing desperate from want of provisions, the prince forced his way through the fleet, with the loss of three ships, and escaped into the Tagus. Thither Blake pursued him, and sent a messenger to the King of Portugal to state that the fleet in his port belonged to the public enemies of the Commonwealth of England, and demanded leave to attack it. This being refused, Blake fell upon the Portuguese fleet, then returning from Brazil,

of which he took seventeen ships, and burnt three others. The poor King of Portugal in vain ordered Rupert to attack him and recapture his ships; Blake carried home the prizes without molestation, the prince not having force enough to pursue, and being well pleased with the opportunity to quit a port where he could no longer be protected.

French privateers had for some time molested the English trading vessels. Blake having supplied his ships with provisions, was ordered to "make reprisals" on the French; that is, to take some of their vessels as a compensation for the injury they had done ours. Sailing with this commission, he took on his way a French man-of-war, valued at a million pounds. This rich ship was a cruiser, and its wealth was probably the accumulated plunder of many unfortunate vessels.

One morning, in February 1650-1, while Blake was cruising in the Mediterranean, the look-out man at the mast-head suddenly perceived a sail in the offing. Making signal for his fleet to follow, Blake bore down upon the strange ship, which proved to be a French vessel of considerable force. There being no declared war between the two nations, Blake, on coming near, hailed her commander.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," cried he, through the speaking-trumpet, "you must come on board my ship without delay."

The captain soon made his appearance on the quarter-deck of the "Triumph." "Are you willing, captain, to lay down your sword, and yield at once?" asked Blake.

"I am in your power, admiral; but though unpro-

tected on your deck, I refuse either to resign my swor or give up my ship," gallantly replied the Frenchman.

Blake scorned to take advantage of an artifice, an detested the appearance of treachery.

"Well, captain," said he, "you are at liberty to g back to your ship, and defend her as well and as long a you are able."

The French captain willingly accepted his offer; bu after a fight of two hours he was obliged to confess him self conquered, and then kissing his sword, surrendered it

The memorable war between the two commonwealth of England and Holland broke out the next year. The empire of the sea was now to be contested by the two nations, and the struggle was marked by a resolution proportioned to the importance of the dispute. During the inactive reign of James I. and the time that England had been engaged in civil war, the States of Holland had carried on their trade without opposition, and with little competition. Their prosperity led them to treat other nations with insolence, and with a large fleet, equipped at vast expense, the Dutch imagined they might do so with impunity. Blake was appointed admiral of a fleet sufficient to secure our merchant vessels and ports from insult, with directions to keep a sharp look-out on the movements of the Dutchmen.

On the 18th of May, Van Trump, the Dutch admiral, suddenly appeared in the Downs with a fleet of forty-five men-of-war. Blake, who had then but twenty ships, upon his approach saluted him with three single shots, to require that he should, by striking his flag, show that respect to the English which is due to every nation in its own dominion. With this point of honour—much re-

sembling the courtesy of taking off one's hat on entering the house of an equal—the Dutchman declined to comply, and answered the summons with a broadside. Blake instantly advanced with his own ship before the rest of his fleet, in order, if possible, to prevent a general battle. But the Dutch, instead of admitting him to treat, without any regard to the customs of war, fired upon him from their whole fleet. For some time Blake stood alone against their entire force, till the rest of his squadron coming up, the fight was continued from four in the afternoon till nine at night. The Dutch then retired with the loss of two ships, but without having destroyed or taken a single vessel. Only fifteen men were killed on our side, and those chiefly on board the admiral's ship, which had been the mark aimed at, and which alone had received above a thousand shot in her stem and sides! It seems little less than miraculous that a thousand great shot should not do more execution; but it proves that the bravest man is not always in the greatest danger.

After the action just described, Van Trump was superseded; but his successors, Admirals De Ruyter and De Witt, being equally unfortunate, and one wishing to resign, and the other falling sick, he resumed the command. Wishing to signalise this event by some remarkable action, Van Trump assembled eighty ships of war and ten fire-ships, and steered towards the Downs. Blake was not in a condition to encounter the Dutch; for, through disputes at home, his fleet had been so weakly manned, that half the ships were obliged to lie idle without engaging, for want of sailors. Twenty-two ships formed his whole available force. His natural

ardour, however, led him to give battle; and two frigate named the "Vanguard" and the "Victory," after a lon engagement, broke through the Dutch line without muc injury. Towards evening, however, the action turne against the English. The "Garland," of forty guns, wa boarded at once by two great ships. The crew, afte fighting till their numbers were nearly exhausted, re treated to the lower part of the vessel, and blew up th decks. She was, nevertheless, carried off by the Dutch with another vessel which had gone to her assistanc Blake pressed forward to their relief; but a shot shattere his foremast, and he was himself boarded. Beating o his enemies, he was obliged to retire into the Thame with the loss of two ships of force, and four small frigate This victory so elated Van Trump, that although one o his flag ships had been blown up, and two others disable in place of his usual pendant he carried a broom at h topmast, in his triumphant passage through the Channel declaring that he would "sweep the seas of the Englis shipping!" In *attempting* to do this, soon after, th boastful Dutchman lost his life.

Several engagements followed, in which fortune wa again on our side, till at last the Dutch were so subdue that one of their admirals declared, that "without numerous reinforcement of large men-of-war he coul serve them no more;" and De Witt, a man of nature warm temper, cried out, in the presence of the assemble Stadtholders, "Why should I be silent before my lords an masters? The English are our masters, and, in con sequence, the masters of the sea!"

In November 1654, Blake was sent by Cromwell int the Mediterranean with a powerful fleet. He may be sai

to have received the homage of all that part of the world; for he was equally courted by the haughty Spaniards, the surly Dutch, and the lawless Algerines.

Two years afterwards, Blake entered the harbour of Tunis, and sent to the governor, demanding reparation for the robberies the pirates of that place had committed upon English vessels, and insisting that all his countrymen, whom they had taken prisoners, should be set at liberty. He found batteries to oppose him planted along the shore, and the ships drawn up in a line under the castles.

"There are our castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino, upon which you may do your worst!" was the insolent and haughty answer returned by the governor; who added other menaces and insults, and mentioned, in terms of ridicule, the inequality of a fight between ships and castles. He also refused Blake's request to be allowed to take in water.

At this inhuman and insolent treatment Blake curled his whiskers, as he was in the habit of doing when angry; and, entering Porto Ferino with his ships, discharged his shot so fast on the batteries and castles that in two hours the guns were dismounted and the works forsaken, though he was at first exposed to the fire of sixty cannon. This attack was so bravely executed, that with the loss of only twenty-five men killed, and forty-eight wounded, all the ships were fired in sight of Tunis.

The exploits of Blake had now gained him so great a reputation, that he met with no further opposition, while he collected a tribute from the princes of all those countries from which the English had suffered injuries during the civil war. The Duke of Saxony alone paid

and not men, who had destroyed the fleet in such a manner. The English killed and wounded did not exceed two hundred; but the loss on the Spanish side exceeded all belief.

Blake cruised about for some time after this; yet, soon finding his constitution giving way under the fatigues of the last three years, he determined to return home, but died before he came to land. His body was embalmed, and after lying in state at Greenwich, was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, with all the honour due to the remains of a man so famed for bravery and integrity.

JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

ABOUT noon, on the 24th of June 1650, John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was born at Ashe, in Devonshire. His schooldays were soon over, for his father, Sir Winston Churchill, having established himself at court soon after the Restoration of the House of Stuart, was anxious to introduce his children early into life, and obtained for his son the situation of page of honour to the Duke of York, at the same time that his only daughter, Arabella, became maid of honour to the duchess.

While at Ashe, John Churchill had discovered in the library an old book on military subjects. This he read frequently, and conceived such a taste for a martial life, that he longed to distinguish himself as a soldier.

The Duke of York held frequent reviews of the Guards. Churchill had not long been his page before the duke noticed his eagerness to be present on these occasions. Pleased with this indication of military ambition, the duke suddenly inquired one day, "What can I do for you, Churchill, as a first step to fortune?"

The page threw himself on his knees before the duke. "I beseech your Royal Highness," he entreated with clasped hands, "to honour me with a pair of colours."

"Well, well," said the duke, smiling at the lad's earnestness, "I will grant your request by-and-by;" and his young favourite had not long to wait before he got the post for which he had petitioned.

The youthful ensign, scarce fifteen years of age, first embarked for Tangiers; and although his stay was short, yet, in the sallies and skirmishes with the Moors, he showed even then, that he possessed the valour and genius which in after-years placed him at the head of all the heroes of his time.

Before the year in which he left England had expired, he was again in his native country. He then accompanied the Duke of Monmouth to the Continent, to assist France against Holland. The Prince of Condé and Marshal Turenne, the greatest generals of that age, commanded the French army, so that Churchill had very favourable opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of military affairs.

The young soldier possessed handsome features, an elegant person, and such captivating manners, that the Duchess of Cleveland had been struck with him before he left England, and presented him with five thousand pounds. With this sum he bought an annuity for his life of five hundred a year, which was the foundation of his future fortune.

A French officer, during the siege of Nimeguen, had failed to retain a post of consequence which he had been appointed to defend. The news of its loss was brought to Turenne.

"I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret," instantly exclaimed the marshal, "that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who lost it."

Churchill was despatched with a small company, and after a short but desperate struggle, retook the post, won the marshal his wager, and gained for himself the applause and admiration of the whole army.

Next year, at the siege of Maestricht, Captain Churchill again distinguished himself. At the head of his own company he scaled the ramparts, and planted the banner of France on the very summit, escaping with a slight wound. Louis XIV. was so highly pleased with his conduct that he thanked him at the head of the army, and soon made him lieutenant-colonel. The Duke of Monmouth afterwards confessed to the king that he was indebted for his life on this occasion to our hero's gallantry and discretion.

On his return to England he was made gentleman of the bedchamber and master of the robes to his earliest patron, the Duke of York. At this period he was captivated by the beauty of Miss Sarah Jennings, the daughter of a gentleman of ancient family, and a maid of honour to the duchess. Their marriage took place in 1678.

The services Colonel Churchill continued to render the king and the Duke of York did not pass unrewarded. He was created Baron Churchill of Eyemouth, in Berwickshire; and a friendship sprung up between Lady Churchill and the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, who, when she married Prince George of Denmark, appointed her friend lady of her bedchamber.

The day after James II. was proclaimed he made him his favourite lieutenant-general. The battle of Sedgemoor, in which the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth with his rebel army was defeated, was won chiefly by Churchill's courage and decision. Till the closing scene of James's

reign there is little stated of Lord Churchill, although it is known that he used his influence with his royal master to prevent the arbitrary system of government the king endeavoured to introduce. Finding the monarch determined to persist in his encroachments, Lord Churchill declared that he felt it his duty, however painful, to go over to William of Orange. He was received by the Dutch prince with distinguished marks of attention and respect, and two days before the coronation raised to the dignity of Earl of Marlborough.

The affection the earl still felt towards the family of the ex-king led him into a correspondence fraught with peril. This being discovered, brought the displeasure of King William upon him, and for some time he was deprived of all his appointments. At length, when a governor was wanted for the young Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne, the king, as an earnest of his returning favour, conferred this honour on Marlborough. "Teach him, my lord," said his majesty, "to be what you are yourself, and he will not want accomplishments."

On the accession of Queen Anne, Marlborough was nominated captain-general, master of the ordnance, and a knight of the Garter. Soon after the war of the Spanish succession began, and he was sent to Holland to aid our Dutch allies against the French. He was appointed by them generalissimo of the forces, with a salary of £10,000 a year. With his army he crossed the river Meuse, and advanced to the siege of Rheinberg. "I hope soon to deliver you from these troublesome neighbours!" he exclaimed to the Dutch deputies, who accompanied him on a reconnoitring party; and had it not been for the

timidity of the Dutchmen he would have fulfilled his intentions. He, however, wrenched three towns out of the hands of the French, and the campaign ended by the taking of Liege.

The evening that the army separated a curious adventure befell Marlborough. Thinking it the easiest, quickest, and safest way, he embarked, with the Dutch deputies, in a boat, with a view of descending the Meuse for the Hague. A detachment of twenty-five soldiers, commanded by a lieutenant, manned the boat. A larger boat with sixty men joined him, while fifty troops escorted them along the banks of the river. The troopers, however, lost their way, and the larger boat went on without attending to its companion, thus leaving Marlborough with only his slender guard of twenty-five men. The French still had the town of Guelders in their hands, and it so happened that a party of five-and-thirty men from the city was lurking among the reeds and sedge of the river in hope of an adventure. Most of the company on board Marlborough's boat had fallen asleep, when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, those who were awake felt the tow-rope seized, and a discharge of arms quickly followed. Several soldiers were wounded, and the assailants rushed on board before any opposition could be offered. Thus a general, whom the entire French army had scarcely courage to face during a whole summer, was taken prisoner by an insignificant party.

"Where are your passes?" growled the leader of the band.

The Dutchmen had taken care to provide themselves with French passports; but Marlborough thought it beneath him to solicit such a safeguard. At this moment

an attendant slipped a paper into the earl's hand, unperceived by the Frenchmen.

"Now, monsieur, your passport," demanded the leader; and Marlborough presented the paper with an undismayed countenance.

It was a critical moment. The least scrutiny would have been fatal; for the document was an old pass which had been granted to his brother, General Churchill, when obliged to quit the army from ill-health. The calm indifference with which he offered it, and the night being rather dark, prevented the men from closely examining it. Contenting themselves with searching the trunks and baggage, and helping themselves freely to what plate and things of value they contained, the adventurers suffered the great foe of France and his companions to proceed. Marlborough afterwards rewarded his attendant for his presence of mind with an annuity of fifty pounds.

The alarm that the great English captain had been taken prisoner overwhelmed the States-General with consternation; and a vote was immediately passed, enjoining all their troops to march to Guelders without delay, to rescue him. In the midst of these orders, Marlborough arrived safely at the Hague. Then the transport of the Dutch knew no bounds; and it was with great difficulty that their now valued general got through the crowd to the hotel appointed for his reception.

Marlborough soon returned to England. The queen created him Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough; honours which he reluctantly accepted, chiefly because they would give him more consideration if again called upon to serve his country abroad.

In 1703, the duke was once more in Flanders, leading

operations against the French with his usual success. It was during this campaign that he had the celebrated interview with the Archduke Charles of Austria, who had been proclaimed King of Spain. On his majesty's arrival at Dusseldorf, the duke hastened to pay his respects, and convey the congratulations of Queen Anne, on his accession to royal dignity. The king, who was much pleased with the visit, received the duke with great distinction; and, on his departure, Charles took his sword from his side, and presented it to Marlborough.

"I am not ashamed," said the king, "to own that I am a poor prince, having no other inheritance than my cloak and my sword. My sword may be useful to your grace; and I hope you will not esteem it the less, because I have worn it a day. I had hoped to present it to you at the head of that gallant army with which you have performed such gallant actions."

"It acquires an additional value in my eyes," answered the duke, taking the sword and kissing the hilt, "because your majesty has condescended to wear it; for it will always remind me of your just right to the Spanish crown, and of my obligation to hazard my life, and all that is dear to me, in rendering you the greatest prince in Christendom."

On arriving at the Hague, the king carried his respect still further, by presenting Marlborough with his portrait, richly set in diamonds. When he reached England, Marlborough conducted his majesty to Windsor, and Charles requested the duchess to accept a ring of great value from his own finger.

The duke had soon an opportunity of evincing his zeal in the cause of Charles; and, at the same time, he increased

his renown far beyond all his former fame. The celebrated Prince Eugene was appointed his colleague; and the first time these two generals met, they conceived that mutual esteem and confidence which afterwards rendered them partners in glory.

When Prince Eugene beheld Marlborough's troops, he was charmed to see them in such excellent condition, after long and harassing marches. "I have heard much," he exclaimed, "of English cavalry; and now find it to be the best appointed and finest I have ever seen. Money you have in plenty in England. You can easily purchase clothes and accoutrements; but nothing can purchase the spirit I see in the looks of these men. It is an earnest of victory."

Pleased by this compliment to his countrymen, the great Englishman made a still more flattering reply. "My troops," said he, "are always animated with zeal for the common cause; but they are now inspired by your highness's presence, and it is this which awakens the spirit that excites your admiration."

At the head of a noble army, the two generals penetrated into the heart of Germany, driving the Elector of Bavaria before them, ere his French allies could join him. It would take too much space to describe all the victories, and relate the details of the burning of three hundred towns, villages, and castles! These stern necessities of war were far from pleasing to Marlborough, who grieved to see the poor people suffering from their master's obstinacy. The elector shed tears when he heard of these devastations, and offered large sums to prevent military execution on the land. "The forces of England," replied the duke, "are not come into Bavaria to extort money, but to bring its prince to reason and moderation.

n the power of the elector to end the matter at once, ning to a speedy accommodation."

t the elector knew that Marshal Tallard, with a ful French army, was approaching, and buoyed up pectation, replied, "Since you have compelled me w the sword, I have thrown away the scabbard!"

nce Eugene had hastened from the Rhine to join orough with a force of eighteen thousand men, and d the plains of Hochstadt by the time Tallard joined ector. As the prince and Marlborough proceeded vey the ground, previous to taking up their position, perceived some squadrons of the enemy at a dis-

The two generals mounted the steeple of a church by, and with their glasses discovered the quarter- rs of the enemy marking out a camp between Blen- and Lützingen. On perceiving this they resolved e battle before the enemy could strengthen them- in their new position. Some officers, who knew rength of the ground selected by the enemy, ven- to remonstrate, and to advise that no action should zarded. "I know the dangers of the case," said orough, who had not made up his mind without onsideration, "but a battle is absolutely necessary; as for success, the discipline and courage of the s will make amends for all disadvantages." Orders issued for a general engagement, the whole army ienced preparations with cheerfulness and alacrity.

arlborough showed that, like the fifth Henry at Agin- , he was resolved to conquer or to die in the attempt. of the night he passed in prayer, and towards morn- eceived the sacrament. Then, after taking a short he concerted the arrangements for the action with

Prince Eugene, particularly pointing out to the surgeons the proper place for the wounded. The forces of the duke and the prince formed an army of thirty-three thousand five hundred infantry, and eighteen thousand four hundred cavalry. They were opposed by a force of fifty-six thousand men.

About six o'clock in the morning Marlborough and Eugene took their station on a rising ground, and calling all the generals, gave directions for the attack. The army then marched into the plain, and being formed in order of battle, the chaplains performed service at the head of each regiment.

The morning being hazy, the French and Bavarians did not even suspect the approach of their enemies, and were completely taken by surprise. A large gun boomed forth the signal for the onset, and as great a battle was fought as the memory of man could recall. A panic seized the whole of the troops composing the right of the French army, and they fled like a flock of sheep before the victorious English, deaf to the threats and entreaties of their commanders, and without observing whither their flight led them. A body of cavalry, the best and most renowned in the whole army, seized with affright, hurried away Marshal Tallard with them in their flight; and, void of all thought, threw themselves by squadrons into the Danube—men and horses, officers and troopers, together. Some escaped, but the greater portion, who fled to avoid an honourable death on the field of battle, found a shameful death in the river. The luckless marshal, after vainly endeavouring to stem this torrent of despair, was obliged to surrender himself a prisoner of war, with several other general officers in his company. The defeat then became

complete. Of all the infantry the marshal had brought to the assistance of the elector, only two battalions escaped; eight-and-twenty battalions were taken prisoners; and ten were entirely destroyed!

Thus terminated the famous battle of Blenheim. The loss of the enemy, including deserters and those killed in the retreat, was not less than forty thousand men. Fifteen thousand men were taken prisoners, with twelve hundred officers, exclusive of generals. There were also captured one hundred pieces of cannon, twenty-four mortars, one hundred and twenty-nine colours, one hundred and seventy-one standards, three thousand six hundred tents, three hundred laden mules, thirty-four coaches, containing ladies of the French officers, two bridges of boats, fifteen pontoons, twenty-four camels, and eight casks of silver!

The French for many years had never sustained any considerable defeat, and in consequence had been regarded by themselves and other countries as almost invincible. But now the charm was broken.

After the battle, when Marshal Tallard was brought into the duke's tent, the marshal exclaimed with emphasis, "Your grace has beaten the best troops in the world!"

"I hope," quickly rejoined the duke, "that you except the troops which defeated them."

The news caused great joy in England, except to a discontented party, who considered that "it would no more weaken the power of the French king than taking a bucket of water out of a river." Marlborough's answer, when he heard this, was: "If they will allow me to draw one or two such buckets more, we may then let the river

run quietly, and not much apprehend its overflowing and destroying its neighbours." Queen Anne, as a monument of the victory, commanded a splendid palace to be built for the duke at her own expense, to be called BLENHEIM.

It would fill a large volume to relate all the victories of the Duke of Marlborough, none of which, however, exceeded the battle of Blenheim in importance. One, some years afterwards, called the battle of Malplaquet, was a better contested fight, and perhaps ranks next; in truth, after this battle, France never again ventured to meet Marlborough in the field.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 11th of September 1709, the confederated troops (for Eugene with his army was still with Marlborough) began to raise their batteries, under cover of a thick fog, which lasted till half-past seven. When it cleared away, the armies found themselves close together, each having a perfect view of the other. Marshal Villars commanded the French army. He was adored by his troops, who placed unbounded confidence in him; and, as he rode along their ranks, the air rang with "Long live the king! Long live Marshal Villars!" The right wing was commanded by Marshal Boufflers.

A discharge of fifty pieces of cannon from the confederates was the signal for battle, which commenced a little after eight. Each army had between ninety and one hundred thousand men, and the battle raged for some time with unexampled bravery. The Prince of Orange, unable to restrain his impetuosity, contrary to instructions, made an attack before he could be properly supported, and lost the flower of the Dutch infantry. Yet a complete victory was gained by the allies. Marlborough and Eugene were

frequently in the very hottest of the fire. Early in the action, a musket-ball struck the prince behind the ear. His officers instantly entreated him to retire, and have the wound dressed. "No," said the hero; "if I am fated to die here, to what purpose can it be to dress the wound? If I survive it, it will be time enough in the evening;" and instantly he rushed again into the thickest of the engagement. All the duties of a skilful general were performed by Marlborough; and late in the day the French army left the field in the possession of the allies, both armies having fought with almost incredible valour. The loss of the French was fourteen thousand men; the allies, though victory was on their side, through the mistake of the Prince of Orange, lost nearly twenty thousand.

An officer of distinction in the French army, writing an account of this battle, said,—"The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day; since, till then, they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say, with justice, that nothing can stand before them; for what shall be able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes, if an army of one hundred thousand of our best troops—posted between two roads, trebly intrenched, and performing their duty as well as brave men could do—were not able to stop them one day? Will you not, then, own with me, that they surpass all the heroes of former ages?"

With his usual humanity, Marlborough first took care, at the close of the action, to relieve the wounded. Three thousand Frenchmen who lay on the field shared his attention, with the wounded of his own army; and he immediately arranged means for conveying them away. Still, next morning—the day set apart for burying the slain—

notwithstanding his care, when riding over the field he saw, among the heaps which covered the plain, not only the numerous bodies of the slain, but of the dying also. Nor did he feel only for the sufferings of his companions in arms; the groans of wounded enemies, and the sight of their mangled limbs, equally awakened his compassion. Learning, also, that many French officers and soldiers had crept into the neighbouring houses and woods wounded, and in a miserable condition for want of assistance, he ordered them every possible relief, and despatched a messenger with a letter to the French marshal, humanely proposing a conference to arrange the means of removing these wretched sufferers. By this humanity the larger portion of not fewer than thirty thousand men, to whose sufferings death would soon have put an end, were saved. The officers gave their word that they would not serve against the allies till they were regularly exchanged; and the soldiers were to be considered as prisoners of war, for whom an equal number of allied troops was to be returned.

Many, many battles, too numerous to mention, were gained by this great commander. When he came back to England at the peace, he for some time distinguished himself as an able statesman; but incurring the displeasure of the queen, and that of the party then in power, he found his situation so painful that he determined to leave the country till the course of events should again run in his favour. He left Dover without any honours, as a private passenger in a packet-boat; but on its arriving off Ostend, as soon as the townspeople knew that the Duke of Marlborough was on board, they made a salute of all the cannon towards the sea; and, when the

vessel entered the harbour, they fired three rounds of all the artillery on the ramparts. The people crowded round him, and shed tears at the ingratitude of his nation. Some, full of astonishment at the sight of him, said, "His looks, his air, his address, are full as conquering as his sword." Even a Frenchman exclaimed, "Though the sight is worth a million to my king, yet, I believe, he would not, at such a price, have lost the service of so brave a man."

Marlborough remained at Aix-la-Chapelle till the death of the queen. On the 1st of August 1714, the day on which George the First was proclaimed, the duke landed at Dover. Marlborough's reception was truly a contrast to his departure. Now the artillery thundered forth a welcome, while thousands of spectators hailed the return of the voluntary exile. Passing on to London, he was met at Southwark by a large body of the burgesses, who escorted him into the city, and thence, joined by many of the nobility, gentry, and citizens, he proceeded to St. James's amid the joyful acclamations of the crowd—"Long live the king!" "Long live the Duke of Marlborough!"

Old age had now laid his withering hand on the warrior-duke. For nearly two years he continued to enjoy the favour and confidence of the Hanoverian king, who, on one occasion, had grace sufficient to say, "Marlborough's retirement would give me as much pain as if a dagger should be plunged in my bosom." But he soon was obliged to retreat to Blenheim, where he spent six years of declining life amongst his family and friends. At length, after a violent attack of palsy, the disease from which he suffered, he lay for several days expecting death. Early in the morning of the 15th of June 1722,

he resigned his spirit with Christian calmness into the hands of his Creator.

The duke was nearly seventy-three when he died. His remains were interred with every honour in Westminster Abbey, but soon after were taken up and conveyed to the chapel at Blenheim, and laid in a magnificent monument, which the duchess had erected for this honourable purpose.

Two or three anecdotes remain to be told of the Duke of Marlborough, which admirably display the excellence of his character.

Although almost his whole life was spent in military affairs, Marlborough regarded war as a necessary evil, and frequently longed for peace. At the siege of Douay, the country round the town was in a dreadful state. "It is impossible, without seeing it," wrote the duke, "to be sensible of the misery of this country. At least one half of the people of the villages, since the beginning of last winter, are dead, and the rest look as if they came out of their graves. It is so mortifying that no Christian can see it but must, with all his heart, wish for a speedy peace."

Fenelon, the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray, spent his whole life in doing good, and, in consequence, was esteemed and beloved by every one. During one of the campaigns the estates of this excellent man were exposed to plunder; Marlborough ordered a detachment of his troops to guard the magazines of corn, and gave a safe conduct to the frightened farmers and their servants to enable them to convey the grain to Cambray. The duke had scarcely done so before it occurred to him that even with this protection, the soldiers, through the scarcity of

bread, might rob the inhabitants. He therefore sent a body of dragoons, with waggons, to transport the grain, and orders to escort it to the suburbs of Cambray. Thus he showed his respect for a good man, of whom it is said that "he honoured letters by his genius, religion by his piety, France by his renown, and human nature by his virtues."

Riding out one day at the Hague, with Commissary Maniot, it began to rain, and the duke called for his cloak, Maniot having had his put on by his servant in an instant. The duke's attendant not bringing his cloak, he called again, but the man still continued puzzling about the straps and buckles. At last the rain increased very much, and the duke repeated his call, adding, "What are you about that you do not bring the cloak?"

"You must stay," grumbled the man, "if it rain cats and dogs, till I can get at it."

The duke only turned to Maniot and said, smiling, "I would not be of that man's temper for all the world."

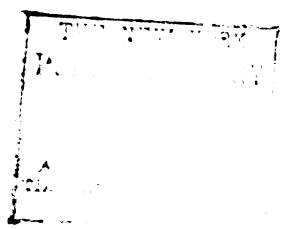
The Duchess of Marlborough had rather a hasty temper, and it was chiefly through a quarrel on her part with Queen Anne, who had treated her on the equal terms of a friend for many years, that the duke lost her majesty's favour. An amusing instance once occurred, in which her grace's waywardness and violence recoiled upon herself.

"At a great age the duchess had considerable remains of beauty, most expressive eyes, and the finest hair imaginable. The colour of the hair she had preserved unchanged by the constant use of honey water. None of her charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized, by the poor duke, her husband.

Therefore, one day, upon his offending her by some act of disobedience to her 'sovereign will,' the bright thought occurred, as she sat considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done. She cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment. But to her disappointment, he passed, entered, and re-passed, calm enough to provoke a saint, neither angry nor sorrowful, seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have over-looked her hair, she ran to secure it. Lo! it had vanished; and she remained in perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change a rueful one, she began to think she had for once done a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject till after the duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet where he kept whatever he held most precious."

This anecdote the duchess frequently related during the twenty-two years she survived her illustrious husband. She died at the age of eighty-four, retaining to the last her love for the memory of the hero. When sixty-two, she was sought in marriage by Lord Coningsby, and the Duke of Somerset. Her answer to the former is not known; but to the latter she admirably replied:—"Marriage is very unsuitable at my age; but, were I only thirty, I would not permit even the emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which has been devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough!"





LORD CLIVE.

IN the early part of the eighteenth century, there lived near Market Drayton, in Shropshire, a plain man, named Richard Clive, who was engaged in the profession of the law, and in the cultivation of a small estate, which had belonged to his ancestors since the days of the first Plantagenets. This Richard, who does not appear to have been a person of particular capacity or intelligence, espoused a lady from the town of Manchester; and she, in the year 1725, made him father of a son, destined to be known to fame as founder of the English empire in the East.

Robert Clive, who first saw the light at the old seat of his ancestors, near Market Drayton, did not in early youth impress his relatives with the conviction that he was born for greatness. In childhood he exhibited an extraordinary love of mischief; and this passion, which increased with his years, was indulged without stint. At the age of seven, his tendencies in this direction had become so strong that they filled his relatives with alarm, and even struck terror into the inhabitants of Market Drayton. Bob Clive, as everybody there knew, flew into a violent passion on the most trifling annoyance—utterly

repudiated the idea of being guided by his seniors, and was ready to fight battles with his comrades on any pretext whatever. One day, he startled the people of Market Drayton by climbing to the high steeple, and seating himself on a stone-spout near the top; on another occasion, he surprised them by forming all the most mischievous boys of the town into a predatory band, and levying a species of "black mail" on the shopkeepers, in consideration of preserving their windows from being broken.

At school, Clive was regarded as a dunce, and denounced as a scapegrace. First, he was sent to a seminary at Lostock, in Cheshire; next to Market Drayton school; then to Merchant Tailors'; and finally to a private academy at Hemel Hempstead. At each of these he earned for himself a bad name. His aversion to study the teachers found invincible, and he left school without having made any progress in learning. It appears, however, that one of his schoolmasters, who happened to be capable of looking below the surface, could not help seeing that there was enough of natural talent about the idle, mischievous boy to enable him, if spared, to make a great figure in the world. Richard Clive, however, despaired of his son doing any good, and was not sorry when young "Bob" obtained a writership in the service of the East India Company. With the blessing of his parents on his head, and a little money in his pocket, Clive sailed from England to push his fortune. He was in his eighteenth year when thus launched upon life.

Madras was the place to which Clive was appointed, and there he landed, after a very long voyage, during

which the ship had been at the Brazils for many months. At the Brazils, Clive spent all his money; so that he landed at Madras with an empty purse and a somewhat heavy heart. His plight, on the whole, was not enviable. He pined for home, lost his temper, and several times was in danger of losing his post. On one occasion, he was commanded by the governor to apologise to a secretary whom he had insulted. He obeyed, and the secretary, wishing to show that no offence was taken, asked him to dinner. "No," said Clive, with a haughty gesture, "I was not commanded to dine with you!" While at Madras, struggling with pride and poverty, Clive grew desperate, and twice attempted to shoot himself. Fortunately, the pistol, on both occasions, failed to go off; and he threw it down, after the second failure, exclaiming that assuredly he was reserved for something great.

About the date when Clive came to this conclusion, England and France being at war, the governor of the Mauritius, thinking to do his sovereign some service by attacking the enemy's settlements, landed in India, and compelled Madras to capitulate. At the same time it was stipulated that the English inhabitants should be prisoners on parole, and that the town should remain in the hands of the French only till it should be ransomed. It happened, however, that the governor of Pondicherry —the celebrated Dupleix—was then indulging in the dream of establishing a European empire on the ruins of the Great Mogul monarchy, and regarded this successful adventure of his countrymen with no small jealousy. Dupleix contended that all conquests made by the French in India were at his disposal as governor of Pondicherry,

and stated that Madras should be razed to the ground. His rival was obliged to yield; and the governor of Madras, with several of the principal servants of the Company, were carried off, and conducted in triumph through the town of Pondicherry. This breach of the capitulation seemed to the English to release them from their engagements; and they felt at liberty to take what course they pleased. Clive, as may be supposed, had no scruples on the point. He speedily disguised himself as a Moor, escaped from the town, and took refuge at Fort St. David. Disgusted with his inactive life, he, in 1747, obtained a commission as ensign in the Company's army, and, as a soldier, soon won distinction by the courage and prowess he displayed in several encounters with the French. Intelligence from Europe, however, soon put an end to the war; Madras was restored to the English Company, and Clive returned to his desk.

Ere long, events occurred which called him into action. In 1748, Chunda Sahib laid claim to the right of being Nabob of the Carnatic, and made war on the prince who governed that wealthy province. Chunda applied for aid to the French; and Dupleix, who saw a great opportunity of carrying his ambitious schemes into execution, formed an alliance with the pretender, and rendered him successful in his efforts. A battle was fought; the nabob in possession was defeated and slain; his son fled with a few adherents to Trichinopoly, and Chunda Sahib, pursuing him thither, invested the place so closely that there was little prospect of its holding out long. The English recognised the besieged prince as Nabob of the Carnatic, but they hardly felt themselves in a position to strike a blow on his behalf. It was time, however, for so completely was

Dupleix carrying everything before him, that a report was circulated in Paris to the effect that he had renounced his allegiance to the French monarch, and proclaimed himself king; and that he was guarded by ten thousand men, and surrounded by all the pomp of an Oriental potentate.

It was when the French were making so great a figure, and the English interests were in so much danger of being sacrificed for want of energy, that the genius of Clive stirred him to action. He showed the authorities at Madras that a great effort must be made, and declared his readiness to make it, if they would furnish the means. He proposed to attack Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and argued that, if a daring blow were struck there, the siege of Trichinopoly would likely be raised. The authorities, awake to the extent of their danger, consented; and Clive, now twenty-five, was placed at the head of five hundred soldiers—two hundred of whom were English, and the remainder sepoys, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. The weather was unusually stormy—the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled; but Clive marched calmly and determinedly forward to Arcot. His first exploit was more easily performed than he had anticipated; for the garrison, hearing that an English army was pushing rapidly on towards their gates through thunder and lightning, evacuated the fort in a panic, and Clive took possession of Arcot without the semblance of resistance.

Far from being unduly elated with his unexpected success, Clive felt that his situation was the reverse of secure; and entertaining little hope of being left undisturbed with his conquest, he made preparations to defend the fortress he had so boldly, yet so easily, won. His prescience was

very soon vindicated. The garrison, reinforced by the inhabitants of the surrounding country till the force numbered three thousand men, returned, and encamped close to the city. Even at this Clive was not dismayed. At dead of night he sallied out, set upon them suddenly in their camp, slew great numbers, dispersed the survivors, and returned with his army within the walls, without having lost a single man.

The danger, it is true, was by no means at an end. When news of Clive's seizure of Arcot reached Trichinopoly, which the Chunda Sahib and his French allies were still besieging, they resolved upon measures for its recovery. Four thousand men were detached with that view; and this force, led by Rajah Sahib, the son of Chunda, and increased on its march to many thousands, invested Arcot without any very grave doubt of triumph. The city, indeed, appeared in no condition to make any prolonged defence, but the genius of Clive wrought wonders; and, for more than seven weeks, the little garrison struggled with a gallantry which rendered the assailants desperate. The Rajah, weary of waiting before the place, attempted to negotiate, and offered bribes in case of its being surrendered. Clive rejected all his proposals with haughty scorn. The Rajah then declared, that if the terms he named were not accepted, he would take the place by assault, and put every man it contained to the sword. Clive recommended him to pause before sending such a rabble as his army into a breach that was defended by Englishmen.

The Rajah's flesh and blood could stand no more. He determined to storm the town; and selecting a great Mohammedan festival for the occasion, administered intoxicating drink to add to the religious zeal of the

besiegers. Thus stimulated, his soldiers rushed furiously to the attack, driving before their ranks elephants, whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these huge beasts; but their power was never put to the test. No sooner did the cannon-balls begin to fly, than the elephants wheeled furiously round, trampling and crushing the soldiers who had urged them forward.

Clive now exerted himself with signal valour; wherever the defenders were weakest, there he was: and the assailants everywhere met with so hot a reception that, after three desperate onsets, they retired with considerable loss. Nor did they deem it politic to renew the conflict. When the sun rose next day, the army of Rajah Sahib was nowhere to be seen.

In due time, the news of Clive's successful defence of Arcot reached Fort St. George, and several hundred men were despatched to reinforce him. He then commenced offensive operations with great vigour, took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a Mahratta chief, defeated Rajah Sahib at the head of five thousand men, encountered the rajah again with equal success, and marched in triumph from the field of battle to Fort St. David—destroying, on the way, "the city of the victory of Dupleix," which had been erected as a monument to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East.

Clive's name was now a host in itself. Under his auspices, the English were everywhere victorious, and obstacle after obstacle yielded to the determination of his will. Trichinopoly was relieved; Covelong and Chingleput were wrested from the French. It was in vain that Dupleix struggled against his fate; all would not do.

The influence of England was visibly increasing, and likely to increase. This change in the aspect of affairs was entirely owing to the valour and genius of Clive.

While Clive was on a visit to England, in 1755, there appeared a prospect of a new and serious war with France; and the expediency of having an able commander in the East being obvious, the Company appointed him Governor of Fort St. David, while the king gave him a commission as lieutenant-general in the English army. Clive was accompanied to the East by several gentlemen-volunteers, whose adventurous spirit led them to seek fame and fortune in a land supposed to abound in gold. Clive had reached India, and proceeded to Fort St. David, when news arrived at Madras which roused all his energies, and gave an opportunity for the exercise of all his faculties.

The intelligence was such as to make the flesh creep and the blood curdle. It was to the effect that Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal, a boy in his teens, had marched upon Calcutta;—that the fort had been taken after a feeble resistance;—that a number of English had fallen as prisoners into the nabob's power;—that a hundred and forty-six persons had been shut for a whole night in the Black Hole, a chamber where one European could hardly have existed without much suffering, in such a climate;—that the unfortunate captives had been rendered delirious by thirst and despair;—that the night had been one long scene of horrors and madness;—and that, when morning came, only twenty-three of them had been found alive, and these in a condition so fearful that they would hardly have been recognised by their most familiar friends.

When, in August 1756, the news of this horrible atrocity reached Madras, there arose a cry for vengeance; and

the authorities resolved to send an expedition to the Hoogley. Preparations were made forthwith; Clive was placed at the head of the troops; and the expedition having sailed, and made its way against contrary winds, reached Bengal about the close of the year. Clive lost no time. He landed, commenced operations, and was proceeding with his wonted success, when the nabob marched to Calcutta to encounter him. Seeing, however, how matters were going, Surajah Dowlah offered to negotiate—to restore the factory to the English—and to make compensation for their losses. Clive, finding his power limited, was fain to entertain the proposition, but did not fail to express his regret that the business should not be concluded in a way that would redound more to the honour of England.

Negotiations were speedily opened, and the nabob behaved with the utmost folly and perfidy. He had no sense of dignity, no feeling of honour, and his conduct, in various respects, so disgusted his own subjects that a conspiracy was formed to place the commander-in-chief, Meer Jaffier, on the throne of his master. The plot was communicated to Clive, and he consented to aid in deposing Surajah Dowlah. Meer Jaffier, on his part, promised ample compensation to the Company's servants, and liberal rewards to the army and navy.

Matters having thus been arranged, and everything made ready for action, Clive set his men in motion towards Moorshedabad, the nabob's capital, and wrote to that potentate a peremptory letter, setting forth the wrongs of the English, and demanding satisfaction. The nabob, thus pressed, mustered a mighty army, and advanced to Plassy, where he encamped. Clive, on reaching Cos-

simbusar, a few miles from Plassy, found himself in an awkward position; for Meer Jaffier, who had agreed to draw off from the nabob and join him, lost heart, and the English captain hesitated to encounter an army of well-nigh sixty thousand men, with only a twentieth of that number. His anxiety became intense; for he began to feel that nothing but the certainty of victory could justify him in crossing the river that ran between him and the enemy.

In this critical posture, Clive felt his responsibility so acutely that he shrank from deciding for himself, and called a council of war. The council declared the hazard too great; and Clive concurred in the view taken. But no sooner did the meeting break up than his opinion began to change. It was not his nature to fear, and perhaps he was somewhat ashamed of indecision so unusual with him. At all events, he is said to have passed an hour in solitary musing, and when it was over, his decision of character had returned. His resolution was formed. He was determined to run all risks, and issued orders that next morning, whatever the consequences, the army should pass over. At the appointed time the river was accordingly passed, and in the evening, after a toilsome day's march, Clive and his handful of soldiers took up their quarters in a grove of mango-trees, so near the vast army of the nabob that the sound of cymbals and drums prevented them from enjoying the sleep which they so much needed. On the morning of the 23d June they rose to fight the battle of Plassy.

The nabob did not keep them waiting. At daybreak, he moved his army towards the place where the English lay; and Clive, looking from the mango grove, could see

with his own eyes whom he had to encounter. Fifteen thousand horsemen, who appeared no contemptible antagonists; forty thousand footmen, fifty pieces of large ordnance drawn by white oxen, and pushed onwards by elephants; and some smaller pieces under the direction of French auxiliaries,—such was the army which moved forward to try conclusions with "Clive, the daring in war."

The odds, indeed, were fearful; but one thousand of Clive's soldiers were English, who had been taught never to turn their backs upon a foe; and they awaited the attack with the courage which in all ages their countrymen have exhibited in such hours of peril. Fortune favours the brave. A cannonade commenced the conflict; and it happened that the guns of the nabob scarcely produced the slightest effect, while great havoc was wrought by the English field-pieces. Several of the nabob's officers were stretched dead on the ground; and with such dismay was the huge army struck that the confusion immediately became general. The nabob himself shared the fears of his soldiers; and, in his alarm, ordered his ranks to fall back. This was a moment not to be lost by such a man as Clive. He instantly called on his troops to advance, and the English, with a rush, threw themselves upon the retiring foe. The nabob's host, already in dismay and disorder, could not stand before such assailants. In an hour their dispersion was complete; and the battle of Plassy added another to England's victories.

Meanwhile, Clive's Oriental ally, Meer Jaffier, had in no way contributed to the success of the English arms. He was nevertheless anxious to reap the fruits of the great victory that had been won without his aid. No sooner

was the fate of the field decided than he drew off his division, and sent to Clive congratulatory messages; and coming to the English camp, he had the gratification of being saluted as nabob. In a few days Clive went to Moorshedabad, witnessed the ceremony of installation, and congratulated the natives on being freed from a tyrant. Surajah Dowlah was taken while attempting to escape, and secretly murdered by a son of his successor.

The throne of Meer Jaffier, however, was not quite secure. A host of enemies soon appeared eager to depose him. Of these the most formidable was Shah Alum, son of the great Mogul. This prince raised an army of forty thousand Indians; and vowing to cast down the man whom the English had set up, threw the new nabob into the utmost alarm by investing Patna.

Meer Jaffier was indeed lost in terror. The idea of defending himself against such a force appeared to him out of the question, and he was on the point of attempting to purchase the friendship of Shah Alum with a large sum of money. Clive came to the rescue, and treated this scheme with scorn. "I beg," said he, "that you will rely on the fidelity of the English. . . . Rest assured that the English are staunch and firm friends, and that they never desert a cause in which they have once taken part."

Having thus expressed himself, Clive raised an army consisting of two hundred Europeans and a few thousand sepoys, and with this small force marched to relieve a city invested by forty thousand men. The terror of his name was sufficient. When the van of his little army appeared, Shah Alum was on the point of storming Patna; but no sooner did the soldiers hear that "Clive, the dar-

ing" was upon them than a general dispersion took place. In a few days the army of Shah Alum melted away, and Meer Jaffier felt a temporary security. Clive's men had neither required to strike nor receive a blow.

Meer Jaffier was naturally very grateful to his deliverers. When placed on the throne, after the battle of Plassy, he had been lavish of his gold towards those to whom he owed his new dignity. Clive might have had what he liked: he had only to help himself. The sum he took was by no means contemptible. Two hundred and ten thousand pounds are said, at that time, to have passed into his possession. After the relief of Patna, the nabob gave a further proof of his gratitude. He made over to Clive for life the quit-rent which the Company paid yearly for lands held by them south of Calcutta. This is estimated to have been worth about twenty-eight thousand pounds a year.

It would seem that after this the nabob either thought he had paid somewhat too dear to the English for protection, or began to suspect his allies of ulterior objects. At all events, his feelings in regard to them underwent a change, and he looked about for other aid. He commenced to intrigue with the Dutch authorities at Chinsura, and was successful in persuading them to have an expedition sent from Batavia, to balance, as he expected, the power of England in Bengal. An armament equipped with this view suddenly arrived in the Hoogley, and was all the more formidable, inasmuch as Clive had, at the time, sent large detachments to oppose the French in the Carnatic.

Clive was somewhat perplexed, and not altogether undismayed. On one point he was determined—to main-

tain the English influence in Bengal: and he succeeded. The Dutch attempted to force a passage up the river, and join the garrison of Chinsura; but, though far superior in numbers, they were completely beaten. The English encountering them both on the land and water, took their ships, put their soldiers to the rout, and then sat down before Chinsura. The Dutch, quite humbled, submitted to a treaty. Clive's victory was so complete that he dictated the terms.

It was natural that, after so many battles and sieges, Clive should feel desirous to return to his native country, and enjoy some years of peaceful life. Accordingly, soon after his victory over the Dutch, he set sail for England. The fame of his exploits had gone long before him; and he was the favourite popular hero of the day. Even the great Lord Chatham had, in Parliament, described Clive as "a heaven-born general who, bred to the desk, had displayed a military genius which might excite the admiration of the King of Prussia."

The reception of Clive was all that he could have desired; and soon after reaching England he was treated with marked distinction by George III., created an Irish peer, and returned as a member of the House of Commons.

In India, however, Clive's work was not yet over. While passing his time in England, listening to the debates in Parliament, taking part in the discussions at the East India House, buying boroughs, and building mansions, matters became so bad in India from the tyranny and corruption of the Company's servants, that strong measures became necessary, and all eyes were turned to Clive as the man most capable of producing a reform.

He consented to go to Bengal as governor and commander-in-chief of the British possessions there; and in May 1765, he arrived at Calcutta, determined to cure the evils that existed. His task was one of the utmost difficulty; but for eighteen months he applied himself to the work of reform with diligence, and having accomplished his mission, he quitted for the last time the country with whose history his name is inseparably associated. From that visit of Clive to India dates the purity of our administration in the East.

To England Clive returned in the year 1767, and then began those proceedings which embittered the remainder of his life, and brought him with sorrow to an untimely grave. The popularity which a few years earlier surrounded the name of the hero who had conquered at Plassy was vanished, and for years a storm had been gathering. Indeed, Clive was now menaced on all hands. He had enemies in India, at the India House, and in the British Parliament. What was worse, the people of England, whose pride and delight he had once been, saw all his actions in the worst light, and cursed him as one of the hated class to whom was given the name of nabobs. As he was greater than others of the odious class, so he was unpopular in proportion.

It was in 1772 that the antipathy with which Clive was regarded took form and colour. Parliament resolved upon considering the question of India, and Clive's enemies bent their whole strength to effect his utter ruin. He was not, however, the kind of person to be beaten without a struggle. When the subject was brought before the House of Commons, he defended himself with such ability that his enemies thought it expedient to

drop part of the charge. A committee was appointed to inquire into the matter, and before that committee Clive was examined. On this occasion he was pressed by the questions of every impertinent inferior. He kept his temper, however, though doubtless with difficulty. He spoke frankly on all points, and especially as to the sum with which he had been presented by Meer Jaffier. He vividly described the situation in which he was then placed, after his victory over Surajah Dowlah; how the treasury of Bengal was thrown open to him; how he was led through vaults wherein were huge piles of silver and gold, crowned with rubies and diamonds; and how, in the midst of so much treasure and so much temptation, he had only to ask and to receive. "By God! Mr. Chairman," exclaimed Clive, pausing in his evidence, "at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation!"

As time passed on, the charges against Clive came in a definite form before Parliament, and again he defended himself with his wonted vigour. After reminding the assembled Commons what great services he had rendered the country, and of the grievous wrongs he had sustained, he said in conclusion:—"If the resolution proposed should receive the assent of the House, I shall have nothing left that I can call my own except my paternal estate, which has been in my family for ages past. But upon this I am content to live, and perhaps I shall find more real happiness and content of mind than in the trembling affluence of an unsettled fortune. But to be called, after sixteen years have elapsed, to account for my conduct in this manner, and after an uninterrupted enjoyment of my property, to be questioned, and con-

sidered as obtaining it unwarrantably, is hard indeed, and treatment of which I should not have thought the British Senate capable. Yet I have a conscious innocence within that tells me my conduct is irreproachable. They may take from me what I have,—they may, as they think, make me poor, but I will be happy. Meanwhile, before I sit down, I have but one request to make to the House,—that when they come to decide on my honour, they will not forget their own."

After having thus spoken, Clive retired from all part in the business, leaving his defence to Wedderburne, the solicitor-general, who bore himself throughout the discussion with great force and eloquence. The accusation in the end was neither established nor declared groundless. The House, indeed, decided that Clive had abused his powers, but they also voted, on the motion of Wedderburne, a resolution to the effect that he had rendered great and meritorious services to his country.

Clive did not long survive the persecution of which he had been the victim. The malevolence of his enemies irritated him; his general unpopularity galled his feelings; his health gave way; his spirits became depressed; he took to opium; and his mind sank rapidly under various influences. At length, in the month of November 1774, despair got the better of his reason—and in his fiftieth year, the hero of Plassy died by his own hand.

In person Clive was rather above the middle size; and his brow, naturally heavy, on account of a fulness above the eyelid, is described as having imparted a somewhat sullen expression to the countenance. Among strangers, his manner was reserved; but with his familiars he was frank, lively, and agreeable. In the House of Commons

he seldom spoke; though it is clear, from the few oratorical efforts he made, that he possessed considerable eloquence. Lord Chatham, who from under the gallery listened to Clive's defence of himself, in 1772, declared he never heard a finer speech. But it was as a warrior-statesman that he excelled, and that he is remembered. His intrepidity has rarely been equalled; and his skill as a general was quite on a par with his courage as a soldier. Indeed, with all his faults and failings, he who defended Arcot and conquered at Plassy must rank among the foremost men whom our island has produced, and occupy a high place in history among those heroes who, by their valour and genius, have added to the greatness and contributed to the glory of England.

GENERAL WOLFE.

GENERAL EDWARD WOLFE, an officer who distinguished himself under the Duke of Marlborough, was the father of James Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. He was the eldest son of the general, and was born at Westerham, a small town in Kent, on the 6th of November 1726. As liberal an education as could be acquired before the early age of fourteen was given to the future hero. He then went with his father to Flanders to study the profession of an officer amid active warfare; and he continued thus engaged for seven years. During this novitiate, he was not without opportunities of distinguishing himself. His name was on several occasions mentioned with honour; and, at the battle of Laffeldt, his courage and skilful conduct attracted the notice of his commander, the Duke of Cumberland, who, at the close of the day, thanked him in the presence of the army. From that time he was marked out "as an officer of extraordinary merit and promise."

His merit, rather than any favour, brought Wolfe the rank of lieutenant-colonel, when he was barely twenty-two. The battalion he commanded was soon distinguished by many and striking improvements in discipline, so that its

superiority at exercise, and in the order of its quarters, gave sure proof of ability and temper in its young commander. "The men," it is said, "adored while they profoundly respected him; and his officers esteemed his approbation as much as they dreaded his displeasure."

Canada, with a portion of New Brunswick, and the islands of St. John and Cape Breton, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, were at this time possessed by the French; while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick belonged to the English. The latter also claimed the tract of land called New England, lying (as will be seen on looking at a map of North America) to the west of New Brunswick, and south of the river St. Lawrence. The French, however, disputed the claim of the English to this country; and constant quarrels arose between the rival settlers about their right to land, of which in reality the poor Indians were the proprietors. In virtue of a grant of Parliament in 1750, a large body of English took possession of this "debatable ground;" but scarcely had they done so, when a superior force of French and Indians made an attack, and killing some, took prisoners many others, and drove the rest back. Many vigorous but unsuccessful efforts were made on the part of the colonists and their neighbours, during eighteen months, to regain their territory. A body of troops was then sent from England under General Braddock, but this attempt also failed; and the struggle having now assumed some importance, an army of not less than sixteen thousand men, under Lord Loudon, renewed the contest in 1755, against the army under the Marquis de Montcalm, a most able and enterprising officer. His superiority as a commander had been shown in several instances, till the slur which was

being cast on the reputation of our country's arms having excited attention at home, Lord Loudon was recalled, and the army then in America was entrusted to another general. At the same time a fresh force was raised at home, which put to sea in February 1757. Wolfe accompanied this expedition as brigadier under Major-General Amherst. Its object was to reduce Cape Breton, the possession of which island, commanding as it does the grand entrance of the St. Lawrence, was felt to be of the last importance.

It was a summer night, the night of the 2d of June, when twenty-eight English ships of the line, fifteen frigates, with a large fleet of transports and store ships, entered Gabarus Bay—an open roadstead somewhat west of Louisbourg, the chief town of the island of Cape Breton. Orders to anchor were issued; and the sprightly sounds of fife and drum, and the merry tread of the sailors, as the capstan went cheerily round, were heard on board every ship. The night was remarkably dull and lowering; and soldiers and sailors being alike ignorant of the coast, and the nature of the obstacles they would have to encounter, a consultation of officers was held, when it was resolved not to attempt a landing till dawn. Ammunition was then served out to the men; the soldiers were directed to lie down in their clothes, and the sailors to get the boats ready before the first blush of morning should appear. Suddenly the dark sky became still more lowering, thick clouds soon gathered, and ere midnight a violent storm burst over the fleet. Although nearly land-locked, most of the ships strained heavily on their anchors, and many doubts were entertained as to their riding out the gale. Daylight at length appeared, but the tempest still raged;

and for eight long weary days the gale continued with unabated violence.

This dreary interval gave the enemy time to prepare to receive the invaders. Yet it was not without some good result to the latter; for neither the naval nor military officers were of desponding mood, but occupied the time in maturing their plans, and putting matters in such a train that no mistake could afterwards occur.

The town of Louisbourg stands upon a small tongue of land, and in Wolfe's time was carefully fortified, having heavy batteries towards the sea, and a strong defence of regular works on its land sides. Its harbour, which is considered the most magnificent in the world, was carefully guarded by five ships of the line extending quite across the mouth. Goat Island formed one extremity of the entrance, and Lighthouse Point the other. Both of these were surmounted by strong redoubts, having the largest cannon and mortars used in war; while a garrison of three thousand soldiers, with two thousand five hundred seamen to man the intrenchments, seemed to present an insuperable obstacle to a successful descent.

Four miles westward of the town, however, there was a little creek, called Freshwater Cove; and, after much deliberation, it was resolved to attempt a landing at this point. The frigates and lighter vessels accordingly moved thither as soon as the weather moderated, and anchored there one evening, with the wind still boisterous, and the surf running very high. Next morning, at daybreak, the first division of the troops entered their boats. Wolfe was at their head.

The seamen had scarcely dipped their oars a second time, when a sudden glancing of arms amid the sand-

hills warned the troops to expect opposition. The French had foreseen the probability of such an attempt as the present, and had prepared to oppose it by throwing up breastworks, placing field pieces in the hollows, and stationing a considerable force to dispute a landing.

Gallantly the boats pressed onwards; while the frigates, which had approached within half-cannon shot of the shore, opening their fire, swept the beach with a shower of round shot. The flotilla was now within musket range, and the French all at once poured in a volley of small arms. Wolfe ordered his men not to fire in return; but, trusting to the broadsides from the frigates, which, ploughing up the sand, threw it high in the air, and thus kept the beach open, he urged his rowers to their utmost strength, passed through a heavy surf, though not without some loss, and made good his landing. Company by company, as the men arrived, they quickly formed, and pushing on, after a sharp encounter, forced the French to abandon their works, and retreat within the walls of Louisbourg.

The terrible surf proved the more formidable enemy. As many as one hundred boats, with a large number of their crews, were lost in attempting to pass through to the shore. But officers and men were too enthusiastic to be disheartened. In a short time all the troops were landed; guns, stores, work-tools, ammunition, and provisions, followed quickly; and, ere the enemy had learned that real danger at last threatened them, the business of the siege was begun.

General Amherst invested the place without delay on the land side, and having opened his trenches before it, despatched Wolfe with the light infantry and a body of Highlanders to attack the battery on Lighthouse Point.

Before dawn one morning he reached the outposts, dro them in, and followed with such rapidity that, ere t enemy could form, and almost before they had got und arms, they were completely routed. The guns were ir mediately turned with terrible accuracy upon the harbo and town. The five ships of war now found their po tion very hazardous. One was soon on fire, and bl up; the flames spread to two others, and the remaini two were attacked and captured by boats. The breac ing batteries shook the ramparts of the town to th foundations, while the shells carried ruin and death in its streets. On the 26th of July, the enemy, findi it impossible to resist any longer, surrendered; t garrison became prisoners of war; and the islands Cape Breton and Prince Edward fell into the hands the English.

Wolfe's part in this campaign was now over, a domestic matters summoned him to England. He h not, however, been long at home, when he was inform from headquarters that his brilliant services as a subalte had caused the king to select him to conduct an ente prise of still greater hazard and honour. It had be proposed in council, as the speediest mode of putting a end to the transatlantic war, that the reduction of Queb the enemy's colonial capital, should be effected. Co petent authorities having declared the attempt to not impracticable, it was resolved upon, and W was nominated to the command of an armament to vest the town. An attack, to be made on three ot points, was determined as a commencement of campaign.

The armament set sail early in February 1759.

miral Saunders commanded the fleet, which comprised twenty-two line-of-battle ships, and an equal number of frigates. The whole came within sight of Louisbourg on the 21st of April. The harbour being still choked with ice, the vessels could not get in, and the delays which occurred prevented Wolfe from entering the St. Lawrence till June. The ships reached the Isle of Orleans by the end of the month, and casting anchor, possession was taken. The land was in a high state of cultivation, affording abundant supplies to soldiers and sailors.

Quebec is situated on the northern bank of the river, and is distant from the sea nearly 370 miles. Part of the capital is built on the summit of a high and steep rock, and is called the upper town. On the strand, at the foot of the rock, is the lower town, and here the waters of the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles meet. A most commodious harbour adds to the advantages of the town, while the noble St. Lawrence, which for three hundred and twenty miles is nowhere less than fifteen miles in width, here suddenly narrows to a breadth of scarcely one mile. Behind the town, facing towards the great inland lakes, stands a range of hills called the Heights of Abraham, whose tops are level with the highest ridge on which the upper city is built.

The Marquis of Montcalm, now an old but still energetic man, occupied Quebec and the adjoining district with an army of five thousand regular troops, and the same number of militia and Indians. He had made preparations for defence with great judgment; the mass of his army was in the town, which he had further protected by intrenchments extending nearly eight miles to the west, till they reached the Montmorency river. Montreal was also well

garrisoned; and, twenty miles above Quebec, a body of two thousand men lay encamped to attack in flank any force which might attempt to land in that direction.

Many skirmishes took place at first between the Indians and British troops; and one attack of more importance on the intrenchments near the St. Charles was headed by Wolfe in person. It completely failed; but it taught Wolfe the strength of the enemy's position, and clearly showed that it would require stratagem to accomplish his design of reducing the town itself.

A council was summoned, and it was found that disease, and the petty combats in which the English had been engaged, had reduced the troops to five thousand effective men. Insufficient as this army seemed, Wolfe determined to remain idle no longer; and a plan of attack on the town was agreed upon. Accordingly, the following morning (September 11th) the ships of the line, with the exception of two or three, and all the frigates suddenly hoisted sail, and, exposed to a cannonade from all the batteries, sailed up the river past Quebec. The troops had previously been landed on the southern side of the river, and in perfect safety they marched in the same direction. When they had proceeded about nine miles, they found the fleet riding at anchor, already beyond the reach of observation of the enemy. The point of attack Wolfe had chosen lay within a mile and a half of Quebec, and consequently this march had no other purpose in view than to mislead the enemy as to his intentions. No sooner had the tide turned, and evening set in, than the surface of the river suddenly swarmed with boats, which had been secretly brought to this distant mustering-place. Then the signal for the ships to sail was hung out, and

they immediately began proudly to descend the channel, leaving the flotilla of boats behind them.

Before midnight, the fleet had reached its first anchorage, and the troops up the river could hear the thundering of their guns as they cannonaded at long shot the fortifications below the St. Charles. The cheering sound told them that the ships had repassed the town safely; while the French naturally concluded that from the ships a descent was about to be attempted.

During the interval, the troops had silently and in complete order taken their places in the boats; and as soon as it became quite dark, like a huge flock of water-fowl, they glided down the stream. Not a word was spoken; the soldiers sat upright and motionless; and the sailors scarcely dipped their oars, lest the splash should reach the ears of the French placed along the shore at short distances. Wolfe sat in the leading boat, surveying attentively each headland, to prevent the hazard of shooting beyond the point at which he purposed landing. Unobserved, he gained the little cove which has since borne his name, and shortly before midnight all the men were landed.

The troops stood upon a narrow beach. Above them rose a precipice, nearly perpendicular, to the height of two hundred and fifty feet. A winding path, broad enough to admit four men abreast, led to the summit; and here lay one of the large plains, or tablelands, which distinguish the Heights of Abraham, on a level with the upper town of Quebec. A battery of four guns and a strong party of infantry defended this important pass. Vigilance, however, was not one of the qualities of this guard; for the leading files of the British, under Colonel Howe, were close upon the station of the French sentinel ere he chal-

lenged. Replying with a hearty cheer, they sprung forward. An irregular volley poured upon them; but the next instant they were on the high ground, and at close bayonets with the French guard, who immediately fled in terror, leaving Colonel Howe quietly in possession of their redoubt and artillery.

Long before dawn, all the troops had gained this high ground. Leaving two companies in charge of the redoubt, Wolfe hastened forward with the rest towards Quebec. He halted when within a mile of the town, and there the men lay down with their arms in readiness for the first alarm. A communication, by small parties called videttes, was kept up with the companies at the redoubt.

A trooper, with his horse covered with foam, appeared in the French camp at Beau Point, as the morning sky began to redden. He brought Montcalm the first intelligence of the landing the English had effected, and the unwelcome news was soon confirmed by the appearance of some of the fugitive soldiers from the redoubt. The camp was instantly in commotion; but the marquis gave his orders coolly, and before an hour the entire army had crossed the river, and were in full march for the Heights of Abraham.

About eleven in the forenoon, a large body of Indians and Canadian riflemen were seen issuing from a wood on one side of the plain on which the English were stationed. They were soon hidden again by a thicket; and dexterously spreading themselves among the bushes, they opened a smart skirmishing fire on the piquets. This was the first warning that the long-wished-for event was at hand —a general conflict might now be confidently expected.

Without delay, Wolfe drew up his men in two lines

placing a few light companies in skirmishing order in front, and retaining one regiment (the 47th) in divisions, as a reserve. The French skirmishers were quickly engaged with the light troops, whom they compelled to fall back on the line; while a heavy column advancing on the left, obliged Wolfe to wheel round three battalions to strengthen that side. But ere the column bore down, a fresh body of skirmishers appeared, and under their cover it silently withdrew: then, suddenly appearing on the right, it came down impetuously upon the irregular troops which Wolfe had there stationed. These did their duty nobly; the fierce attack of the enemy failed to break their order, or make them even flinch for a moment; and the skirmishers, meantime, continued to gall the light infantry with their desultory fire, which acted also as a veil to conceal the intended movements of the main body of the enemy. As the light troops, however, hastily fell back, they caused a slight dismay among their supporters. Wolfe instantly rode along the line, and assured the men that these were only obeying instructions in order to draw the French onward. "Be firm, my lads!" said he; "do not return a shot till the enemy is within forty yards of the muzzles of your pieces; then you may fire!"

The men replied by a shout; and shouldering their muskets, they remained as though on parade, while the French continued to press nearer and nearer. At length they were within the appointed distance. Every gun was then levelled—a crashing volley passed from left to right —a dense smoke followed the discharge, and hid its effects for a minute. The breeze soon carried this off, and then the huge gaps in the enemy's line exceeded all expectation. In the rear, the ground appeared crowded with

men hurrying or being borne from the conflict; while the army which had just advanced so confidently now wavered, and then stood still. Seeing the irresolution of the enemy, Wolfe cheered his men to charge. A moment after a musket-ball struck his wrist. He paused only to wrap his handkerchief round the wound, and again pressed on. He received a second ball in his belly, but still continued to issue his orders without evincing any symptom of pain, when a third bullet pierced his breast.

Wolfe fell to the ground. He was instantly raised and borne to the rear, where the utmost skill of the surgeons was exercised in a vain attempt to save his life. While they were engaged in examining his wounds, Wolfe continued to raise himself, from time to time, to watch the progress of the battle. His eyesight beginning to fail, he leaned backwards upon one of the grenadiers who had supported him from the field; and nothing but his heavy breathing and an occasional groan showed that life remained.

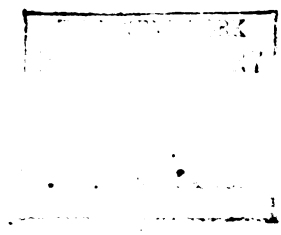
"See how they run!" suddenly exclaimed an officer, who stood beside the dying general.

"Who run?" cried Wolfe, instantly raising himself on his elbow, and looking up, as if life were returning with full vigour.

"The French," answered the officer: "they are giving way in all directions."

"Run, one of you," said the general, speaking with great firmness; "run to Colonel Burton; tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles's River with all speed, so as to secure the bridge, and cut off the enemy's retreat." His orders were obeyed, and after a short pause, he continued, "Now, God be praised, I shall die happy!"





He fell back at these words, turned convulsively on his side, and expired. Montcalm had also fallen in the battle; the enemy was totally routed; and, five days after, Quebec capitulated to General Townshend.

The body of the gallant and high-minded Wolfe was conveyed to England in a ship of war. When the hero's remains arrived at Portsmouth, minute guns were fired, the flags half struck, and numbers of troops, with reversed arms, received the coffin on the beach, and followed the hearse. Parliament voted Wolfe a monument in Westminster Abbey, and in that venerable pile would have been his last resting-place; but a mother claimed the ashes of her son, and laid them beside those of his father, in a vault of the parish church of Greenwich.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY.

THE hero of Aboukir was the eldest son of a Scottish gentleman. He was born October 7, 1733, at a village in Scotland called Menstrie. His boyhood was not marked by any incident, nor did he show any peculiarities of taste or character. An old grey-haired chronicler of the village used to say of him, in his homely Scottish style, "Ralph was a douce solid lad, no muckle gien to daft-like jinks, and liken weel to roam about by his lane."

Forty years of peaceful life is seldom the lot of a soldier, yet through this long period Abercromby passed without having been in the presence of an enemy. He entered the army in 1756, and rose from cornet to general, before he accompanied the Duke of York to Flanders in 1793, to make his first essay in the great art of war. He, however, soon established his reputation as "a gallant and judicious officer." On one occasion, he saved the whole army from destruction, by the skilful manner in which he covered the retreat across the Morgue. At another time he received a wound during battle, but continued actively to command his division; and, even when the firing ceased, he would scarcely allow the surgeon to look to his hurt.

The Duke of York returned to England in 1794, leaving General Abercromby to conduct one of the most trying retreats to which an army has ever been driven. It was early in January that, spiking his heavy guns, and destroying his stores, he crossed the frozen river Waal. The French commander Pichegru followed him so closely that an action could not be avoided. The rear-guard was halted—a sharp fight ensued—and not till almost every man in the British army had shared in the contest, did victory show itself on our side. But it was for life, not victory, that the troops fought; so, as soon as night set in, the retreat was continued. A corporal in a regiment of the foot guards has left an account of this retreat in his journal: a description of the proceedings of three days shows the painful nature of a soldier's life when on active duty.

"January 16th.—We marched at the appointed hour; and, after a very tedious journey, about three o'clock in the afternoon reached the verge of an immense desert called the Welaw; when, instead of having gained, as we expected, a resting-place for the night, we were informed that we had fifteen miles farther to go. Upon this information, many began to be much dejected, and not without reason; for several of us, besides suffering the severity of the weather and fatigue of the march, had neither ate nor drank anything, except water, that day. For the first three or four miles, such a dismal prospect appeared as none of us ever witnessed before; a bare sandy desert, with a tuft of withered grass or a solitary shrub here and there. The wind was excessively high, and drifted the snow and sand together so strongly that we could hardly wrestle against it; to which was added

a severity of cold almost insufferable. The frost was so intense, that the water which came from our eyes, freezing as it fell, hung in icicles to our eyelashes; and our breath congealing as soon as emitted, lodged in heaps of ice about our faces, and on the blankets and cloaks that were wrapped about our heads.

"Night fast approaching, a great number, both of men and women, began to linger behind; their spirits being quite exhausted, and their hopes of reaching their destination gone. If they once lost sight of the column of march, though but for a few minutes, it being dark, and no track to follow, there was no chance of finding it again. In this state, numbers were induced to sit down or creep under the shelter of bushes, where, weary, spiritless, and without hope, a few minutes consigned them to sleep; but, alas! whoever slept, awakened no more—their blood almost instantly congealed in their veins—the spring of life soon dried up; and, if ever they opened their eyes, it was only to be sensible of the last moments of their existence. Others, aware of the danger of sitting down, but having lost the column, wandered up and down the pathless waste, surrounded by darkness and despair; no sound to comfort their ears, but the bleak whistling winds; no sight to bless their eyes, but the wide, trackless desert and shapeless drift; far from human help—far from pity—down they sank to rise up no more!

"About half-past ten o'clock, we reached Brickborge, where, to add to our misfortunes, we could hardly find room to shelter ourselves from the weather; every house being already filled with Hessian infantry, who are in no respect friendly to the English. In several houses they positively refused us entrance, and in every one denied

us admittance to the fire: at the same time, they posted sentries at the cellar doors, to prevent the inhabitants from selling us any liquors. Even their commanding officer pushed, with his own hands, a number of our men neck and heels out of his quarters. Thus we were situated, till, partly by force, partly by stealth, we crept in where we could, glad to obtain the shelter of a house at any rate.

"January 17th.—We halted this day; and in the morning, waggons were sent out with a number of men to search for those who were left behind. Many were found in the route of the column; but a greater number who had straggled farther off were never heard of more. In one place, seven men, one woman, and a child were found dead; in another, a man, woman, and two children; in another, a man, a woman, and a child; and an unhappy woman being taken in labour, she, with her husband and infant, were all found lifeless. One or two men were found alive; but their hands and feet were frozen to such a degree as to be dropping off by the wrists and ankles.

"January 19th.—Perhaps never did a British army experience such distress as ours does at this time. Not a village, not a house, but what bears witness to our misery, in containing some dead and others dying. Some are daily found who have crawled into houses singly; other houses contain five, six, or seven together—some dead or dying, or unable to walk; and, as for those that are able, it is no easy matter for them to find their way; for the country is one continued desert, without roads—every track filled up with the falling and drifting snow. Add to all this, the inhabitants are our most inveterate enemies, and, where opportunity offers, will rather murder a poor

distressed Englishman, than direct him in the right way; several instances of which treatment we have already known."

Closely pursued, this worn-out army reached Bremen, in Lower Saxony. A fleet sent round for them took them on board on the 14th of April, and landed them in safety in England ere the end of the month.

The manner in which Abercromby effected this retreat raised high hopes of a future successful career. In the autumn of 1795, he was placed in command of an expedition against the French in the West Indies; and after expelling them from several of our islands, he returned in 1797, when his services were rewarded by his creation as a Knight of the Order of the Bath. He was also appointed colonel of the Scots Greys, made Governor of the Isle of Wight, besides having the lucrative governments of Fort George and Fort Augustus given to him.

After a peaceful command in Ireland, of more than twelve months, Sir Ralph found himself in Holland; the English government having once more determined to attempt the liberation of that country from the tyranny of France. A well-equipped army of twenty-five thousand men assembled on the coast of Kent—the Duke of York having the chief command. The division with which a landing was to be effected, and thus a hold secured upon Holland, was given to Sir Ralph. Twelve thousand men, with the neccssary artillery, and two or three troops of horse, sailed early in August 1799; but, after coming in sight of their destination, a gale compelled them to stand off at sea. Meantime the French became well prepared to receive them.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 29th, every boat in the fleet was manned; and, protected by a heavy fire from the brigs, transports, and other vessels within range, the troops approached the Helder point. As they neared the landing-place, they could see the tops of the white tents of the French over a line of waving sandhills; but not a gun was fired against them, nor did an enemy appear till the first division began to march forward. It was then suddenly assailed with great fury in front by a strong body of infantry, and on the right by a troop of horse-soldiers. General Abercromby received the attack with a firmness which disconcerted the enemy. Unable, from the nature of the ground, to bring more than one battalion to oppose the cavalry on the right, he pushed forward his light troops on the left, so as to overlap the infantry which were trying to bear down his centre, and thus exposed them to a double fire. The seamen were straining every nerve to bring fresh troops ashore. As these arrived, the enemy gave way, and at last retreated in great confusion. The night was passed among the sandhills, thus won at the point of the bayonet.

Next morning, General Moore was sent forward to invest the fortress, when he found the gates open; the place having been abandoned during the night. Abercromby immediately drew up his army along the peninsula; and, having thus gained a safe position, he awaited the arrival of fresh support. In a few days he learnt that Admiral Mitchell had taken possession of the Dutch fleet; and, being partly reinforced, he marched forward about a league, and intrenched himself near the Zyper.

General Brune, who was in command of the French, now became anxious for a battle before the Duke of

York's troops and a powerful body of Russians arrived to strengthen Abercromby. Finding the English not inclined to move, early one morning he advanced with three heavy columns to attack them in their lines. Driving in the outposts, as might be expected, he advanced confidently up to the intrenchments; but, ere his columns could form into line, a volley of musketry and of grape from the British artillery, discharged with coolness and precision, staggered the men so much that every effort of their officers to restore order proved vain. Fierce and frequent but irregular attacks were made without success; and soon after mid-day the enemy was in full retreat.

The Duke of York and the Russians soon arrived; but, the remainder of the campaign not being under Sir Ralph's direction, we hasten on to the time when he was placed in an independent command, under more favourable circumstances, in many respects, than had yet been afforded him.

An armament, containing nearly twenty thousand men, destined to some secret attempt on the coast of Italy, afterwards rendered unnecessary, had been placed under Sir Ralph's guidance in July 1800. While still in the Mediterranean, orders arrived for him to turn his force against the French in Egypt; the army there having been now deserted by Buonaparte. Nelson's glorious victory of the Nile had lately been gained; and Malta having surrendered, the hope of success was raised very high in the breast of Abercromby, who, before he received instructions, had often cast a wistful eye to this quarter.

Arriving at Malta, the transports were thoroughly cleansed and fumigated, while the quartermaster-general

was sent on to the next gathering place, to arrange with the Turks for constant supplies of vegetables and other fresh provisions. Admiral Lord Keith commanded the naval department of this expedition; and his intention was to bring the fleet to anchor at Rhodes, but a gale prevented this. While the ships were sailing almost at random, a large natural harbour, called the Bay of Marmorice, was discovered; and into this they steered. As soon as the narrow inlet was passed, all was calm. "The surprise, the pleasure of the soldiers," writes an eye-witness, "can scarcely be described, when they found themselves in a moment embayed by mountains, which formed the grandest scenery imaginable, and sailing in smooth water, although, the instant before, the fleet was labouring in a heavy gale of wind, and rolling about in a tremendous sea. Even ships which could not carry outside a top-gallant sail were now suddenly becalmed, and obliged to be towed up the harbour by the boats of the fleet." A camp was speedily formed on the shores; the sick were transported thither; and the foot regiments, being landed by turns, were exercised in the movements they would soon have to perform in presence of the enemy.

Many causes of delay kept the fleet at anchor in this bay much longer than Sir Ralph had intended. Horses were needed for the cavalry troops, and a flotilla of gun-boats was expected from Turkey. A very inefficient supply of the former at last came, and only a few boats. At this time, there was not in the whole fleet a map of Egypt on which the slightest reliance could be placed, and not a man was acquainted with the interior of the country. In truth, the late consul at Alexandria, and Sir Sidney

Smith, were the only two who had any knowledge of the country about to be invaded; while the intelligence of each day clearly showed that the enterprise must be immediately entered upon. The French army was found to be more numerous than anticipated; and it was rumoured that vessels containing supplies constantly escaped the vigilance of the English, and landed men and stores. As General Abercromby found no valuable support was likely to be afforded by the natives, while delay rendered matters more formidable, he determined at once to attempt a descent single-handed, risking the consequences.

The English fleet left the delightful Bay of Marmorice on the 23d February 1801. In a few hours after weighing anchor, one hundred and seventy-five sail, containing in all fifteen thousand three hundred and thirty men, were again on the wide ocean. Three days after, a squadron of store-ships from England joined them; and on the 2d of March, at an early hour, the whole fleet anchored in Aboukir Bay. Squally weather prevented a landing being attempted for an entire week. One day, while thus annoyingly idle, a frigate suddenly cut her cable—shot ahead—hoisted French colours—and entered the harbour of Alexandria. It proved to be a French vessel, which, having captured some English ships, had acquired the signals in use among the fleet, and had fearlessly sailed with it as one of the expedition. She had on board a large quantity of military stores, and a detachment of expert gunners, while she doubtless carried valuable intelligence of the British force to General Menou.

The armed launches, containing Sir Ralph Abercromby,

Sir Sidney Smith, and some staff officers, reconnoitred the shore on the evening of the 7th. They found that, from the preparations of the French, the strongest opposition must be anticipated. Infantry and cavalry in strong bodies occupied the sandhills, which, extending in a half circle, formed a battery of nearly a mile in extent, with the castle of Aboukir at one end. Twelve pieces of cannon crowned the ridge at different points; several mortars were observed half-hidden; and the guns of the fort showed that a complete cross fire could be kept on every point of approach. Still a landing *must* be forced, and the night was spent in necessary arrangements.

Day had dawned ere the ships, which in consequence of the gale had lain far apart, could be concentrated. At eight o'clock the boats were all arranged, so that each body of men might take its allotted place in the line on the instant of landing. Expectation and suspense had reached their height, when at nine the signal was given, and the boats shot towards the shore.

Every soldier sat erect and motionless—the splash of oars was the only sound heard as, in close and exact order, the long line of boats moved rapidly onwards. The silence was not of long duration. The French stood to their arms, and their whole artillery opened fire. In an instant the sea hissed and boiled behind and before the boats—shot and shell falling in tremendous showers around them. Each stroke of the oars brought them into greater peril—grape and musket shot flying like hail. Still there was little confusion—the seamen pulled vigorously onward—and in a few seconds the boats touched the sand.

Leaping into the water, although nearly waist deep,

the troops rushed to the beach, formed in an instant, and with fixed bayonets on their unloaded muskets, charged impetuously up the steep. The enemy did not advance, but continued firing volleys from the summits, which our troops soon gained. Although breathless with toiling through the loose sand, the English sprang forward with their bayonets levelled, when the enemy, without staying to reload, fled in great disorder. A troop of French dragoons charged; but a heavy fire from the 42d regiment killed the commander, and the troopers galloped off in the utmost confusion. A severe contest had meantime been kept up on a level part of the beach, where the Guards had landed; but the French were at last completely driven back. The landing was now achieved, the battle won, and the enemy in full retreat to Alexandria. Swarms of sharp-shooters covered their flight; but no pursuit was attempted.

The rest of the troops now landed; and near the date-trees, where water is sure to be found, wells were dug and store-houses erected. In a few days the whole army pushed forward about four miles towards Alexandria. A slight skirmish took place before a regular encampment could be formed: it was, however, only between the patrols of each army. At night the troops lay down under a grove of palm-trees, with their arms piled beside them, in high expectation of the events of the morrow. The enemy, considerably increased in numbers, were two miles in their front, strongly posted among some sand-hills.

At an early hour the British army quitted the ground. Abercromby had divided the troops into three columns, and appointed a strong squadron of gun-boats to support

the movements on shore, by keeping parallel with the left column of the army. This was accomplished by the boats approaching as close as possible to the beach, their oars keeping time with the march of the soldiers.

A short march carrying them beyond the grove of palms under which they had passed the night, the leading regiments found themselves in presence of the French. A body of five thousand foot and six hundred horse soldiers, having more than thirty pieces of cannon, presented a formidable array upon the ridge of the sandhills. On one side lay the Lake of Aboukir, and the other was protected by the canal of Alexandria. The 90th and 92d regiments formed the advance of our army, and quickly became engaged with greatly superior numbers. The French had been found quite prepared for battle; and leaving their high ground, they hastened forward to meet the English, who, instantly spreading themselves into line, received the attack with equal readiness. The 92d manfully held its ground against the infantry, while the 90th contended with the cavalry, who had charged them vigorously, supposing them to be dismounted dragoons, from the helmets which they wore as light troops. In the conflict, Colonel Hill, afterwards the well-known Lord Hill, was beaten to the ground by a ball which struck his helmet. Happily the tough brass prevented it from penetrating. Abercromby then came up with his reserve in column, slowly advancing; for, being without horses, the efforts of the seamen barely served to move the guns through the loose sand which reached up to the ankles. The enemy, without waiting for this new attack, were already retreating in good order. A shot at this moment struck Sir Ralph's horse, which fell, and the general was

instantly surrounded by the enemy's cavalry. The soldiers of the 90th, with devoted bravery, forced their way through, and bore him unhurt from his perilous situation.

The heights, so lately bristling with men, were now abandoned, the enemy having withdrawn to an intrenched position before Alexandria. Determining, if possible, to drive them from their stronghold ere they were well-established in it, Abercromby ordered his centre column still to advance. The wings took a wider sweep on each side, so as to gain possession of some eminences which might protect the main body. Thus they proceeded till within range of the batteries. Then a halt was ordered; the appearance of the enemy's works, and the country on every side, showing the necessity of more minutely examining the difficulties to be overcome. The general and his staff rode forward to reconnoitre, while through some mistake the poor soldiers were left exposed to the fire of forty-two guns, with which the French marksmen mowed them down, as if for practice, during the hours the officers were employed in their investigation. This was a sad error; for the men might have marched out of the line of the shot by slightly turning to either side.

Sir Ralph found many obstacles in the way of his design of driving the French at once from their position. The Arabs he had with him, who knew the country, either did not understand the questions put to them, or, mistaking their object, gave confused answers, so that Abercromby soon saw he must rely solely on his own observations. But here again the face of the country was of that nature to deceive the eye of a stranger; and a great mistake was committed by supposing the right

of the enemy protected by a large lake, when, in fact, it was an open plain, which, in consequence of its surface being covered with a kind of salt, dazzled the eye, and strongly resembled a sheet of water. The state of the air, too, gave the batteries of the French an appearance of greater height and strength than they really possessed. These imaginary obstacles caused a suspension of the attack, and the troops were ordered to fall back on the post whence the enemy had been driven in the morning.

As before stated, this ground was protected on its sides by the Lake of Aboukir and a canal. The face of the British army was of course the reverse of that of the division of the French army which had occupied the same ground some hours earlier; and a slight further change brought both the lake and canal to protect their left, while they had the sea on their right. Not far from the canal was a level which the engineers strengthened with two batteries; the range of hills in the centre sloped gradually down towards the enemy's intrenchments; while on the right was another range, amid which, within gunshot of the shore, stood the ruins of an ancient palace. Near this a redoubt was erected, and the arrangements were completed by posting the different regiments of foot and cavalry in the most favourable position, covering the whole by a line of pickets along the bottom of the sand-hills, from the canal to the sea. Thus the whole army lay till the morning of the 21st of March, the interim being employed in bringing stores, tents, and other conveniences, from the fleet. Fort Aboukir, which had been invested from the day of landing, at length yielded; and the 20th regiment, which had been employed in its siege, joined the encamped army.

One morning the intelligence was brought to Sir Ralph, that several bodies of French troops had been seen marching across the supposed lake. The illusion was, of course, instantly dispelled. An accurate examination of this flat ground was immediately commenced; and, as soon as this could be completed, it was resolved to attack the enemy by night. Information was, however, now brought that the enemy meditated acting on the offensive, and that an assault might be daily expected. Abercromby was so well pleased with this news, that at first he could scarcely credit it,—it would so exactly fulfil his wishes. During the whole time of their encampment, the utmost vigilance had been exercised, and the troops were put under arms at three o'clock every morning, so that further precautions against surprise were unnecessary.

Dark as midnight proved the morning of the 21st, yet the ranks were well formed, and the troops stood for half an hour in battle order. This time their array was to prove more than mere parade. Suddenly the clear ringing shot of a carbine broke the silence of the desert; it was immediately followed by the boom of the cannon, thrice, in quick succession. The men held their breaths in eager suspense, as all once more became still. Again!—but it was now a volley of musketry; the attack had begun, and every breast filled with ardour.

A horseman galloped across the front of the army in the direction of the firing, his white plume gleaming through the darkness. It was General Moore, who, as officer of the night, hurried to ascertain the cause of alarm. All was again silent, and the general soon rode back, bringing the news of an attack of the enemy on a picket by the canal having been repulsed. His horse

had scarcely carried him back to his own brigade on the right ere a wild and broken shout from the plain below told of the approach of the enemy on that side, and a steady volley of musketry pouring in, showed that the hour of conflict had at length arrived.

Springing on his horse, Sir Ralph Abercromby rode immediately to the redoubt. He found the troops, which General Moore had skilfully disposed, gallantly repelling a very furious assault on the redoubt, the ruins, and an open space occupied by the 42d regiment. Although the breaches in the walls of the ruin were scarcely manned by the regiment which occupied it, and the 42d had to contend with vastly superior numbers, yet the resistance was at this time most successful, and other regiments moving briskly up, by a well-directed fire beat down whole sections of the now disordered assailants.

Not a streak of dawn had yet glimmered in the sky, while the curling smoke adding to the darkness, at arm's length all was invisible. Under cover of this cloud a column of French infantry, called the Invincibles, from the renown of their former deeds, passed silently through a hollow between the Guards and the 42d, then suddenly wheeling round they took this regiment in rear and pushed on to the redoubt. By this movement they unwittingly caused their own destruction. The 42d had been divided into two parallel lines, and between these the luckless French had placed themselves. The moment their situation was perceived, the right wing charged forward with fixed bayonets, and the left, round which the Invincibles had passed, facing about, also rushed fiercely on them. Confounded by this double attack, they dashed at the ruins, and in spite of a murderous fire gained an entrance. Then

began a fearful struggle with bayonet and butt-end, while the Highlanders cut down in the rear. At length two hundred men, all that remained of the Invincibles, threw down their arms and were made prisoners.

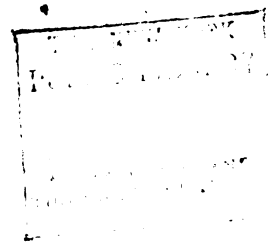
The pursuit of the Invincibles by the rear rank of the 42d had much weakened that regiment, which, meantime, was attacked by fresh troops of infantry. General Moore hastened to bring up the rest of the regiment, while the presence of Abercromby filled the men with the highest courage.

"My brave Highlanders," cried Sir Ralph, "remember your country! remember your fathers!"

This brief speech was enough. With a shout they brought their muskets to the level—fired—and then rushing forward, drove the enemy in great confusion before their bayonets. But a cruel trial awaited this gallant band. Day was now breaking, and the glimmering light showed some squadrons of horse in motion, and bearing down upon them. The cavalry passed through their ranks ere they could regain their order. Though broken they were not yet defeated. Each man fought bravely, and the dragoons at last drew off; but these, on wheeling round, found themselves floundering in a number of little holes dug in the sand, in which our men had kept their camp kettles. Thus entrapped and exposed to the fire of the redoubt, men and horses thickly strewed the ground. But a body of infantry now came up to their support; and when those retired, a fresh squadron of horse bore in. The bodies of the slain soon completely covered the ground, and almost to a man died the gallant Forty-second!

Cheering his men, and endeavouring to restore order





by his presence, Abercromby had remained, without a single officer of his staff, throughout the fearful contest. Two French dragoons observing this galloped furiously at him.

"Surrender! surrender!" cried both horsemen, with the intention of taking him prisoner.

"I will not yield!" answered the brave veteran, suddenly freeing himself.

A desperate thrust at his breast was instantly made by one of the troopers, and though the sword passed under Sir Ralph's arm, the guard severely bruised his shoulder. Seizing the weapon by the hilt, Abercromby, after a short struggle, wrested it out of the Frenchman's hand, and then turned to meet his other opponent. But the second assailant was already dead—a corporal of the 42d having seen the danger of his commander, shot the man by applying the muzzle of his piece to the side of the soldier that the aim might be fatal.

In the centre the battle was also severe. The left wing was only exposed to a distant cannonade. Finding every attack repulsed, the French brought all their force to bear upon the point where the left of the centre joined the right wing. Yet not once could they penetrate the firm and compact line opposed to them. Ammunition failing—even when the last cartridge was spent, with cool and unflinching courage the British soldiers stood with their bayonets presented, repelling each assault. At eight o'clock, driven back from every quarter, the French continued their cannonade, but fought close at hand with their skirmishers only. From time to time large bodies approached the English line; the muskets were then brought to the level, although unable to fire. At last, a supply of

ammunition arrived, and the guns opened. The enen waited no longer,—a retreat sounded, and in all hast though unpursued, they fled to Alexandria.

The joy which every soldier, officer, or private, felt at t victory, was soon changed to deep sorrow; the news h passed from lip to lip that the commander-in-chief w dangerously wounded. During the first charge of t French cavalry, a bullet had struck Sir Ralph; but till n he had concealed the dangerous nature of the wound. short time after being wounded, he attempted to dismou A soldier of the Highlanders noticed the difficult mann in which he alighted, and ran to assist him; then, taki his horse, inquired if he should follow him with it. Ab cromby replied, that during that day he should require h horse no more. No officer was near him at this time; b he shortly met Sir Sidney Smith, to whom, seeing th his sword was broken, he offered the trophy he had gain from the Frenchman. Not for a moment did he show symptom of pain; his interest in the state of the field co tinued unabated; and, though some of his staff now observ blood trickling down his thigh, he walked with so firm a steady a step that the idea of his being severely wound did not once occur. On an elevated spot, near the cent of the line, whence he had a full view of the whole co test, Abercromby remained, giving his orders in his usu manner to his officers as they arrived. Nor till the vi tory was assured did he yield to exhausted nature. H then acknowledged that he required a little rest, and l down on a small sandhill close to the battery.

Great was the astonishment when the nature of t general's wound was made known. The ball had lodg deep in the hip-joint, a part on which the whole weight

his body must have borne; and how he moved at all thus wounded was most surprising. His agony must have been great, and nothing but the intense interest of the conflict could have rendered him superior to it. The spot on which he lay was quickly surrounded by his officers, while at a little distance stood the soldiers in groups. By many hearts was Abercromby loved; for, though strict in discipline, kindness was ever united with rigour; and, perhaps, the very men he had been obliged to punish loved him most. Tears streamed down each rugged countenance; and, when he was lifted up and placed on a litter to be conveyed to the flag-ship, blessings and prayers were uttered by the whole army.

"Whatever," says his biographer, "science could suggest, or skill execute, to preserve a life so valuable, was performed by the medical gentlemen both of the fleet and the army. Every possible effort was made to extract the ball; and he bore for a while with so much firmness the painful and irritating operation that confident hopes were entertained almost to the last moment. It appeared, however, that the mind was on this occasion too active for the body. Sir Ralph Abercromby could not be persuaded to divert his thoughts from the condition and prospects of the army, over which he continued to watch, while a patient in the flag-ship, with the same intensity of interest which he had experienced while on shore. His son, Lieutenant-colonel Abercromby, attended him from day to day, and took his instructions exactly as if no misfortune had befallen him. It would have been marvellous had nature withstood this twofold pressure of bodily suffering and mental disquiet. Throughout the evening of the 27th, he became more than usually restless, complaining of

excessive languor and an increased degree of thirst; and, from an early hour on the morning of the 28th, his medical attendants entertained serious apprehensions. These were not unfounded; for, after lingering a few hours, apparently in little pain, though labouring under a difficulty of respiration exceedingly distressing to behold, the lamp of life went out, and the soul of the chivalrous and kind-hearted veteran returned 'to HIM who gave it.'"

Thus died Lieutenant-general Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was a rare instance of the superiority of a natural genius for war to the generally requisite experience. Sixty-two before he faced an enemy, it was at the advanced age of sixty-eight that the battle of Aboukir was fought; and, on that occasion, his activity and vigilance, his skill in the management of his own troops, and his quick foresight of the movements of the foe, would have done honour to, and been remarkable in, a commander in the full vigour of his years. Had he been called earlier to guide a British army, his name would have been second to but few among the "Heroes of England."

A monument in the island of Malta, erected by the officers and men of the army, marks the last resting-place of Sir Ralph Abercromby.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

A TALL and narrow-fronted house in the Trongate of Glasgow, nearly facing the Tron Church, which, like many of its neighbours, had stood there since the palmy days of the Stuarts, was in the year 1761 occupied by a surgeon of considerable eminence. Dr. Moore had originally been assistant-surgeon in a Scotch regiment, while serving in Flanders. His talents, and the favour of Lord Stair, the commander of the forces, raised him to the post of surgeon in one of the battalions of the Guards; and subsequently he was chosen by Lord Albemarle, then ambassador to the French court, to accompany him as domestic surgeon. At length returning to his native land, he established himself in Glasgow, where his skill soon gained him high reputation. A niece of the celebrated mathematician, Professor Simson, became his wife; and the first child that was presented to him by this lady was the future hero, Sir John Moore. This notice of the father has been necessary, to account for the rapid rise of the son in the profession of a soldier; for his military friends did not forget their gentlemanly doctor as well as agreeable companion, and they showed their remembrance by the countenance and assistance they afforded his son.

When very young, Moore, after receiving the rudiments of education at the Grammar School of Glasgow, was placed under the roof of a clergyman in Switzerland, that he might thus perfectly master the French and German languages. At fifteen he was summoned home to join the 51st regiment, in which he had been appointed ensign; but scarcely had he assumed his rank, when an event happened which proved of no slight service to his future career.

The Duchess of Hamilton had chosen Dr. Moore as travelling tutor of her son. The young duke, being of delicate constitution, required the care of a skilful physician; and, as he also possessed quick parts, a gentleman of talent and experience was equally necessary to watch over him during his tour of the Continent.

Moore was at this time a very handsome youth, and of elegant and graceful manners. When he was presented to the duchess by his father, her grace, pleased with his many accomplishments and the excellent judgment he already displayed, entreated that he also might accompany the young duke, who was nearly of the same age. This arrangement met with no opposition, and a strong friendship between the young men was the result. The trio visited France, Switzerland, Italy, and the German States. Nobility is always well received, and young Moore found the best society open to him. Everywhere he attracted the notice of old and young, more especially at Vienna, the paradise for strangers. The Emperor Joseph made him tempting offers, if he would quit the English army, and enter the Austrian service. As a soldier, Moore loved his profession; but, as a patriot, he loved his country still more, and the imperial patronage was

respectfully refused. The Duke of Brunswick made him equally flattering proposals; but to these also he turned a deaf ear. At the end of the tour he returned to England and joined the 82d regiment, to which he had meantime been promoted as lieutenant.

Education ninety years ago was a system somewhat different from that of the present day; and the knowledge of accounts, now thought essential, was not then deemed requisite in the education of a gentleman. At the end of four years, Moore found himself a captain, having also the post of paymaster to the regiment. He soon felt his deficiency as an accountant, and at once with zeal and intelligence hit on a remedy. He requested leave of absence from his corps, obtained it, and, retiring to Glasgow, entered the counting-house of a merchant, as amateur clerk. Thus did his good sense triumph over the prejudices of the old mode of education.

After accompanying his regiment to America, Captain Moore held a seat in the House of Commons for six years. But he was heart and soul a soldier, and in 1790, having obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy, he resigned his place, and joined his battalion in Ireland.

Hitherto Moore had been learning the duties of his profession. He was now called to the serious discharge of those duties, being despatched to Corsica to assist the patriotic General Paoli in driving out the French. In a few months the island was wrested from the grasp of France, and for a while became attached to the British crown. Moore remained for some time in command of a large body of troops left to guard it in case of a reinvasion, until, a disagreement arising between himself and the English governor, Sir Charles Elliot, he was recalled.

Next year, however, he was again in activity, proceeding to the West Indies as second in command under Sir Ralph Abercromby. When the commander-in-chief withdrew (as stated in the sketch of Sir Ralph's life), General Moore remained with several regiments, that the conquests of our army might be maintained. This was a service of some danger; for, bands of the French troops having escaped to the mountains in the interior of the islands, and being joined by hundreds of runaway slaves, the inroads they made on the plantations from time to time for plunder kept the inhabitants in constant alarm. Into the wildest recesses of the mountains Moore pursued these brigands, and at length compelled them to surrender at discretion.

Sickness soon prevailed among the troops, in consequence of the hardships to which they had been exposed in this baneful climate. Two-thirds of the army died during one year. One of the regiments was reduced from nearly a thousand to less than a hundred men. From first to last, the general shared the fatigues and trials of the troops; living like the meanest on salt pork and biscuit, and at night sleeping in the woods with no covering but his cloak. The officers fell victims to the climate so fast that Moore found it necessary to issue orders that none, except in the last extremity, should leave the island. This painful step was unavoidable, for scarcely enough of officers remained to carry on the current duties of the army. The sickness at last attacked General Moore himself. His medical attendants besought him to quit the country; but he disregarded all their entreaties, till his malady rendered him unconscious of all around him. He was then carried on board ship; and at

sea, after a severe struggle, he recovered. Then, after thoroughly fulfilling the object of the expedition, he returned to England.

The proceedings of the British army in Holland at this time, and soon after in Egypt, have been fully detailed in the narrative of Sir Ralph Abercromby. Moore accompanied this general, and his name has already been mentioned in the account of the battle of Aboukir. On that day he was severely wounded by a musket-ball. During his recovery, the French had surrendered at Cairo, on condition that they should be permitted to withdraw from Egypt, carrying with them their arms, baggage, and artillery; the English further granting them a free passage to Rosetta, where means were provided to carry them to France. According to this agreement, the French army, consisting of nearly eleven thousand men, drew off. With only six thousand men, General Moore marched by their side on the road to Rosetta. The strictest discipline was maintained; and each night the escort encamped, with every precaution, within cannon-shot of these prisoners at large, who were well armed, and not disposed to be very scrupulous. On taking leave, the French commander exclaimed, "General Moore, never was a more orderly and better regulated movement executed than has been performed by your troops!"

When Lord William Bentinck arrived at Alexandria, the instructions he brought with him directed General Moore to set sail for England. During a short peace, he found recreation in social circles, of which he was the ornament, and in foreign travel. About the same time he obtained permission to try a new system of

drilling on one of the regiments at home. Up to this period the drill comprehended a number of most unnatural movements, such as an absurd pointing of the toe, springing the foot in marching, keeping the neck stiff, with the chest and stomach thrown forward, &c. In place of these, General Moore brought every posture as nearly as possible to the natural ones, and endeavoured to render the well-equipped soldier as free and unrestrained as the naked savage. His men were soon distinguished by their easy and graceful movements; and their progress was more rapid from such drill occupying only an hour, repeated four times a day. Thus the recruits never became weary; and their one hour's drill being performed with undivided attention, proved often as effective as the three hours' task under the former arrangement.

An invasion of our island by the French was threatened about this time. A light brigade, as the troops to oppose such an attempt were called, was therefore formed on the coast of Kent, and the command given to General Moore. William Pitt, at that time prime minister, held the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The premier passed much of his leisure time at Walmer Castle; and, as general of the Kent district, Moore was a frequent visitor. They often rode out together; and their conversation, very naturally, sometimes related to the best mode of preventing the march of the French to London, in the event of their forcing a landing. One day a friend met General Moore, just as he had taken leave of Mr. Pitt. "What a pity," was Moore's first remark, "that man was not brought up to the army!"

"Indeed! why so?" was the natural inquiry.

"Because," replied Moore, "nature has made him a general. I never met with any one not a soldier who so thoroughly understood how to make the most of his ground."

The command of an army raised to assist Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, was next placed in charge of General, and now Sir John, Moore. The Swedish monarch, however, wishing Sir John to march his troops to Stockholm, while his orders from the British government required him to remain in Norway, on his refusal placed him under a kind of arrest, by ordering him not to quit the capital. Moore had repaired, unattended, to Stockholm to pay his respects to the king; but on this uncourteous reception, he quietly withdrew in disguise, and, safely reaching his fleet, gave orders for sailing, and carried his army back to England.

Often had Sir John Moore declared that, "if the king commanded him to act again as an ensign, he would obey." Scarcely had he reached home, when, after twice filling with credit the office of commander-in-chief, he was required to act under the orders of Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Henry Burrard, then proceeding to Spain, to co-operate with Sir Arthur Wellesley. Many generals would have immediately resigned; but Moore, although he felt keenly, at once accepted the charge forced upon him, and commenced his duties with zeal and alacrity.

The troops had not long reached their destination ere the chief command fell again to the share of Sir John Moore—Sir Harry being formally superseded, while Sir Hew Dalrymple followed Sir Arthur Wellesley to England. On the 6th of October 1808, Moore was officially appointed to the command of an army to consist of thirty

thousand infantry, and five thousand cavalry. This force was to co-operate with the Spanish armies to expel the French from the dominions of Spain and Portugal. This trust proved a very heavy one, and Moore was at once fully aware of its great difficulties. With overweening vanity the Spaniards exaggerated their resources on all occasions, spoke of trifling victories as glorious triumphs, and so frequently entirely departed from the truth, that Moore at length could place no reliance on any of their statements. It would be tedious to describe their numerous acts of duplicity—one must suffice.

While Sir John Moore awaited at Salamanca the arrival of General Hope with the artillery of the army, the Spanish junta sent two of their generals to press upon him the necessity of marching immediately to Madrid. Moore well knew that the Spanish levies were at this time scattered to the four winds, yet he heard attentively the account of the two Dons. A letter from the supreme secretary had preceded them, and they added their testimony to its assertions. "We can assure you," said these emissaries, "that our armies are at this moment numerous, undismayed, and increasing every hour. General San Juan, at the head of twenty thousand men, has further so fortified the Pass of Samosierra, as to render Madrid secure on that side. We trust, therefore, you see the wisdom of our plans, and will join us in carrying them into effect."

"May I crave your favour one moment, gentlemen," said Moore, after having heard them with concealed contempt. Stepping into the ante-chamber, he returned with Colonel Graham. "This gentleman," continued Moore, "left San Juan at Talavera last night, in what

condition you well know" (the general had sustained a severe defeat, and fled with the remains of his troops to this town). "Our conference, gentlemen," he added, "need not be lengthened—I adhere to my own plans."

Napoleon had now arrived in Spain, and advanced towards Madrid at the head of one hundred thousand men. In two days the capital, though well equipped for an obstinate resistance, quietly yielded. The Spaniards, however, gave out that Napoleon had attacked the city, and completely failed, through an ingenious device of the citizens, who, they said, on the day of attack, "had thrown every article in their houses out of the windows—sofas and pianofortes, pictures, kettles, and guitars; in short, every movable thing belonging to them. By means of this shower of furniture and utensils, the streets, which are said to be very narrow, were so completely barricaded, that the great Napoleon and his hitherto invincible legions, according to these veracious Spanish accounts, were at last fairly brought to a standstill by this exquisite stratagem. The doors of the houses being locked of course, the fierce invaders were driven to their wit's end what to do with this wide ocean of pots and pans, or how to discover a passage through the forests of beds and bandboxes, which rose upon their view at every corner." The whole population, women and children included, engaged themselves in the defence of the city; thirty-two thousand Frenchmen were presently slain, and the rest, after a vain attempt to escape beyond the walls, were taken prisoners!

Moore soon learned the truth. Totally unfit to cope with so powerful an enemy, he saw the necessity of retreating; but previously to doing so, he determined

generously to make a forward movement, in order to draw the forces of Napoleon from the Spanish troops in the south, by inducing them to follow him towards the north-western quarter of the country. He accordingly advanced towards Gahagun, where he established his headquarters. The plan thoroughly succeeded; nearly the whole French army wheeled round and marched towards this city, hoping to surround the English forces. To withstand such overwhelming numbers would have been madness—a retreat was therefore commenced the beginning of the last week in December 1808.

During one of the marches a large portion of the army was preserved from miserable destruction by the courage of one officer. One night the troops had halted at Benevente, and several thousand infantry were quartered in the long galleries of an immense convent built round a square. The lower corridors were filled with the horses of the cavalry and artillery, so thickly stowed that it was scarcely possible for a single man to pass them; and there was but one entrance. After the fatigued soldiers had lain down to sleep, two officers, anxious to find shelter for the night for their men, also entered the convent. With great horror they saw that a large window-shutter was on fire, the flames were spreading to the rafters above, in a few moments the straw under the horses would ignite, and six thousand men and animals would inevitably perish in the flames. One of the officers, Captain Lloyd, a man of great activity, strength, and presence of mind, made a sign to his companion to keep silence; then springing on to the nearest horse, he ran along the backs of the others till he reached the flaming window-shutter, which by main strength he tore from its

hinges, and cast into the square. Then, quietly returning, he roused a few of the sleeping soldiers, who cleared the passage without creating any alarm, which in such a case might have proved nearly as destructive as the flames.

The Port of Vigo was the point to which Sir John Moore now looked anxiously as the place whence his troops might be taken on board the transports he had ordered to be in readiness, and then, by a few days' sailing, be conveyed to Cadiz, where, joined with the native armies, the war might be renewed successfully.

Leaving Benevente behind, the march lay through the wildest and most romantic country imagination could conceive. Even in the depth of a severe winter, when the mountain-tops were covered with snow, and the falling sleet almost hid the prospect, the officers could not refrain from admiring its grandeur and sublimity. "To the army at large, however, the march brought with it only sufferings of the most deplorable kind. Men and horses foundered at every step; and of the unfortunate women, who, by some strange oversight, had been permitted in unusual numbers to follow their husbands, a large proportion lay down and died amid the snow wreaths." Under such circumstances discipline could not long be preserved—the men straggled—and on entering a town, "whole regiments, setting the orders of their officers at defiance, burst into the cellars, and seized the liquors, which, with the recklessness of men who have given up all for lost, they drank till both minds and bodies became powerless." At Benevebre such a scene took place; and although the near rattle of carbines showed that the French followed closely on their steps, all appeals to these miserable men were in

vain. At length a strong rear-guard of cavalry was ordered to clear the wine-stores and provision-cellars, and to force this rabble rout onward, "even at the point of the bayonet." Scarcely had this disorderly march begun when the alarm was given of the enemy's approach. The squadrons vainly attempted to hold the pursuers in check. Breaking through, the French horse rode furiously into the midst of the crowd, cutting down all who came within reach of their swords. In a few minutes the road was covered with slain. Some mangled wretches escaped; and these, on gaining the army, were led by Moore's orders, bleeding as they were, along the columns, as living proofs of the results of insubordination in the presence of an enemy.

Torrents of rain and sleet, deep muddy roads, and the route often passing up steep ascents, rendered this retreat a most "terrible march." At length it became very evident that to continue the present rate of marching would ruin the whole army. Moore, therefore, on arriving at Herrerias, resolved to rest the troops a few days, even at the risk of having to give battle to their pursuers. At this time, also, a report of the unfitness of Vigo as a place of embarkation induced him to alter the line of retreat, and determine on marching to Corunna. Orders were sent to Sir David Baird, who with the cavalry had preceded the main body, to retrace his steps; and, at the same time, instructions were sent for Sir Samuel Hood, the admiral of the fleet, directing him to remove the vessels to Corunna. These orders, after reaching Sir David, were given in charge of a private dragoon, who, getting drunk on the road, lost his despatches. Several days were thus lost, ere fresh orders, sent by the safer hands of an officer, who arrived half dead with fatigue and anxiety at Vigo,

reached Sir Samuel. In half an hour, crowding all sail, the men-of-war were scudding before the wind for Corunna.

Meanwhile the troops had renewed their march. The necessary delay just stated enabled the division of the French army under Marshal Soult to gain upon them very closely. By skilful management a battle was prevented till the fatigued army reached a town near Lugo, where it was joined by General Craufurd with fifteen thousand infantry, some squadrons of horse, and forty pieces of cannon. Here Moore determined to give the enemy a check. A sharp skirmish ensued with the French troops who advanced to reconnoitre, and these being driven back, Soult, who was ignorant of the strength of the English, disposed his army to act only on the defensive. Night passed away, and a battle was confidently expected on the morrow. When morning broke, however, the French were still seen occupying the heights as on the day previous; not a gun was altered from its position; no squadrons moved throughout the day; and night again closed.

The fires were carefully trimmed along the English line, and as the evening darkened the men lay down as if for repose. Quietly the word was now passed from rank to rank, the men stood to their arms, and the retreat was again renewed. Unfortunately a storm arose, which caused great confusion among some of the regiments, and the soldiers became bewildered and lost their way, but the reserve under Moore drew off in perfect order. Next morning, to the surprise of the French, Lugo was empty. Fearing deceit they held back some time ere they commenced pursuit. This allowed the unfortunate stragglers some little time in which to regain the line of march. A large body of them were, however, overtaken, but though

without leaders, these men faced about with great gallantry, repelled the attack with steadiness and considerable slaughter, and then moved onward, cautiously and slowly, without further molestation.

The first sight of the roadstead of Corunna was a sad disappointment. Moore had pushed forward to select a favourable position for embarking the troops, fully expecting to find the ships waiting. Not one was yet visible. Grieved and disappointed, he at once saw his efforts had been in vain. Nothing could now be done but to place the troops in the best order for defence. Three divisions, as they came up, found shelter in the town and its suburbs. The reserve was placed farther off, near a place called El Burgo, thus having to the last the post of honour and danger. "For twelve days these hardy soldiers had covered the retreat, during which time they had traversed eighty miles in two marches, passed several nights in the snow of the mountains, were several times engaged with the enemy, and they now assembled at the outposts, having fewer men missing from their ranks (including those who had fallen in battle) than any other division in the army—an admirable instance of good discipline."

When the last soldier had crossed the river Mero, its two bridges were destroyed by the pioneers. Moore then caused the defences of the town to be strengthened on the land side, while towards the sea he entirely destroyed the batteries. At a little distance from the town were two magazines of gunpowder, and a store-house containing many thousand stand of arms. These would have been welcome supplies to the peasant troops in the south, and for their use they had been sent from England; but the junta of Corunna had carelessly omitted to distribute them

till now it was too late. A train was laid—the magazines were fired—and one terrible explosion destroyed weapons and ammunition, which might have equipped half the unarmed levies in the different provinces. Such were the effects of delay.

When the larger magazine, which contained four thousand barrels of gunpowder, was fired, "it was impossible," says an eye-witness in Corunna, "to describe the effect. The unexpected and tremendous crash seemed for the moment to have deprived every person of reason and recollection; the soldiers flew to their arms; nor was it until a massive column of smoke, ascending from the heights in front, marked from whence the astounding shock proceeded, that reason resumed its sway. It is impossible ever to forget the sublime appearance of the dark dense cloud of smoke that ascended, shooting up gradually, like a gigantic tower, into the clear blue sky. It appeared fettered in one enormous mass; nor did a particle of dust or vapour, obscuring its form, seem to escape, as it rolled upwards in majestic circles."

Scarcely had this sound died away, when volley after volley of musketry rang the death-note of hundreds of poor cavalry horses, which, after being brought with difficulty to the coast, were now shot to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Moore next selected a ridge of rocky eminences near the town, which he lined with his troops. Had his army been more numerous, a range in advance of this position would have been preferable; for the ridges stood higher, and, circling round, half enclosed the ground the general found it necessary to choose.

Slowly the French came up. Their pioneers repaired

the bridges which had been thrown down; this caused a day's delay; but, on the morning of the 14th January 1809, they commenced crossing the river. After a little firing, they established themselves on the ridge which the English would have occupied, had their strength been sufficient. Early the same day, our poor toil-worn soldiers, who had again and again, during three dreary days, gazed anxiously towards the sea to catch sight of the tardy fleet, now, with almost indescribable feelings of joy, "turned round to look at the ships crowding into the harbour, under all sail, right before the wind." Their spirits rose at the sight; and the poor fellows turned their faces again towards the enemy, with a confidence they had not hitherto felt.

Several general officers now submitted that a negotiation for leave to retire to the ships should be opened with the French commanders. But Moore at once rejected the proposal. "It may," said he, "be refused; yet, admitting it were granted, it would be an insult to men, who, amid all their sufferings, have never been defeated." The sick, the wounded, the dismounted cavalry, and much of the baggage, were removed to the ships during the night; and the embarkation continued partly through the 15th, when two hundred and fifty sail had entered the harbour. By midnight, the boats had performed their task—none now remained but the effective troops; and on the morning of the 16th, Moore, after visiting every outpost, returned to Corunna, when he issued orders, that, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all the boats of the fleet should be in readiness to receive the troops. Scarcely had he given these instructions, and again mounted his horse to ride out, before a report was brought that the

enemy's line was getting under arms. It was quickly confirmed by the statements of a deserter from the French. Spurring his horse, the general galloped to the front.

We are indebted to Captain Basil Hall for an excellent account of the events of this day; he, with a friend, having been an eye-witness. Before the enemy had made any movement, the two naval gentlemen, having landed, had made their way through sleeping soldiers and piles of arms, till they met a friend among the officers of the 95th corps of riflemen.

"On asking," says the captain, "what chance there was of our seeing a battle, the officers shrugged their shoulders, and said they had already had enough of that kind of work. A victory would bring no advantage—and they had but one wish, which was to get snugly on board the ships, and be carried off from such a rascally country, and such a dastardly, procrastinating, pompous set of useless allies, as the Spaniards.

"'Nevertheless,' we remarked, 'you would, no doubt, make a good figure in action still, if you were put to your mettle!'

"'I don't know that,' said one of them; 'look at the men—they are all worn out and disheartened! if they are not sleeping, or eating whatever they can get hold of, they are gazing at the vessels, and thinking only of home. Like us, indeed, they are wishing for anything but an attack from those confounded fellows over the way.'

"Upon this we parted; they to their welcome dinner (off an unfortunate stray pig the soldiers had charged and killed with their bayonets an hour before), while we retraced our steps amongst the weary soldiers, who

certainly did look as if the enemy would have little m to do than gallop across the valley, and catch them napping.

"Colonel Napier, however, remarks cleverly enough, his account of this campaign, that, 'although a Brit army may be gleaned in a retreat, it cannot be reape I had just asked the commanding officer of one of t regiments, near the top of the position, 'whether thought anything could possibly rouse the men up In reply, he said, with a very expressive smile, and slight nod of his head, implying that even then he su pected what was about to take place, 'You'll see by-an by, sir, if the French there choose to come over.'

"These words had hardly been uttered, when a mo ment along the enemy's whole line became apparent ev to our inexperienced eyes. Almost at the instant wh this stir was observed, a furious cannonading oper from a battery mounting eleven guns, of the existence which I believe no person on our side had previously t smallest suspicion, so completely, up to this moment, h it been masked. This formidable battery, which ov hung the right of the English position, was so skilfu placed, that it raked nearly the half of the British li and of course galled the troops excessively.

"The effect of these preparatory notes of war thund ing over the line was extremely curious. At the fi discharge from the French battery, the whole body the British troops, from one end of the position to other, started on their feet, snatched up their arms, a formed in line with as much regularity and appar coolness as if they had been exercising on the parade Hyde Park. I really could scarcely believe my e

when I beheld these men spring from the ground, as if touched by a magic wand, full of life and vigour, though but one minute before they had all been stretched out listlessly in the sun. The silence which had hitherto reigned over the field was now changed for a loud hum, and occasionally a jolly shout and many a peal of laughter were heard along a distance of nearly a mile. In the midst of these sounds, the peculiar sharp 'click—click—click' of fixing bayonets fell distinctly on the ear very ominously.

"Many thousand stand of new arms had been issued to the troops from the stores at Corunna; and I could observe the men rapping the flints, tightening the screws, and tossing about their firelocks, with the air of veteran sportsmen eager to try their new pieces. The officers, who up to this moment had seemed so languid, might be seen everywhere brushing along the line, speaking to the sergeants, and making arrangements which we did not pretend to understand. Aides-de-camp galloped past us, dropping their orders into the ears of the commanding officers of the different corps, as they moved swiftly along the position.

"Not a single face could now be seen turning towards the ships, and we found it difficult to obtain an answer to any of our questions. All had become animation and cheerfulness over minds from which, but a short time before, it seemed as if every particle of spirit had fled. There appeared to be much conversation going on, and not a little jesting, amongst the men, while they braced themselves up, buckled on their knapsacks, and made various other arrangements, preparatory to the hard work they foresaw they would have to perform before the

night fell. Their kits, or stock of clothes (none of them very large), being soon placed on their shoulders, the army in a few minutes stood perfectly ready to meet that of the enemy, whose troops, in three immense close columns, by this time were pelting rapidly down the side of the opposite heights.

"I have no precise notion how many men might be in each of these square solid masses; I think I have heard it stated at six or seven thousand. They kept themselves steadily together, looked as dark as the blackest thunder cloud; and, I must say, their appearance, on the whole was the most imposing and formidable thing I recollect to have seen either before or since.

"As there could be mustered on the English side only a dozen small guns, our artillery made but a feeble return to the fierce attack of the enemy's great raking battery which continued to tear open the English ranks in dreadful style. Presently, however, the two armies became so completely intermixed in personal conflict that the enemy's cannon-shot could no longer be directed with certainty against their antagonists, without an equal chance of hitting their friends; and they ceased to fire at the troops.

"When it was found, at the commencement of the action, that the English guns could make no serious impression on the heavy artillery of the battery, they had been turned upon the huge French columns, which by this time had reached the level space, less than a mile in width, lying between the bases of the two ranges of hills. The round and grape with which the enemy's columns were thus saluted, as they came across the valley, in some degree avenged the havoc wrought on the right and

part of the centre of our line, by the raking broadsides of the battery so often alluded to.

"The intermixture of combatants on this day was probably rendered greater than usual, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the ground. It could hardly be called a plain, for it was crossed in all directions by roads cut into the earth, like deep trenches, eight or ten feet below the surface; while on the ground above lay a complete net-work of walls, hedges, and rows of olive-trees and aloes, of such intricacy, that I imagine it was nearly impossible to have formed fifty men abreast anywhere. Thus each cornfield, or little patch of garden-ground, became the scene of a separate fight.

"We were quite near enough to see the soldiers scrambling over the walls, and meeting one another in these open spaces, or amongst the trees; while the smoke and the flashes of musketry from the hollow roads showed that a subterranean sort of warfare was going on at the same time. To us the field of battle certainly looked as complete a scene of confusion as anything could possibly be; and I suppose it must have presented nearly a similar aspect even to the practised observation of the commander of the destructive French battery on our right; for about the period I speak of, as I have already stated, he ceased firing at the troops, and turned all his attention towards the few English field-pieces.

"Heretofore we have been viewing the fray from a gentle slope, several hundred yards in front of these English guns, but so considerably below them in level that their shot passed far over our heads. When this great flanking battery, however, set seriously about silencing the fire of our artillery, which, as I mentioned

before, kept playing away upon those parts of the Fren columns not yet mingled with their antagonists, our po tion as mere spectators became rather an unpleasant or The small six-pound shot of the English field-pieces h whistled over us merrily enough; but when the hea metal of the enemy came spinning and screaming abo our ears, the story told quite differently. Some of t balls went completely over the English guns, grazed t crest of the ridge, and falling on the high road, roll down the other side of the hill half way to Corunn Several of them hit our guns, and made a fine scatt among the artillerymen, while every shot that fell sh came plump into the little hollow space where we nauti men had established ourselves, and from which we h proposed to view the battle at our ease, as if it h merely been a panoramic representation of war, inste of one of the severest struggles in which two ang nations had ever been engaged.

"The purser and I now held a council of war, and t proverbial result of such deliberations followed. V agreed unanimously that under existing circumstances retreat was the proper measure. The French gunne as if to quicken our prudent resolution, just at th moment pitched a shot so critically that it fell betwe the two amateurs, and threw the dirt and stones qui over us. The feeling produced on both our minds l this broad hint was, that the shot must have been aim expressly at us; but, although this was probably not t case, we took the warning in good part, and moved towards a rising ground still farther to the left, and t or three hundred yards out of the direct line of fire.

"By this time the centre and a portion of the left

the English line gradually became engaged in the valley; but the severest fighting of all appeared at the village of Elvina, which we could easily distinguish was sometimes in possession of one party, sometimes of the other. The uncertainty, indeed, of what was going on became greatly augmented by the broken nature of the ground, which I suppose prevented any manœuvre on the grand scale; but this circumstance may probably have taken nothing from the fierceness of those mortal struggles which we could discover from time to time in the open spaces, when a puff of wind blew the smoke on one side.

"The road leading into Corunna, and lying between us and the severest part of the action, passed at no great distance, and was soon covered along its whole length with wounded men; some of whom were walking alone, some supported by their comrades less severely hurt, and a good many had been placed in carts. We observed Sir David Baird led or carried off the field; but from the smoke and dust, we could not exactly make out which, though I think he was walking. Shortly afterwards another group passed near us, bearing along a wounded officer. It was evident from the appearance which this second party presented, that some person of consequence was under their charge, and while we were trying to discover who it could possibly be that engaged so much attention, an officer rode up the hill. After he had delivered his message, he pointed to the party which had just gone by, and told us that in the centre was carried along their brave commander-in-chief, Sir John Moore, who a few minutes before had been struck off his horse by a cannon-shot."

This information was lamentably true. At the village

should be placed beside him, and thus reach the tow more speedily. Turning to one of the Highlanders, tl general inquired whether he thought the waggon or tl blanket best. The soldier answered that the blank would not shake him so much, as he and his comrad would keep the step, and carry him easily. "I think s too," said the dying hero; and they proceeded as befo with him to his lodgings in Corunna.

He was met by his valet François, who had been faithful servant for many years, as he was carried in the house. The poor domestic was stunned by tl sight, but soon burst into tears. To cheer him, Moo strove to speak gaily. "This is nothing, my frien nothing," said he, and he smiled through his anguish he spoke.

Colonel Anderson, who for twenty years had been h friend and companion in arms, was now at his sid Although nearly dark, Moore knew him immediatel and, squeezing his hand, exclaimed, "Anderson, dor leave me!"

The wound was then examined by the surgeons. Moo spoke to them while thus engaged; but his agony allow him to say but little. Of every one who entered he co tinued to inquire anxiously, "Are the French beaten? After some time he seemed anxious to speak to Colon Anderson. "Anderson," said he, "you know I ha always wished to die this way." (He was now able talk only at intervals.) In a little while he continue "I hope the people of England will be satisfied: I ho my country will do me justice. Anderson, you will s my friends as soon as you can. Tell them everythin Say to my mother"—— Here his voice failed, and l

became very agitated. Then reverting to the contest, and to the arduous duties which had now devolved on Sir John Hope as a commander, he resumed: "Hope, Hope—I have much to say to him—but—cannot get it out. And Colonel Graham—are all my aides-de-camp well?" (A private sign was made by Colonel Anderson not to inform him that one of them was wounded.) "I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers."

Major Colborne having entered the room, he spoke kindly to him, and charged Colonel Anderson to request a lieutenant-colonelcy for him. The major was now able to answer his frequent question, "Are the French beaten?" by informing him they were driven back at every point. Moore expressed great satisfaction, and, after inquiring after General Paget, continued, "I feel myself so strong —I fear I shall be long dying. It is a great uneasiness —it is great pain. Everything François says is right— I have the greatest confidence in him."

He next thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Two of his aides-de-camp, Captains Percy and Stanhope, now came into the room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy if all his aides-de-camp were well. After a pause, he said, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister." Then pressing Colonel Anderson's hand close to his body, in a few minutes he expired without a struggle.

At midnight, according to a wish which he had often expressed, that "if killed in battle, he might be buried where he fell," his body was carried to a grave dug in one of the bastions of the citadel of Corunna; and while the chaplain-general read the service by torchlight, a band of sincere mourners heaped the earth upon him.

The well-known lines, composed in memory of the mour ful scene, cannot with propriety be omitted.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

"Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

"We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his hea
And we far away on the billow!

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

"But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory."

"The private character of Sir John Moore," it has be said, "was unstained by a single vice; and in orde

bits, and careful employment of time, he offered a noble ample for an army to emulate. He always rose between ee and four in the morning, lighted his fire and candle a lamp, and wrote till breakfast hour. Afterwards, received commanding officers, transacted business, and n rode out to view the troops, or reconnoitre the ntry. His table was plentiful, his guests varying from rteen to twenty. With these he talked familiarly, nk a few glasses of wine, returned to his orderly siness, and was in bed by ten o'clock.

Soon after daybreak, all the troops had embarked, cept the pickets who remained to tend the fires. They o withdrew ere the sun rose; and before the French, o soon after entered the town, could bring their guns bear upon them, the transports were beyond their ch far out at sea. And thus, with the loss of its hero, led the second campaign of what has been called "the eat Peninsular war."

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

THE birthplace of HORATIO NELSON was the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, of which place his father was then rector. His mother, whose maiden name was Suckling, was closely connected with the Walpole family; and the future hero derived his name from his godfather, the first Lord Walpole. When Horatio was scarcely nine years old, his mother died; and his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, who visited the parsonage on this occasion, promised the widower to provide for one of the boys. Three years after, Horatio discovered in a country newspaper, that this gentleman was appointed to the "Raisonnable," of sixty-four guns. He directly entreated that he might go to sea with his uncle, who was accordingly written to. The reply might have discouraged a less ardent mind. "What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it at sea? But let him come; and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

This allusion to his bodily weakness was too true. By an ague his strength had been greatly reduced, and at no time had his constitution been vigorous; yet already

had he given proofs of that daring courage and nobleness of spirit which accompanied him through life.

When very young, he went a birds'-nesting with a cow-boy, and strayed to some distance from his grandmother's house, where he was visiting. On the arrival of dinner-hour, the truant could not be found. Great alarm ensued lest he "might have been carried off by the gipsies." At length he was discovered, composedly seated by the side of a brook he had been unable to cross, and was brought home.

"I wonder, child," exclaimed his grandmother, in no very gentle tone, on his appearance—"I wonder, child! that hunger and fear did not drive you home!"

"Fear, grandmamma!" replied Nelson; "I never saw fear. What is it?"

On another occasion, the fruit of a well-loaded pear-tree, in his schoolmaster's garden, had been looked upon by the boys as lawful booty; but the danger of securing it had prevented the boldest from making the attempt.

"I will get the pears!" said Nelson, suddenly, after there had been a long debate, which had ended in an opinion that they would be found out. That night some sheets were tied together, and he was lowered from the bed-room window. He then plundered the tree, and was safely drawn up again. Overjoyed at his success, his schoolfellows offered him the largest share. "I will have none," said Nelson, firmly: "I only took them because you were all afraid."

Once, after the Christmas holidays, Nelson, accompanied by his brother William, set off on horseback to return to school. There had been a heavy fall of snow,

and William, who did not much fancy the journey, soon turned the horse's head homewards.

"Well, boys," inquired Mr. Nelson, on their reappearance, "what brings you back?"

"Why, papa," replied William, "the snow was so very deep we could not venture on."

"If that be the case," rejoined the rector, "you certainly shall not go; but make another attempt, boys, and I will leave it to your honour!"

They again set off, and although the snow was deep enough to have afforded an excuse, Horatio would not listen to William's wishes to return.

"We *must* go on, brother," was his reply to each entreaty; "remember, it was left to our honour!"

On a cold and dark morning in spring, the summons came for Nelson to join his ship. His father carried him to London, and placed him in the Chatham stage to find his way alone to the "Raisonnable," then lying in the Medway. On being put down with the rest of the passengers, he wandered about in the cold, unable to reach the ship. An officer at last noticed his forlorn appearance, and having given him refreshment directed him on board. Horatio found that his uncle was absent, and the little fellow paced the deck unnoticed until night, nor was it till the second day that, as he expressed it, "somebody took compassion on me." Through life he remembered his first days of desolate wretchedness in the service.

The "Raisonnable" being soon paid off, and Captain Suckling appointed to a guardship in the Medway, Nelson, for whom this was considered too inactive a life, was sent in a merchant ship to the West Indies. From this voy-

age he returned a practical seaman, but with a strong aversion to the king's service. The judicious conduct of his uncle, who received him on board his own ship, soon, however, reconciled him to it.

In a few months Nelson's love of enterprise was excited by the news that two ships, the "Racehorse" and "Carcass," were fitting out for a voyage towards the North Pole. Through Captain Suckling's interest he was appointed coxswain under Captain Ludwidge, the second in command. Early in June 1773, the vessels left the Nore, and made the land of Spitzbergen on the 28th. While endeavouring to explore the coast and islands, they were becalmed in a large bay surrounded with ice. The water quickly became frozen, and the ships found themselves within two lengths of each other, separated by ice, but unable to turn. In many places the ice, by the squeezing together of the pieces, was forced higher than the main-yards. Boats were sent to search for a passage into the open sea; and Nelson, though so young, was appointed to the command of one of these. He was thus the means of rescuing the crew of a boat belonging to the "Racehorse" from imminent danger. An officer had wounded a walrus, which immediately dived and brought up its companions, who instantly attacked the boat. They had wrested an oar from one of the sailors, and nearly succeeded in upsetting the boat, when the arrival of Nelson and his crew to its assistance dispersed the animals, who found this reinforcement too strong to cope with.

But the young hero soon attempted a more daring exploit. One night, during mid-watch, he with a companion stole from the ship, having taken advantage of a

rising fog, and set off in pursuit of a bear. They were soon missed, and great alarm was felt for their safety. About four in the morning the air cleared, and the two youths were discovered, at a great distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. The signal for their return was made; but Nelson's companion in vain urged him to obey it. His ammunition expended, he was still resolutely bent on the destruction of the bear, from which he was divided by a chasm in the ice. To this circumstance he probably owed his life. "Never mind," he exclaimed; "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him." The ship, however, fired a gun, the animal ran off, and Nelson returned on board.

After a fruitless attempt to discover a northward passage, the ships returned to England, when they were paid off. Nelson then made a voyage to the East Indies. There he was seized with a malignant fever, which nearly baffled all the power of medicine. As a last hope, he returned home in the "Dolphin," Captain Pigot, through whose attentive kindness Nelson lived to reach his native shore. In India he had formed the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Troubridge, Sir Charles Pole, and other officers, who were then, like himself, commencing their career. These he left in the enjoyment of health, ardently engaged in the pursuit of honour; and desponding thoughts pressed heavily on him as he contrasted his condition with theirs. "I felt impressed," are his words, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could dis-

ver no means of reaching the object of my ambition. ter a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost shed myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism as kindled within me, and presented my king and untry as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I ll be a hero! and, confiding in Providence, I will brave ery danger!'"

Matters proved far better than Nelson had imagined. s health improved with the voyage; and on his return found Captain Suckling had been appointed Comp- ller of the Navy. After a short voyage to Gibraltar, passed his examination for a lieutenant; on which asion his uncle presided. At its close, in a manner ghly honourable to Nelson, Captain Suckling rose and troduced the young officer to the examiners as his phew. "I did not wish the younker to be favoured," d he; "I knew he would pass a good examination; d I have not been deceived."

On the succeeding day, Nelson was commissioned ond lieutenant of the "Lowestoffe" frigate, Captain illiam Locker, which was fitting out for Jamaica. Our de at this period was much annoyed by American vateers, and also by French vessels under American ours. During one of its cruises, the "Lowestoffe" otured an American letter-of-marque, which Captain cker ordered the first lieutenant to board. That officer nt below to put on his hanger, which he had mislaid. e sea at the time running very high, the boat was in nger of being swamped; and Captain Locker became aid that the captured vessel, which, from carrying a avy press of sail, in order to escape, had become water- ged, would founder.

"What!" exclaimed he, impatiently, "have I no offi
who can board the prize!"

Nelson had, with much delicacy, awaited the ret
of the first lieutenant; but now hearing the master vol
teer his services, he sprang into the boat, exclaiming,
is my turn now: if I come back, it is yours."

His uncle died about this time; but Nelson foun
friend in some measure to supply his loss in Capt
Locker, who, perceiving his excellent qualities, stron
recommended him to Sir Peter Parker, commander-
chief on that station. This recommendation caused h
to be transferred to the "British" flagship, of which
shortly became first lieutenant; and soon after he v
appointed commander of the "Badger" brig. Wh
this ship was lying in Montego Bay, the "Glasgow,
vessel of twenty guns, came in and anchored. Two ho
after, she took fire through the carelessness of her stewa
while he was engaged in stealing rum from her ho
Nelson manned his boats, and, forcing back the cr
who were leaping into the water, compelled them
throw their powder overboard, and point their gu
upward; thus preventing the loss of life which m
inevitably have ensued.

Next year, Nelson was made captain of the "Hinch
brook," a vessel of twenty-eight guns. He was succeed
in the "Badger" by Cuthbert Collingwood. For this offi
Nelson always felt a strong friendship. Our hero v
now scarcely twenty-one, and he had already gained t
rank which brought all the honours of the service wit
his reach. As yet, he had possessed no opportunity
distinguishing himself; but he was thoroughly master

his profession, and his zeal and ability were appreciated wherever he was known.

Nelson had now to accompany an expedition against Fort San Juan, situated on a river of that name flowing between Lake Nicaragua and the Atlantic. Had this project succeeded, the communication of the Spaniards between their northern and southern possessions in America would have been cut off, and many sanguine persons at home anticipated that a large empire would have accrued to the English nation. The project miserably failed. Nelson twice narrowly escaped with his life, while the larger portion of the expedition fell victims to the deadly influence of the climate. By a timely removal, Nelson reached Port Royal, but so greatly weakened as to be unable to retain the command of his ship. Again, therefore, he was compelled to return to England, where he arrived in so wretched a state, that at Bath he was obliged to be carried to and from his bed. The act of moving him produced violent pains; but in about three months he so far recovered as to be anxious for employment, and after a short interval he was appointed to the "Albemarle," an old French merchantman, of twenty-eight guns. In this vessel he was sent to the North seas, where he was obliged to remain all winter. This hardship he afterwards spoke of with great asperity. Next year he was ordered to Quebec, the climate of which the surgeon assured him "would lay him up." He declined, however, making any attempt to alter his destination, and accordingly sailed for Canada.

During her first cruise, the "Albemarle" captured a fishing schooner, containing a cargo which was the property of her master. The poor man had a large family at home,

who were anxiously expecting him. Nelson employed him as a pilot to Boston Bay, where he restored him his ship and cargo, giving at the same time a certificate to secure him from being captured by other vessels. The grateful skipper afterwards came off to the "Albemarle" at the hazard of his life bringing a present of sheep, poultry and other fresh provisions—a most welcome supply, for the scurvy was raging on board. The certificate is still preserved at Boston, where it is now regarded as a relic.

After conveying a fleet of transports to New York, "a very pretty job with our sails frozen to the yards," as he described it, Nelson waited on the commander-in-chief, Admiral Digby. The admiral remarked that he was on a fine station for prize-money. "Yes, sir," was Nelson's answer; "but the West Indies is the station for honour." Of this he was alone desirous, and at length he obtained a reluctant consent to accompany Lord Hood in a detachment of Rodney's victorious fleet. Here he was introduced to King William IV.,—then Prince William Henry,—who became the firm friend of Nelson, though he rather ludicrously described his personal appearance at this time, representing him "as the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full-laced uniform, an old-fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and with his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length; making altogether so remarkable a figure," continues the prince, "that I have never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. But his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that showed he was no common being."

Soon after being appointed to this station, Nelson was cruising on the coast of Venezuela, under French colours, in order to obtain information, when a launch belonging to the Spaniards passed near, which, on being hailed in French, came alongside, and unsuspectingly answered many questions about the force and number of the enemy. The party was somewhat surprised when they were taken on board, and found themselves prisoners. They were all persons of consideration, distinguished officers, and scientific men, who had been peaceably employed in collecting specimens of natural history. One of the party was of high rank—a prince of the German empire, and brother to the Elector of Bavaria. Nelson's liberality again evinced itself on this occasion; for, after well entertaining them at his table, he assured them they were at liberty to depart in their boat with their property untouched. He only required of them that, in case the commander-in-chief should object to their being thus liberated—a circumstance not likely to happen—they would consider themselves as prisoners.

Preliminaries of peace being now signed, the "Albemarle" returned to England and was paid off. During the peace, Nelson paid a visit to France, and stayed at St. Omer's for some time in order to perfect himself in the French language. Here he fell in love with the daughter of an English clergyman. After, however, duly considering his straitened income—for the war had closed without bringing him a fortune—he determined to overcome this attachment, and left France without delay. To second his resolutions, he anxiously sought an opportunity of again being at sea, and was soon appointed to the "Boreas," of twenty-eight guns, when he proceeded to

the Leeward Islands, his brother William accompanying him this voyage. The ship had full thirty midshipmen on board, and happy was their lot in having Nelson for a captain. To a timid boy he would address himself in a friendly manner, and propose a race to the masthead; without noticing the awkward manner of the tyro's ascent, he would speak cheerfully when they arrived at the top, saying how much any one was to be pitied who imagined that getting up was either dangerous or difficult. He was daily in the schoolroom to see how their nautical studies progressed, and at noon was first on deck with his quadrant. On his ceremonial visits, one or other of these youths always accompanied him; he made it a rule, he used to say, to introduce them to all the good company he could, as they had few besides himself to look up to while they were at sea. While in the West Indies, Nelson married the widow of Dr. Nisbet, a physician, a lady at the time in her eighteenth year.

During the next twelve years, Nelson's fame continued to increase, and his zeal in the service of his country was displayed on many occasions. He distinguished himself especially at the siege of Calvi, in the island of Corsica, during which he lost the sight of one of his eyes. Still his services had not been fully appreciated; yet, though on many occasions disappointed, he was not disheartened; and when in one instance his name was not even mentioned in the Gazette, he exclaimed, "Never mind! one day I will have a gazette of my own."

A glorious career at length opened. In 1796, Sir John Jervis having taken command of the fleet in the Mediterranean, Nelson hoisted his broad pendant under him on board the "Minerve." Having conveyed some

transports to Gibraltar, on his return he fell in with the Spanish fleet off the mouth of the straits; but crowding all sail he escaped, and carried intelligence of the strength and position of the enemy to Jervis, whom he found anxious for an engagement. Nelson removed his broad pendant on board the "Captain," a seventy-four, Captain William Miller; and before sunset the signal was given to prepare for action, and to keep in close order during the night. At daybreak the enemy appeared in sight.

The British fleet was composed of fifteen sail of the line: viz., two vessels of one hundred guns, two of ninety-eight, two of ninety, eight seventy-four, and one sixty-four; and with these were four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spanish force consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line: viz., one four-decker, the "Santissima Trinidad," of a hundred and thirty-six guns, six three-deckers, a hundred and twelve guns, two eighty-fours, and eighteen seventy-fours; also ten frigates and a brig. Notwithstanding his superiority, the situation of the Spanish admiral, Don Joseph de Cordova, was rather critical. He had been informed by an American that the British had only nine ships (which really was true on the 5th, before the arrival of the reinforcement); and, relying on this account, he had abandoned his first design of proceeding to Cadiz, and determined to seek out and engage an enemy so inferior. He had also suffered his ships to become dispersed, and they were in some disorder when the morning discovered the English fleet in compact form, though partially concealed by a fog, so that their number was not ascertained. The look-out ship of the Spaniards, fancying a previous signal disregarded, made one that the English had forty

sail of the line. This absurd act further perplexed the admiral, and alarmed the whole fleet. Before they could form in regular order of battle, Sir John Jervis, by carrying a press of sail, came up with them, and passing through their fleet, cut off nine of their ships from the main body, only one of which succeeded in regaining its friends. This part of his plan having succeeded, Jervis gave orders to tack in succession. Nelson, who was stationed in the rear, observing that the design of the Spaniards seemed to be to pass round our line and so join the ships which had been separated to leeward, determined instantly to frustrate their scheme, and, contrary to orders, desired his ship to be wore. This bold and decisive manœuvre at once brought him into action with the four-decker, the "Santissima Trinidad;" and for some time he had to contend, not only with her, but with her seconds, ahead and astern, of three decks each. Troubridge in the "Culloden" hastened to his assistance; and, for nearly an hour, an apparent but not really unequal contest was maintained, when the "Blenheim," passing between them and the enemy, gave them a respite by pouring in her fire on the Spaniards. At this time two of their vessels dropping astern were fired into in a masterly style by the "Excellent," Captain Collingwood, who compelled one, the "San Isidor," to hoist English colours. Tho other, Nelson thought, also struck; but Collingwood, disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up with every sail set to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to appearance, in a critical situation; the "Captain" being now fired on by three first-rates, and the "San Nicholas," eighty guns, and also by a seventy-four, within about pistol-shot

of that vessel. The "Blenheim" being ahead, and the "Culloden" crippled and astern, the "Excellent" ranged up, and hauling up her main-sail just astern, passed within ten feet of the "San Nicholas," and, giving her a most tremendous fire, stood for the "Santissima Trinidad."

Nelson now resumed his station alongside the "San Nicholas." By this time the "Captain" had lost her fore topmast, her wheel had been shot away, and not a sail, shroud, or rope was left. Finding her incapable of further service, in the line or in chase, Nelson directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and, calling for the boarders, ordered them to board. Captain Berry, lately Nelson's lieutenant, was the first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen-chains. He was followed by the soldiers of the 69th, led by Lieutenant Pierson, of the same regiment. One of the soldiers broke the upper quarter-gallery window, and leaped in, followed by Nelson himself, and by others as quickly as possible. They found the cabin doors fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the windows. The doors were, however, quickly burst open, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish brigadier fell, while retreating to the quarter-deck. The commodore pushed on and reached the poop, where he found Berry in possession, and hauling down the Spanish ensign. Passing on to the forecastle, he received the swords of two or three Spanish officers, prisoners of the seamen.

At this moment a fire of small arms opened upon them from the admiral's stern galley of the "San Joseph." Placing sentinels at the different ladders of the "San Nicholas," of which the English had now full possession, Nelson ordered more men to be sent into her, and gave orders

for boarding the "San Joseph" from her. This was done in an instant, he himself leading the way, exclaiming "Westminster Abbey or victory?" Captain Berry assisted him into the main-chains. At that moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered. The commodore was soon on the quarter-deck where the Spanish officer presented his sword to him, and told him the admiral was below, dying of his wounds. The rest of the officers were soon assembled; and there, on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, Nelson received their swords, which, as they were delivered, he handed to William Fearney, an old sailor, who tucked them with the greatest *sang froid* under his arm, "bundling them up with as much composure as he would have made a faggot, though twenty-two sail of the enemy's line were still within gun-shot." At this time, also, one of the commodore's sailors, who had long fought under him came up in the fulness of his heart, and, excusing the liberty he was taking, shook him by the hand, and told him he was heartily glad to see him safe on the quarter-deck of a Spanish three-decker. The "Victory" passing saluted Nelson with three cheers, as did every ship in the fleet.

The "Minerve" being sent to his assistance, Nelson now went on board of her, in order to reach any of the line-of-battle ships then engaged. Before, however, this could be accomplished, the signal was made to wear and discontinue the action. He therefore proceeded to the "Victory," and appeared on the quarter-deck, covered with smoke and powder, and with part of his hat shot away. Sir John Jervis immediately took him in his arms, and, with many kind expressions, said he could

not sufficiently thank him. The Spanish admiral, on consulting with his officers, found only two desirous of recommencing the action; nine were opposed to it, and others thought it best to delay. The contest, therefore, was now at an end.

The result of this day is well known; the English commander-in-chief was created Earl St. Vincent; and Nelson, who before the action was known in England had been made rear-admiral, was rewarded with the Order of the Bath. Jervis insisted on Nelson keeping the sword of the Spanish rear-admiral. He presented the weapon to the mayor and corporation of Norwich; the freedom of the city being voted to him on the occasion.

Nelson, now rear-admiral of the Blue, hoisted his flag on board the "Theseus." The ship had taken part in the mutiny that year in England; and, having just arrived from home, some doubts were entertained respecting the temper of the men. This formed one reason why Nelson's flag was hoisted on board her, in preference to any other vessel. A few weeks only elapsed before the following paper was dropped in his cabin, showing how fondly he was beloved by the men, and the confidence they reposed in him:—

"Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them; and the name of the 'Theseus' shall be immortalised as high as the 'Captain's.'"

While in the "Theseus," Nelson was employed to command the inner squadrons in the blockade of Cadiz. The

most perilous action in which he was ever engaged occurred during this service. Making a night-attack on the Spanish gun-boats, his barge encountered an armed launch, and for some time the crews fought hand to hand with swords. Nelson's barge contained, besides himself, Captain Freemantle, his coxswain, and ten men; while the Spaniards were twenty-six in number, with their commandant. Notwithstanding this disproportion in numbers, eighteen of the enemy were killed, the rest wounded, and the launch captured. The life of the admiral was twice saved by his faithful coxswain, John Sykes, who parried the blows aimed at him, and at last interposed his own head to receive the stroke of a Spanish sabre aimed at his master, and which he could not avert in any other way. The admiral would have asked a lieutenancy for Sykes, but he had not served long enough; and, though he recovered from his dangerous wound, he died before his commander was able to testify his gratitude.

About this time, intelligence was received that a prodigiously rich ship, homeward bound from the Manillas, had put into Santa Cruz, the capital of the island of Teneriffe, and landed her treasure for security. This had previously been the case with several rich cargoes; and an attack which had long been meditated on Santa Cruz, was now fully determined on. On the 14th of July, Nelson was ordered, with four ships of the line, three frigates, and the "Fox" cutter, to proceed to Santa Cruz, and by a sudden and vigorous assault to attempt the town. He sailed next day, and by midnight of the 20th was within three miles of the point of debarkation; his intention being to land on the north-east side of the bay,

between the town and the fort, make himself master of the latter, and then send a summons to the governor. Owing, however, to a strong gale and an opposing current, he was not able to get within a mile of the landing-place till daybreak, when his intentions were discovered by the enemy. Upon this Nelson consulted with the captains as to the best mode of procedure; and it was determined to attempt to gain the heights above the fort, and then to storm it. The men from the frigates were accordingly landed; but a calm and the contrary current hindered Nelson from bringing the line-of-battle ships within a league of the fort, which he had purposed battering to distract the enemy's attention, while his men gained the heights. These by this time were so well manned as to be judged impracticable. Foiled in his original plans, Nelson still deemed it a point of honour that some attempt should be made, and re-embarked every person that night (July 22). On the 24th he brought the ships to anchor about two miles to the north of the town, which was now the object of attack, although he made show as if intending again to attempt the heights. At six o'clock in the evening, the signal was made for the boats to proceed as previously ordered.

Before leaving the "Theseus," he perceived that his step-son, Josiah Nisbet, was armed for the attack. Nelson entreated him to remain behind.

"Should we both fall, Josiah," said he, "what would become of your poor mother? The care of the 'Theseus' falls to you; stay, therefore, and take charge of her."

"Sir," replied Nisbet, "the ship must take care of herself: I will go with you to-night, if I never go again." To this determination Nelson probably owed his life.

Ere the attempt was made, Nelson supped with his captains on board the "Sea-horse," the lately wedded wife of Captain Freemantle presiding at table. At eleven o'clock the boats, containing between six and seven hundred men, and the "Fox" cutter with one hundred and eighty more, proceeded towards the town in six divisions. At half-past one they were within half-gunshot of the landing-place, and till this time they had been undiscovered. Now, however, they were seen. On this Nelson directed the boats to cast off from each other, give one huzza, and push for the shore. Alarm-bells answered the cheer, and a fire of thirty pieces of cannon, and a continued discharge of musketry, opened upon them; but nothing could check the intrepidity of their advance. Unfortunately, through the darkness of the night, few of the boats saw the mole, but went on shore through a raging surf, which stove all to the left of it. The admiral and Captains Freemantle, Bowen, and Thompson, however, found the mole, which they instantly stormed and carried, although it was defended by nearly five hundred men. They spiked its guns; but so heavy a fire of grape and musketry was kept up from the citadel and the houses at the head of the mole that they could not advance, and were nearly all killed or wounded.

While in the act of stepping out of his boat, Nelson received a shot through his right arm above the elbow. His sword, which he had just drawn, fell from his grasp into the water. The shock had thrown him back into the boat; but he instantly recovered himself, and groped at the bottom for his weapon, which he valued as a relic of his uncle, Captain Suckling. He soon found the sword, and grasped it firmly in his remaining hand. His step

n, who was close by him, placed him at the bottom of e boat, and covered the shattered limb with his hat, lest e sight of the blood should increase Nelson's faintness. e then examined the wound, and with his neckerchief ghtly bound the arm above the lacerated vessels. But : this presence of mind on Nisbet's part, Nelson must ve inevitably perished. One of the bargemen tore off s shirt, and with the shreds of it made a sling for the m. Having got the boat afloat, for it had grounded th the falling tide, they passed close under the battery, order to be safe from its fire, in the direction of the ips. Nelson, hearing Nisbet's voice giving orders, sired to be raised up that he might look about him. othing could, however, be seen, excepting the firing the guns on shore. At this moment a shriek was ard from the "Fox" cutter, which had received a shot nder water, and was rapidly sinking; and, before the arge reached the spot, she had gone down. Out of her ew of one hundred and eighty men, only eighty-three ere saved, many by Nelson's own hand; for, forgetful his own condition, he exerted himself to the utmost.

The "Sea-horse" was the first vessel the boat reached; ut Nelson refused to go on board. "I had rather die," id he, "than alarm Mrs. Freemantle, by letting her e me in this state, when I can give her no tidings hatever of her husband." By his desire they pushed a for the "Theseus." A chair was being brought to ceive him; but his anxiety for the boat to return to ve, if possible, more of the crew of the "Fox," was so eat, that he caught hold of a rope which he ordered to e thrown him; and, twisting it round his left arm, he mped up the ship's side with a spirit which astonished

every one. "Let me alone," he exclaimed, "I have yet my legs left and one arm! Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." During the amputation he displayed great fortitude.

The attack proved wholly unsuccessful, and terminated with great loss. Nelson's wound compelled him to return to England, where he arrived early in September, dejected by the failure of the enterprise and the loss of his arm. Sympathy and honours sufficient to heal his wounded spirit awaited him here. Congratulatory and consolatory letters were sent him by the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Duke of Clarence. In reply to the latter, he assured his Royal Highness that not a scrap of that ardour with which he had hitherto served his king had been shot away. Besides the Order of the Bath with which he had been invested in consequence of his share in the victory of the 14th of February, he now received a pension of £1000 a year. The custom of presenting a memorial to the king, on an occasion of this kind, called forth a most singular recapitulation of services. Nelson's memorial stated that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions in boats, employed in cutting out of harbours; in destroying vessels; and in taking three towns;—he had also served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi;—he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; besides taking and destroying nearly fifty sail of merchant vessels;—and that actually he had been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred

and twenty times;—in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.

For three months after his return to England, Nelson suffered greatly from his wound. One night in October, while lodging in Bond-street, a violent knocking was heard at the street door. Nelson had retired early to bed, after taking laudanum, hoping to obtain some respite from pain. The news of Admiral Duncan's victory had just been proclaimed, and the house was not illuminated; but no sooner was the mob informed that Admiral Nelson lay there, too ill to be disturbed, than the foremost in the crowd replied, "You shall hear no more from us to-night;" and, notwithstanding the general confusion, the house remained unmolested.

Towards the end of November the wound began to heal, and Nelson's health soon became nearly re-established. He now went to receive a year's pay as smart money, as he had not been in England since the loss of his eye. Omitting to take a certificate from a surgeon that the sight was entirely lost, he experienced a little difficulty in obtaining the money. This slightly irritated him, as he thought the fact sufficiently known. He, however, soon restored himself to good humour by procuring at the same time a certificate of the loss of his arm, remarking they might perhaps doubt this, as they had doubted the other. On returning to the office, the clerk who had offended him said he thought that it had been more than the annual pay of a captain.

"Oh!" answered Nelson, "this is only for an eye: in a few days I shall come for an arm, and in a little time longer, God knows, most probably for a leg." He went

soon after, and humorously exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

Early in the year 1798, the "Vanguard" was commissioned for Nelson's flag, when he sailed to rejoin Earl St. Vincent. Immediately after he was despatched with a small force to the Mediterranean, to ascertain the object of the armament then fitting out at Toulon under Buonaparte. A severe gale in the Gulf of Lyons dispersed Nelson's little fleet, and did much damage to the "Vanguard;" but this storm probably saved him from defeat, for on the same day the French fleet sailed from Toulon, and must have passed within a few leagues of the little squadron, unnoticed through the thick weather.

After some delay, caused by refitting, Nelson was reinforced by ten of the best ships of the fleet under Earl St. Vincent. Among these was the "Culloden," commanded by his early friend, Captain Troubridge. Nelson received no instructions, and therefore sailed for Alexandria, hoping to fall in with the enemy's fleet. He was, however, unsuccessful, and returned to Sicily. Having obtained fresh supplies, he again made sail, determined to "return, crowned with laurel, or covered with cypress." On the 1st of August the fleet once more came in sight of Alexandria, where, from the intelligence brought him, Nelson now felt certain of finding the enemy. He was not disappointed;—the port, vacant and solitary when they last saw it, was now crowded with ships, and the tricoloured flag was seen flying from the walls. At four o'clock preparations were made for battle. "Before this time to-morrow," exclaimed Nelson, "I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey!"

During the whole of the pursuit, Nelson had been

xplaining to his officers, on every occasion, his ideas of he best modes of attack, and had thus fully taken into ccount every possible position. The squadron, therefore, dvanced with confidence. A shower of shot and shells ras immediately poured upon it from the small island of Sequiers, and the enemy opened a steady fire within half-unshot distance full into the bows of our van ships. These were silently received; the men on board every hip being employed in furling the sails, and making eady for anchoring. A French brig now endeavoured, hough unsuccessfully, to decoy the English fleet to a hoal which lay off the island. The advanced ships, led y Captain Foley in the "Goliath," soon doubled on the French vessels, anchoring between them and the shore; while the main body, led by Nelson in the "Vanguard," ook their station on the outer side of the enemy. The un was now nearly down. In a few minutes every man tationed at the first six guns in the fore-part of the 'Vanguard's" deck was killed or wounded; and during the ction these guns were thrice cleared. Six colours were flying from different parts of the rigging, lest any should be shot away. About seven o'clock night closed, and no light remained but from the fire of the contending fleets.

When the action began, Troubridge, in the "Culloden," with three other ships, was at a considerable distance from the rest of the fleet. He now came up, sounding as the others had done, but unfortunately ran aground, nor could he be got off in time to bear a part in the action. The other vessels, however, entered the bay, and, amid the darkness and confusion, took their stations in a manner that excited great admiration.

The French line had by this time suffered so severely that victory was already certain on our side. Their first two ships had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action, and possession had been taken of three others by half-past eight. During this time, while glancing over a sketch of the bay, Nelson received a severe wound from a broken Langridge shot. It struck him on the forehead, cutting off a large piece of the skin, which, falling over his remaining eye, left him in total darkness. The blood flowed copiously, and from this circumstance those on deck thought the wound mortal. He was immediately carried below. The surgeon, busily engaged amid the horrors of the cockpit, instantly quitted the poor fellow on whom he was operating to attend the admiral.

"No," exclaimed Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows."

No further persuasion could induce him to have his wound examined, until all who had been sent down earlier than himself were attended to, although he believed the injury mortal, and employed the interim in necessary and mindful arrangements. Great was the joy of the whole crew when the surgeon at length pronounced the wound superficial. He directed that Nelson should be kept quiet and left alone. Suddenly a cry was heard on deck, that the "Orient," the French admiral's ship, was on fire. In the confusion, Nelson reached the deck unassisted and unnoticed; till, to the astonishment of every one, he ordered the boats to the relief of the enemy. The "Orient" had been newly painted, and the oil-jars and paint-buckets fed the flames, which soon completely mastered the ship. She blew up about ten o'clock, with a shock felt to the bottom

of every vessel. An awful stillness followed, both sides immediately ceasing to fire; and the plash of her shattered masts and yards falling from an immense height into the water, was the first sound which broke the silence. Not eighty of the crew were saved. The commodore, with his son, Casa Bianca, a brave boy, only ten years old, who refused to leave his post without orders from his father, then dying of his wounds, perished with many hundreds. The action was in part recommenced; and, but for the want of frigates, not one of the enemy would have left Aboukir Bay. Four only escaped. Thus ended a victory, "the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history." Nelson called it a conquest: "Victory," said he, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene."

Shortly after the battle, Nelson received a singular present from one of his captains. Part of the mainmast of the "Orient" was picked up by Captain Hallowell, of the "Swiftsure," which he ordered the carpenter to make into a coffin; the nails as well as the wood being furnished by the wreck. When completed, Hallowell sent it to Nelson, accompanied by a well-expressed letter. The hero received the strange present with much gratification, and for some time had it placed upright in his own cabin. At length, finding it not quite suitable to the feelings of his guests and attendants, he, at the entreaties of an old and favourite servant, had it removed; giving strict orders that it should be safely stowed below, and be reserved for the purpose to which it had been designed by its donor.

Gratulations, rewards, and honours, too numerous to relate, showered on Nelson from the various states and powers to whom his victory gave a respite. At home he

was created a baron, with a pension of £2000 for l
own life and his two immediate successors.

Nelson now returned to Naples, and, during the ne
two years, was engaged in various endeavours to compc
that distracted kingdom, and in defending it from t
French. At length their expulsion from the Neapolit
and Roman states was effected, and Nelson received t
dukedom of Bronte (the domain being worth abo
£3000 a year) from the Sicilian court. At Consta
tinople his name was in every mouth; and the Gree
in the little island of Zante sent him a gold-head
sword, and a truncheon, set round in a single row wi
all the diamonds the isle could furnish.

Early in 1800, Nelson returned to England. Passi
through Germany to Hamburg, he was entertained l
the Prince Esterhazy with the utmost magnificence.
hundred grenadiers, each six feet in height, waited
the dinner-table. At Magdeburg, the master of tl
hotel where he resided actually permitted the popula
to mount a ladder, and peep through a hole into Nelson
sitting-room, charging so much a head for the exhibitio
and a German pastor, nearly eighty years of age, travelle
forty miles with the Bible of his parish church, t
request that Nelson would write his name in the fir
leaf of it.

At Hamburg, a wine merchant, seventy years of ag
begged to see Lady Hamilton, who with Sir William ha
accompanied Nelson. He was introduced, when he to
her he had some Rhenish wine of the vintage of 162
which he had preserved during fifty years for extr
ordinary occasions. He requested that she would prev
on Nelson to accept six dozen of this incomparable win

adding that the thought that part of it would have the honour of flowing into the heart's blood of that immortal hero, would render him happy for the remainder of his life. Nelson at once agreed to accept of six bottles, provided the old gentleman would dine with him next day. The enraptured wine-merchant sent twelve bottles.

"Well," said Nelson, "I hope to win six more great victories; so I will lay by the extra six bottles, and drink one after each."

Nelson was welcomed home by every possible demonstration of joy. But he was not long permitted to enjoy repose. A confederacy was forming between Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, in co-operation with France, to make England resign her naval rights. This combination the British cabinet immediately resolved to crush, and an expedition was fitted out, and entrusted to Sir Hyde Parker, Nelson accompanying him as second in command.

An anecdote worthy of the age of chivalry must here be related. Before the fleet left Yarmouth, it was well known to be destined against Denmark. The gallant Captain Riou commanded the "Amazon" frigate, and among his crew were some Danes. The poor fellows came to him in a body, and, while they expressed no wish to quit the British service, implored him to get them exchanged into some other ship, so that they might not be forced to fight against their own country. Tears came into the eyes of the generous sailor; and, without speaking a word in reply, he ordered his boat instantly, nor did he return till he had effected the wishes of these poor patriots.

The fleet arrived in the Cattegat on the 21st of March

1801; and after considerable delay, the passage of the Sound was effected on the 30th, without loss, as the Swedes remaining neutral enabled the English fleet to steer close to their shore, so as to be beyond range of the guns of Cronenburgh. At mid-day the whole fleet had anchored between the island of Huen and Copenhagen. A council of war was held, when Nelson showed much impatience at the irresolution evinced by some of the officers, and he offered his services for the attack. Sir Hyde immediately put twelve sail of the line and the smaller vessels at his disposal, leaving everything to his judgment.

Day and night was Nelson now engaged in making soundings, and laying down buoys. On the 1st of April all was accomplished. Meantime the Danes had not been idle. All ranks had volunteered for the defence of their country; the university alone furnishing twelve hundred youths, who had been constantly employed since the threatened descent in the management of the guns.

At half-past nine on the morning of the 2d of April, the ships weighed anchor, and stood in towards the town. Through the indecision of the pilots, three ships grounded. Nelson, in his own ship, promptly quitted the order of sailing which had been prescribed, and thus guided the remaining vessels from a similar disaster. At ten the action began. Nelson's face had been clouded by anxiety and vexation up to this time; but now, amid the roar of more than a thousand guns, his countenance became animated and joyful. Sir Hyde, who was near enough to see the accidents which had deprived Nelson of so large a portion of his force, yet unable to render assistance, wind and current opposing, determined, after

slacked fire of three hours, to make the signal of

son was pacing his quarter-deck in a state of high nent, when the lieutenant reported the signal for inuing the action. Nelson at first paid no atten- the information.

y lord," said the signal officer again, as he met at the next turn, "number thirty-nine is thrown hall I repeat it?"

); acknowledge it," replied Nelson, sharply, con- his walk. Presently he called after him to know signal for close action was still flying, and being ed in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so!" n turned to his captain, Foley.

ou know, Foley," said he, "I have only one eye, ve a right to be blind sometimes." Then in a nood, raising his glass to the blind eye, he added, ly do not see the signal! Keep mine for closer flying! That's the way I answer such signals! ine to the mast!"

other ships followed Nelson's conduct. Riou's quadron of frigates, which had been matched the largest battery, alone hauled off. This the vessels from destruction; but the smoke ng away, the Danes got a clear view, and pointed uns with tremendous effect as they drew off.

will Nelson think of us?" exclaimed Riou, lly.

then the "Amazon" showed her stern to the Riou was already wounded in the head by a ; a shot now struck down his clerk by his side, nother swept away several marines.

"Come then, my boys!" cried Riou, seating himself on a gun, "let us all die together!" Scarcely had he uttered the words, before a raking shot cut him in two! No severer loss, except the death of Nelson, could have befallen the British navy.

Unabated vigour still distinguished the fight. On board the "Monarch," which lost more of her crew on that day than any ship during the whole war, the characteristic coolness of the English character was singularly displayed. The pork and peas happened to be in the kettle;—a shot scattered the contents,—and amid the tremendous carnage the men picked up the pieces, fighting and eating at the same time. A youth, named Villemoes, greatly distinguished himself on the Danish side. Though only seventeen, he had volunteered and obtained the command of a floating battery, and on a mere raft fought with much skill, till the truce was announced. "He ought," exclaimed Nelson, touched with admiration, "to be made an admiral!"

Soon after one o'clock the fire of the Danish ships slackened, and by half-past two the greater part had struck. But, on the English boats going to take possession, they were fired upon. This was not through treachery, or contempt of the usages of war; but the vessels lying near the shore were constantly replenished by men, who, ignorant that they had surrendered, were only anxious to defend them.

In self-defence, the English were obliged to recommence their fire. From the position these unfortunate ships now occupied, they were also exposed to the fire of the Danish batteries, more than half the shot taking effect upon them. Shocked at this massacre—for so Nelson deemed it—he

immediately retired to the stern galley, and wrote as follows to the Crown Prince:—

"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but, if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English."

This letter had the desired effect. The cannonading ceased, and a truce was soon entered upon. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was nine hundred and fifty-three. But the unhappy Danes suffered far more severely, for there was hardly a family in Copenhagen which had not to mourn the loss of some of its members. For his services on this occasion, Nelson was raised to the rank of viscount.

However opinion may differ as to the justice of the battle of Copenhagen, the bravery of Nelson, and of all under his command, must call forth general admiration. Our celebrated poet Campbell has rehearsed their deeds of valour in his well-known "Battle of the Baltic."

A few months after this, Nelson was once more engaged against the French, in an unsuccessful boat attack on the flotilla at Boulogne. The peace of Amiens caused a slight cessation of hostilities; but on the renewal of the war, he was again in the Mediterranean, first blockading the French fleet at Toulon for nearly two years; and then, when they escaped his vigilance, he chased them to the West Indies and back again, without being able to come to an action. He then resigned the command to Admiral

Cornwallis, and determined to rest a while. But before many days had elapsed, news of the combined French and Spanish fleets being at Cadiz recalled him. His anxiety to "give M. Villeneuve a drubbing," as he expressed it, made him offer his services, which were gladly accepted; and he was once more engaged in what the nation thought "ought properly to be Nelson's work." Thousands crowded to the shore the day he embarked in the "Victory," and stood gazing on the favourite hero they now saw for the last time.

The English fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, while the enemy had thirty-three battle ships, and seven large frigates. On board of these were four thousand troops, amongst which were many riflemen dispersed through the different vessels. At dawn on the 21st of October 1805, the combined fleets were seen from the "Victory's" deck. Signal was soon made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines. The fleet set all sail; the lee line of thirteen ships being led by Collingwood; the weather line of fourteen by Nelson.

Soon after six o'clock, one of the English officers, Captain Blackwood, went on board the "Victory." Nelson's whole attention was now fixed on the enemy. Feeling certain of a triumphant issue of the approaching contest, he turned suddenly about and inquired, "Blackwood, what shall you consider as a victory?"

"Why, my lord," answered Blackwood, "considering the handsome way in which the enemy offers battle, their apparent determination for a trial of strength, and the situation of the land, the capture of fourteen sail will be a glorious result."

"I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty," quickly rejoined Nelson.

A few minutes passed in silence. "Do you not think there is yet a signal wanting?" at last asked Nelson.

"There appears no want," replied Blackwood; "the whole fleet seem clearly to understand what they are about."

Scarcely were the words spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as our country endures—Nelson's last signal:—

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!"

As it flew, a loud shout of acclamation rang throughout the fleet.

"Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

On that day Nelson wore, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, with the four stars of the different orders with which he was invested on his left breast. This made him a conspicuous object. His officers, however, dared not request him to change his dress, or even to cover his honours; for on former occasions they had only displeased him by such entreaty, without producing any effect. Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, both now pointed out to him the advantage of his keeping out of the action as long as possible, hoping thus to preserve him from the murderous aim of the French sharpshooters. Nelson at last consented to allow the two vessels sailing abreast of the Victory to precede her, and gave orders for them to pass ahead. Still, as he would not shorten the sail of his own ship, but evidently took pleasure in pressing

on, he rendered his own orders unavailing. The sun now shone on the sails of the enemy's vessels, which formed a beautiful, although at the same time a formidable, spectacle. The British tars thought not of their strength; but confident of winning what they now saw, admired the splendour of the spectacle, and remarked to each other, "What a fine sight yonder ships will make at Spithead."

At ten minutes to twelve, the enemy opened their fire, at first single guns, to ascertain the range. When Nelson perceived that the shot passed over the "Victory," he desired Blackwood, who was still with him, and Captain Prowse, of the "Sirius," to repair to their frigates. As they stood on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand. "My lord," said he, "I hope soon to return and find you in possession of twenty prizes."

"God bless you, Blackwood," replied Nelson, impressed as it were with the certainty of his own death; "I shall never see you again."

Collingwood's line became first engaged. But no sooner did a shot take effect on the main-topgallant-sail of the "Victory" than the enemy opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at the rigging, hoping to disable her before she could close with them. Nelson, however, stood on for his old "acquaintance," as he called her, the "Santissima Trinidad;" an incessant raking fire being kept up on the "Victory." Fifty of her crew were killed or wounded before she returned a single gun. She now opened her fire from both sides of her deck, and as it was necessary, in order to break the enemy's line, to run on board of one of their ships, Nelson having given Hardy his choice, her helm was put to port, and

she ran on board the "Redoubtable" just as her tiller ropes were shot away. This ship received her with a broadside, and immediately closed her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them; nor did she, during the action, fire another great gun.

Twice did Nelson issue orders to cease firing on the "Redoubtable," supposing, as her guns were silent, that she had struck; for as, in common with the other vessels of the enemy in the early part of the action, she carried no flag, the fact could not be instantly ascertained. From this vessel, which his humanity spared, Nelson received his death-wound. Her tops were filled with riflemen; and one of these, stationed in her mizen-top, which was not fifteen yards from the part of the deck where Nelson was standing, took aim and fired at him. The ball struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, carrying a portion of the metal before it, and lodged in his chest. Nelson fell on his face. Three sailors instantly raised him.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," exclaimed Nelson, as, struck with horror, his captain turned round.

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes!" replied Nelson; "my backbone is shot through."

While they were carrying him down Nelson's presence of mind did not forsake him; for noticing that the tiller ropes were not yet replaced, he ordered new ones to be rove immediately. Then covering his face and stars with his handkerchief, that his crew might not recognise him, he was conveyed through the cockpit to a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. The wound was indeed found to be mortal, although this was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants.

Nelson himself felt certain that nothing could be done for him, and desired the surgeon to attend to those to whom he might be useful. He was in great pain; but they continued to fan him, and gave him lemonade to assuage his intense thirst. Yet at each cheer from the crew, as a fresh ship struck, joy gleamed in the eyes and overspread the countenance of the dying hero. He was very anxious to see Hardy, and feared from his delay that he was killed. It was more than an hour before he could quit the deck, but at last he came. Nelson and he shook hands, Hardy struggling, but in vain, to repress his feelings.

"Well, Hardy," asked Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy. "Ten ships have struck; but five of the van have tacked, and seem to be bearing down on the "Victory." However, I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope none of our ships have struck," inquired Nelson.

"There is no fear of that," was the reply.

"Hardy," continued Nelson, "I am a dead man. I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me."

"I trust, my lord, Dr. Beatty could still hold out some hopes of life."

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Nelson; "my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Hardy was now obliged to hasten upon deck; and fifty minutes elapsed before he was able to return, when, again

taking the hand of the dying commander, he told him they had gained a complete victory, and that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy were taken.

"That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty. Anchor, Hardy, anchor."

"Admiral Collingwood will probably now take upon himself the ordering of affairs," observed Hardy.

"Not while I live, Hardy!" cried Nelson with energy, trying at the same moment to raise himself on the bed; "do you anchor." Then falling back, he continued in a feeble tone, "Don't throw me overboard, but bury me beside my parents, unless the king orders otherwise. And take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy."

Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek. "Now I am satisfied," said Nelson. "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

After a few moments Hardy again stooped, and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" inquired Nelson.

"It is Hardy, my lord."

"God bless you, Hardy!" he exclaimed. And Hardy then left him—for ever.

He now began to wish he had not left the deck, as all would soon be over. But his articulation became difficult, although he was heard repeatedly to pronounce, at first distinctly, but gradually growing fainter—

"Thank God, I have done my duty!"

At half-past four he expired—three hours and a quarter after being wounded.

His remains were brought home in the "Victory." The body lay in state at Greenwich, in the coffin made of the

mast of the "Orient," which Captain Hallowell had given him. It was then interred in St. Paul's.

The leaden coffin which had been used to convey the body home was cut in pieces by the soldiers, and distributed as relics of "Saint Nelson"—as one of them called him. And at his interment, when his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, with one accord the sailors who assisted rent it in pieces, that each, while he lived, might preserve a fragment.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD was born on the 26th September 1750, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was the eldest son of Cuthbert Collingwood, Esq. of Ditchburne, county Northumberland, and Milcah, daughter of Reginald Dobson of Burness, in the county of Westmorland. His family "is of considerable distinction and antiquity in the county of Northumberland, having given to it knights and sheriffs during the three preceding centuries. It was connected by many honourable alliances; of which it is sufficient to mention the marriage, in 1627, of his great-grandfather, Ralph Collingwood, of East Ditchburne, with the niece of Anthony, Earl of Kent, the seventh in descent from Joan Plantagenet, the Fair Maid of Kent, who was grand-daughter to King Edward the First, and wife, first to Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, and afterwards to the Black Prince."

The subject of this memoir was one of those rare men who pass through life pure in mind and blameless in action. From the date of his entrance into school—kept by the Rev. Hugh Moises—in his native town, to the moment that closed his honourable life, he left nothing to dim the lustre of a name which will ever survive and

be honoured among England's greatest heroes. We are at a loss which of the many noble traits in his character to admire most; his active mind, pure loyalty, strong affections, thorough independence, natural abilities, strict rectitude, unswerving love of justice, or his noble generosity. Each one and all of them will bear the closest inspection, and add to the admiration which his brilliant services to his country have made universal. Entering the naval service as he did, when only eleven years old, we wonder at the ability which made him equal to every position in which he was placed. Whether in command of a ship or squadron, whether engaged in negotiations with, or watching the conduct of the deceitful and intriguing courts of Europe, he was never at fault. He appeared to intuitively arrive at just conclusions as to the men and things which engaged his attention. All through the glorious naval victories in which he took a part, all through the stirring events which agitated Europe from the battle of Trafalgar to the day of his death in 1810, Collingwood made himself conspicuous for abilities rarely combined in one man. The honours which a grateful king and country conferred on him were rewards which could not be withheld; and some of them were very tardily accorded. But neither injustice from men in power, nor the hazardous and unsatisfactory nature of the duties he was called upon to perform, weakened that zeal for the public service which with him was always paramount to personal considerations. More than once when ill and weak, and longing for the rest which was absolutely necessary for the restoration of his health, and more for the preservation of life, he continued to devote mind and body to the service of his country

with the full knowledge that such devotion would hasten his end, only because assured that the service of the country would suffer if the exertion of his zeal and talents were suspended. The Earl of Mulgrave, first Lord of the Admiralty, in urging him, on one occasion—the 6th September 1806—to continue at his post, wrote: "It is a justice which I owe to you and to the country, to tell you candidly, that I know not how I should be able to supply all that would be lost to the service of the country and to the general interests of Europe, by your absence from the Mediterranean." No plea could have had greater weight with the loyal heart of Collingwood, and from that time till the 2d of March 1810, he laboured as he had always done, zealously and faithfully.

Of his earlier services no truer or more modest record exists than the following, communicated by him to the editor of a naval paper:—

"I went into the navy at a very early period of my life, in the year 1761, in the 'Shannon,' under the protection and care of a friend and relation, the late Admiral Brathwaite; to whose regard for me, and to the interest which he took in whatever related to my improvement in nautical knowledge, I owe great obligations. I served with him for many years, and afterwards with my friend Admiral Roddom. In 1774, I went to Boston with Admiral Graves, and, in 1775, was made a lieutenant by him, on the day that the battle was fought at Bunker's Hill, where I was with a party of seamen supplying the army with what was necessary to them. In 1776 I went to Jamaica as lieutenant of the 'Hornet' sloop; and, soon after, the 'Lowestoffe,' of which Lord Nelson was

lieutenant, came to the same station. We had been long before in habits of great friendship; and it happened here, that as Admiral Sir B. Parker, the commander-in-chief, was the friend of both, whenever Lord Nelson got a step in rank, I succeeded him: first in the 'Lowestoffe,' then in the 'Badger,' into which ship I was made commander in 1799, and afterwards in the 'Hinchinbroke,' a twenty-eight-gun frigate, which made us both post-captains. The 'Hinchinbroke' was, in the spring of 1780, employed on an expedition to the Spanish Main, where it was proposed to pass into the South Sea by a navigation of boats along the river San Juan and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon. The plan was formed without a sufficient knowledge of the country, which presented difficulties not to be surmounted by human skill or perseverance. It was dangerous to proceed on the river, from the rapidity of the current, and the numerous falls over the rocks which intercepted the navigation; the climate, too, was deadly, and no constitution could resist its effects. At San Juan I joined the 'Hinchinbroke,' and succeeded Lord Nelson, who was promoted to a larger ship; but he had received the infection of the climate before he went from the port, and had a fever from which he could not recover until he quitted his ship and went to England. My constitution resisted many attacks, and I survived most of my ship's company, having buried, in four months, a hundred and eighty of the two hundred who composed it. Mine was not a singular case, for every ship that was long there suffered in the same degree. The transports' men all died, and some of the ships, having none left to take care of them, sank in the harbour: but transport-ships were not wanted, for the troops whom they had

brought were no more; they had fallen, not by the hand of an enemy, but from the contagion of the climate. From this scene I was relieved in August 1780, and, in the December following, was appointed to the command of the 'Pelican,' a small frigate of twenty-four guns. In August in the following year, there was a severe hurricane, in which she was wrecked, being cast on the rocks of the Morant Keys, in the middle of the most tremendous night. The next day, with great difficulty, the ship's company got on shore on rafts made of the small and broken yards, and upon those sandy islands, with little food, we remained ten days, until a boat went to Jamaica, and the 'Diamond' frigate came and took us off.

"The next ship I commanded was the 'Sampson,' of sixty-four guns; and when, at the peace of 1783, she was paid off, I was appointed to the 'Mediator,' and went to the West Indies, where, with Lord Nelson, who then commanded the 'Boreas' on the same station, I remained until the latter end of 1786."

Once when asked by the editor of a naval chronicle for a history of his life, Collingwood employed another to prepare it, of whose labours he thus expressed himself in a letter to Lady Collingwood: "For my birth and parentage he has selected two or three chapters of Bamfylde Moore Carew; for my service in the West Indies and on the Spanish Main, he has good assistance in the history of the Buccaneers; and for my shipwreck he has copied a great deal of Robinson Crusoe."

From 1786 to 1790, Collingwood was in Northumberland, "making," as he expressed it himself, "acquaintance with my own family, to whom I had hitherto been, as it were, a stranger." In the latter year, an armament

having been proposed against Spain, he was appointed to the command of the "Mermaid," and went to the West Indies under Admiral Cornish. Affairs with Spain and Russia were, however, shortly after accommodated, and he returned and took up his abode at Newcastle, where he married Sarah, daughter of Erasmus Blackett, of the same place, by whom he had two daughters, Sarah, born in May 1792, and Mary Patience, born in 1793.

In 1793 the French war broke out, and Collingwood was too necessary to the public service to be left in the enjoyment of domestic bliss, and too much of a warrior to live in inglorious ease when honour called and glory was to be won. He was appointed captain of the "Prince," Rear-Admiral Bowyer's flag-ship, and continued with that officer until he was wounded in the "Barfleur," on the memorable 1st of June 1794, when the English fleet under Lord Howe, inferior to the French in armament and number of ships, boldly attacked the latter, and, after three days' hard fighting, obtained a complete victory over it, capturing seven of their best ships, viz., "Sans Pareil," 84; "Juste," 84; "L'Achille," 74; "Northumberland," 74; "L'Amerique," 80; and "Le Vengeur," 74. It was a battle, the equal of which in importance and valour, the annals of naval warfare could then scarcely furnish any antecedent. On that occasion Collingwood was on board Admiral Bowyer's ship, the "Barfleur," and caught the admiral in his arms when that officer was wounded. More prizes might have been secured had the victors been in a condition to pursue the flying enemy; but they were not. The French admiral, whose ship was driven out of the line by Lord Howe, saved himself by flight, and at twenty

minutes past twelve in the day all the others which had escaped capture followed his example. The French fleet were sent for the express purpose of destroying ours, and being confident of their superiority in numbers made certain of doing so. But when they saw the eagerness with which Lord Howe invited action, they did not seem too anxious to meet him, although they had twenty-five large ships. While cruising with the view to meet the French, the English fleet re-took about fifteen English merchant vessels, some Dutch, and a few French cruisers, all of which were immediately burnt, as it was impossible, under the circumstances under which they were, to spare a man or be encumbered with prizes. At about three o'clock P.M. of the first day's engagement, the hostile fleets began to exchange shots, the advanced English squadron being under the command of Admiral Paisley, and consisting of the "Bellerophon," "Russel," "Marlborough," and "Thunderer." But the French appearing to avoid close action, Lord Howe made signal for the van to tack and the rest to follow. Admiral Gardner took the lead, and suffered severely, but was amply revenged. The French skilfully covered their disabled ships, and made an attack on the "Queen" and "Invincible;" but Admirals Graves and Collingwood stood between them with their ships, and for an hour and a half stood the brunt of the assault, after which the French bore away. The next day, the 30th of May, was foggy and bad weather, and not till the 31st could active measures be taken for renewing the engagement. On the evening of that day the English bore down towards the French fleet, and the long night was passed in watching and preparation for the day that was coming.

At dawn every ship was in its proper position, and, in Collingwood's words, "it was about eight when the admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent and bring her to close action. Down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart and struck terror into the most intrepid enemy." English valour again prevailed, but the note of victory sounded cheerless to the ears of those who stood amidst the dying and the dead. Collingwood escaped unhurt; but Admirals Bowyer and Paisley, and Captain Hutt, lost a leg each, Admiral Graves an arm, and Captain Montague was killed. Several lieutenants were also killed and wounded.

In the distribution of rewards for this action, Collingwood's services were passed over by Lord Howe, without notice, though the rear-admiral with whom he sailed was mentioned with well-merited praise, and it was not till *three* years afterwards that he received one of the medals given on the occasion of this victory. It was after the famous battle of the 14th February 1797, when in company with Nelson and commanded by Sir John Jervis, that Collingwood, whose conduct had called forth the praise and admiration of the whole fleet, when informed by Lord St. Vincent, late Sir John Jervis, that he was to receive one of the medals to be distributed, answered that he could not consent to receive it while that for the 1st June 1793 was withheld. "I feel," said he, "that I was then improperly passed over, and to receive such a distinction now, would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice." "That is precisely the answer which I expected from you, Captain Collingwood," was Lord St. Vincent's reply.

Some time after, and, as Collingwood thought, by desire of the king, two medals were forwarded to him by Lord Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, accompanied with the following letter:—"I congratulate you, most sincerely, on having had the good fortune to bear so conspicuous a part on two such glorious occasions, and have troubled you with this letter, only to say that the former medal would have been transmitted to you some months ago if a proper conveyance had been found for it." What if his previous success had not been followed by successes more brilliant? The instance related is not the only one in which our hero suffered injustice.

The following testimonial of Collingwood's worth from one who knew him better than Lord Howe did, and had better opportunities of judging of that worth, will not be out of place here:—

From Admiral Bowyer to Admiral Roddom.

"I write you this letter that I may not lose the satisfaction I always feel in doing justice to the merit of a friend of yours, which I hardly do, in saying that I do not know a more brave, capable, or a better officer, in all respects, than Captain Collingwood. I think him a very fine character; and I told Lord Chatham, when he was at Portsmouth, that, if ever he had to look for a first captain to a commander-in-chief, I hoped he would remember that I pledged myself he would not find a better than our friend Collingwood."

But we are coming to even more valuable testimony.

From the "Barfleur" Collingwood removed into the "Hector," and afterwards into the "Excellent," in which he went to the Mediterranean.

Between the latter part of 1794 and the middle of February 1797, Collingwood was engaged in cruising about the several ports in the Mediterranean watching the French and Spanish fleets, blocking them up within their ports, and not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs, though thoroughly reliant on the English fleet, and the desire of all in it to be equal to an emergency. The dropping off of our allies in favour of France was to him a source of considerable anxiety and regret.

The Sardinians, in May 1769, had been so worn out by the French as to be constrained to sue for peace, and the Neapolitans he expected would follow. Austria had been utterly defeated, having been driven out of the Riviera of Genoa, and the French possessed all the towns in the neighbourhood of that place. The Spaniards, under French guidance, "were making great preparations for war, and, it was supposed, had made their peace with that nation, with a condition that they should declare war against us whenever the state of France required it, and the Republic demanded their aid. He also feared that we should be cut off from the Italian ports." But, nothing daunted, he is sure that, "whatever happens, we shall make the best of it; for we have now activity in the fleet, and seem to act upon a settled plan. Formerly all the good or ill that happened was by chance, and there seemed no forethought to secure the one or prevent the other."

His opinion of the clubs and associations of the time was not very flattering. In a letter to Mr. J. E. Blackett, he observes, "The tumultuous associations and clubs in England, and the license they have taken in their acts and publications, afflict me. Some attach

themselves to violent parties from an unhappy disposition, delighting in whatever is turbulent, some from fashion, and very many from folly, being entirely incapable of judging of the propriety of the measures which they censure."

Coupled with his dissatisfaction at the loss of our allies was his apprehension that the French would assault the coast of England. In December 1796 he considered our situation critical. "The forces of France and Spain," he states in a letter, "are very superior to ours, and after the evacuation of Corsica, we were left without a port, except Porto Ferraio, which was, of all places in the world, the most dangerous for us to be in. Few as we were, I think we could have managed them at sea well enough, but had they ever blocked us up in Porto Ferraio, our ruin, as it appears to me, would have been inevitable."

Sir John Jervis, however, who commanded the squadron, was a great deal too knowing to be caught in the snare by any Spaniard or Frenchman of them all; still it must be admitted that Collingwood had very good grounds for pronouncing our situation critical. The Spanish fleet alone were nearly double our numbers, and it was hourly expected that they would be joined by the French. The Spaniards, proud in numbers, cruised about almost in view of our ships. To add to the danger of the situation, Admiral Mann, whose junction with Jervis "at one time seemed to be absolutely necessary to the safety" of the latter, never made his appearance, but had brought his squadron to England for no reason assigned. In the midst of so much that was, to say the least, not satisfactory, our noble sailors no more lost heart than they pro-

posed to run away at sight of the enemy. Difficulties but raised their courage and determination to maintain the supremacy which our English hearts of oak had achieved a thousand years previously, and preserved all that time. The glory which through centuries had braved the battle and the breeze was in no danger in the keeping of the heroes who guarded it, every man of whom was a tower of strength. So wedded were they to the glory which encircled them amid the perils they daily encountered, that promotion, necessitating removal to calmer scenes, was dreaded as an infliction. Collingwood, in one of his letters, says: "We hear a good deal of a promotion in the navy, but I confess I have no anxiety about being an admiral till the war is over. It would be impossible for me to get employed, and I should be very sorry to be idle at such a time as this." It was the advent of such men in England's hour of need that enabled her to face the world in arms, and to be a terror to her foes. In her next need may she be equally fortunate!

Again was Collingwood to distinguish himself among many, all of whom were worthy the confidence their country placed in them. On the memorable 14th of February—St. Valentine's Day—the battle of St. Vincent was fought, and, in the words of Collingwood, "seldom does it fall to the lot of any man to share in such a triumph." With Jervis, Nelson, and Collingwood united, what but triumph could have resulted? Even adverse fate, had she pleased to make the attempt, could scarcely have wrung victory from three such spirits of the sea. Besides them was that gallant fellow Troubridge, and there were Rear-Admiral Parker, and a host of others, to whom the honour of England was more precious than all

else. Collingwood by a fortunate chance became the admiral's leader, and was one of the first in action. The first ship he engaged was the "San Salvador del Mundo," of 112 guns. But I had better let him relate the events for himself:—"Her colours soon came down, and her fire ceased. I hailed, and asked if they surrendered; and when, by signs made by a man who stood by the colours, I understood that they had, I left her to be taken possession of by somebody behind, and made sail for the next, but was very much surprised on looking back to find her colours up again, and her battle recommenced. We very soon came up with the next, the 'San Isidro,' seventy-four, so close alongside that a man might jump from one ship to the other. Our fire carried all before it, and in ten minutes she hauled down her colours. But I had been deceived once, and obliged this fellow to hoist English colours before I left him, and made a signal behind for somebody to board him. Then making all sail, passing between our line and the enemy, we came up with the 'San Nicolas,' of eighty guns, which happened at the time to be abreast of the 'San Josef,' of 112 guns. We did not touch sides, but you could not have put a bodkin between us, so that our shot passed through both ships; and, in attempting to extricate themselves, they got on board each other. My good friend, the commodore—Nelson—had long been engaged with those ships, and I came happily to his relief, for he was dreadfully mauled. Having engaged them until their fire ceased on me, though their colours were not down, I went on to the 'Santissima Trinidada,' the Spanish Admiral Cordova's ship, of 132 guns, on four complete decks—such a ship as I never saw before. By this time

our masts, sails, and rigging were so much shot that we could not get so near her as I would have been, but near enough to receive much injury from her both in my men and ship. We were engaged an hour with this ship, and trimmed her well; she was a complete wreck." At the approach of evening, the English admiral, seeing fresh Spaniards advancing, made the signal to withdraw, carrying away the four ships that had surrendered.

In this action the enemy's ships numbered nearly twice as many as ours, and had they only twenty-eight guns more, they would have been double our force. I shall quote one more passage from the same letter, as it concerns Nelson:—"After I had driven the 'San Nicolas' on board the 'Josef,' and left them, on their fire ceasing, to be taken possession of by somebody behind, they fell on board my good friend the commodore; and, as they had not surrendered, he, in his own active person, at the head of the ship's company, boarded them, and drove the Spaniards from deck to deck. They at last both surrendered, and the commodore, on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, 'San Josef,' received the submission and the swords of the officers of the two ships; while one of his sailors huddled the swords together with as much composure as he would have made a faggot, though twenty-two sail of the line were still within gun-shot."

Where all acted nobly, the admiral could hardly distinguish one above the others; but Nelson, full of the important service rendered him by his friend, and too nobly generous to mulct any one of all the praise he merited, thus worded his account of Collingwood's conduct to the Duke of Cambridge:—

"The 'Salvador del Mundo' and 'San Isidro' dropped

astern, and were fixed into a masterly style by the 'Excellent,' who compelled the 'San Isidro' to hoist English colours, and I thought the large ship, 'Salvador del Mundo,' had also struck; but Captain Collingwood disdaining the parade of taking beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was to all appearance in a critical situation, the 'Captain,' his own ship, being actually fired on by three first-rates and the 'San Nicolas,' the seventy-four within about pistol-shot distance of the 'San Nicolas.' The 'Blenheim' being ahead, and the 'Culloden' crippled and astern, the 'Excellent' ranged up, and hauling up her mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the 'San Nicolas,' giving her a most awful and tremendous fire. The 'San Nicolas' luffing up, the 'San Josef' fell aboard of her, and the 'Excellent' passed on to the 'Santissima Trinidada.'"

But Nelson was not satisfied till he had written the following letter to his friend:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—A friend in need is a friend indeed, was never more truly verified than by your most noble and gallant conduct yesterday in sparing the 'Captain' from further loss; and I beg both as a public officer and friend you will accept my sincere thanks."

The following two letters also deserve a place here:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just time to request you will accept of my congratulations upon the immortal honour gained by the 'Excellent' yesterday. The admiral joins very sincerely in my ideas. God bless you, and may we all imitate you.—Yours very sincerely, J. W. DACRES.

"'*Euryalus*,' *February* 15*th*."

From the Hon. Admiral Waldegrave.

"MY DEAR COLLINGWOOD,—Although Dacres has in great degree expressed all I feel on the subject, yet I cannot resist the satisfaction of telling you myself, that nothing, in my opinion, could exceed the spirit and true officership which you so happily displayed yesterday. Both the admiral and Nelson join with me in this opinion, and nothing but ignorance can think otherwise. God bless you, my good friend, and may England long possess such men as yourself,—it is saying everything for her glory."

After the battle of St. Vincent, our enemies, though vastly superior in numbers, had no stomach for a fresh trial of strength with us. At Toulon they remained blocked up, not daring to come out, and at Cadiz, where they had thirty-two sail of great ships ready, allowed themselves to be blocked up by only nineteen sail of the line. It was stated that the Spanish seamen were offered double pay if they would go out to sea, but they declined on the plea that it would be a hopeless undertaking.

At the time, much uneasiness was entertained respecting the portion of our navy which was in England. A feeling of insubordination exhibited itself at Portsmouth likely to lead to the gravest consequences. In the opinion of many naval officers, Collingwood among the number, the advance of pay and other advantages then conceded to seamen had a dangerous tendency, because they were not received as acts of favour, but as rights extorted from Government; and instead of causing thankfulness,

our seamen, having felt their power, were contemplating what next might be demanded. When it is considered how situated we were with respect to the rest of Europe, that we were without a friend to aid, and with a powerful combination against us, any feeling of dissatisfaction in the army and navy must have caused serious apprehension; and, notwithstanding events at sea, the conviction was strong in most minds that speedy peace alone could save England from the dangers that threatened her. "The occurrences in Portsmouth," observed Collingwood, "make the necessity of peace very pressing." And on one occasion he said, "The times are convulsed and full of danger; peace alone can restore us to harmony. Heaven grant it!"

Heroic as were the deeds of our sailors, and immortalised themselves though they had, the navy was not popular with the class from which our sailors were drawn. The press-gang had become hateful to the country, and the cat-o'-nine-tails led to many a mutiny. The system was undoubtedly bad, but many of those appointed to give it effect were infinitely worse. Impressment had perhaps become expedient, and flogging was its necessary concomitant, for the majority of the impressed were the scum of our large ports and towns. The introduction into the service of such an element was a dangerous experiment, and the events at Portsmouth ought to have been anticipated. But it was one of the peculiar features of the time that, while we were admirably served by our army and navy abroad, the Government at home was deplorably deficient in many requisites. Tardy in acknowledging merit, even of the highest order, slow to avail itself of advantages that offered, jealous of the men who

were winning for themselves and for their country deathless renown, in the face of obstacles which—if they presented themselves in less heroic times—would be appalling; niggard in rendering aid to those whose all was at stake while serving their country; regardless of the claims of many who were thereby driven to brood over their wrongs; blind to the interests of their country, which were eventually secured by the very men who had least to thank the ministry for, and guided by little beyond the desire for place and power,—we may well, now that many of these things are buried in the past, wonder how we came out of the ordeal as we did. I do not venture, in what I have recorded, to contend that all the men in power belonged to the type I have described. A few—very few—on both sides of the House, stood prominently forward as giant gods, spotless as noble innocence, but they were the exceptions. They could no more, great and pure of soul as they were, stem the tide of corruption that existed, than they could—with the aid that was available—prevent the seasons from rolling on their course.

Collingwood, than whom no man was more just in every relation of life, or more loyal in friendship, did not quite approve of the appointment of Nelson in the Mediterranean in 1798, in supercession to the senior admiral of the fleet, against whose qualifications nothing could be urged. He pointed out that "Sir William Parker, who is a very excellent officer, and as gallant a man as there is in the navy, and Sir John Orde, who, on all occasions of service, has acquitted himself with great honour, are both feeling much hurt at a junior of the same fleet having so marked a preference given him. The fleet is,

in consequence, in a most unpleasant state; and all that intercourse of friendship, which was the only thing like comfort which was left us, is forbidden."

Immediately after the victory of the Nile, which placed Nelson above all rivalry, Collingwood addressed him a letter as follows:—"I cannot, my dear friend, express how great my joy is for the complete and glorious victory you have obtained over the French—the most decisive, and, in its consequences, perhaps the most important, to Europe that was ever won; and my heart overflows to the Divine Providence for its protection of you through the great dangers which are ever attendant on services of such eminence." Both these noble natures derived no pleasure greater than that which this information brought them of each other's brilliant achievements, and the smallest particle of alloy never sullied the congratulations which each gave to the other, and yet Collingwood could not but feel that he had a right to share with his friend the glories of such a triumph. On this subject, he thus expressed himself in a letter to Captain Ball:—"Oh, my dear Ball, how I have lamented that I was not one of you! Many a victory has been won, and I hope many are yet to come, but there has been, nor will perhaps be again, one in which the fruits have been so completely gathered, the blow so nobly followed up, and the consequences so fairly brought to account. I have been almost broken-hearted all the summer. My ship was in as perfect order for any service as those which were sent; in zeal I will yield to none; and my friendship, my love for your admirable admiral gave me a particular interest in serving with him. I saw them preparing to leave us, and to leave me, with pain; but our good chief found employ-

ment for me, and to occupy my mind sent me to cruise off St. Luccars, to intercept—the market boats, the poor cabbage carriers. Oh! humiliation! But for the consciousness that I did not deserve degradation from any hand, and my good estimation would not be depreciated in the minds of honourable men by the caprice of power, I should have died of indignation." Who would not feel similarly under similar circumstances? The hero of St. Vincent a detective of *cabbage carriers!!* Well might the whole navy have exclaimed, "The service is going to the devil."

For a short time after this Collingwood was permitted to enjoy that rest with his wife and daughters which his heart yearned for. He earnestly hoped he would not be hurried to sea for some time, for his spirit sadly needed respite from the many anxieties he had been troubled with, not the least of which was the anxiety caused by the little appreciation then shown by men in power of the qualities which only wanted suitable opportunity for raising their possessor to the position he deserved. Few things can be more painful than the feeling of unmerited neglect; and many a "mute inglorious Milton" pines among and passes away from us, who with common justice would win that which is the soul's ardent and natural desire; for the longing for fame is as natural and necessary to the active principle of the soul as food is to the appetite of the flesh.

Collingwood's hope of a lengthy stay at home was dashed to the ground. A few weeks were all the indulgence that could be granted him. The political horizon foreshadowed events big with great destinies, and our hero, never deaf to the sacred call of duty, tore himself

from his family to once more mix with active minds, and join in the deadly strife between contending nations. Collingwood was not one to be enamoured of "the waveless calm, the slumber of the dead," and painful as the parting must have been to a nature as affectionate as his was, he could scarcely have failed to welcome the call to duty which promised to lead him onward to the goal of his ambition. He was raised to the rank of rear-admiral, and hoisting his flag on the "Triumph," proceeded to the Channel fleet. From that station he was despatched, under Sir Charles Cotton, who carried a reinforcement of twelve sail of the line to Lord Keith, and joined him in June in the Mediterranean, where the Brest fleet and the principal part of the naval force of France and Spain were then collected.

Whoever else may have been wanting in foresight, Admiral Collingwood was not. On the 11th of July 1799, he thought the French and Spanish likely to escape such vigilance as we used and proceed to Brest. His prediction was verified on the 21st of the same month. The whole combined fleet, amounting to forty ships of the line, sailed to Brest, and not till the 30t did Lord Keith go after them. On his arrival at th port on the 14th of August, he discovered that the enemy had entered it on the preceding day. Who was to blame for the disappointment does not plainly appear. Somebody was to blame; for Collingwood distinctly declared, that "in all reasonable expectation the fleet ought not to have escaped us." Its escape caused great lamentation in the English fleet, and well it might. The prize was not fairly lost, and the disappointment at its loss was more annoying than a defeat would have been.

In 1801, our admiral enjoyed the society of his wife and daughter for a few hours. In April of that year, the Danish fleet having been completely destroyed by ours, peace was proclaimed, and early in 1802 he was once more permitted to return home, where he continued till the conclusion of the peace of Amiens. But fate, as if jealous of the ties that were drawing their cords closer round him, ordained that hostilities with France should be renewed, and in the spring of 1803 our hero left his home, never again to return. In the early part of May he was sent in the "Venerable" to the squadron off Brest, under Admiral Cornwallis, who, on seeing him, exclaimed, "Here comes Collingwood—the last to leave, and the first to rejoin me." From this time to August 1805, he was engaged cruising about, now under one admiral, now under another—now making a dash at the Spaniards, and now at the French. On the 20th August he very nearly got a squeeze which would have crushed the life out of him. While cruising off Cadiz in the "Dreadnought," in company with two other smaller vessels, down came the enemy with *thirty-six* sail of men-of-war, and our three vessels were obliged to cut and run, chased by *sixteen* of the enemy's larger ships to near the Straits. Pursuit ceased there, and the enemy returned to Cadiz, now in their turn followed by Collingwood, who, when the enemy's ships had got into harbour, resumed the blockade with his three vessels. The daring and tact which he brought to bear on the occasion excited much admiration at the time. According to one account, "in order to conceal the inferiority of his force, he stationed one of his ships in the offing, which from time to time made signals as if to a fleet in the distance."

lson on several occasions expressed his admiration of llingwood's conduct in connection with this affair.

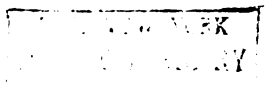
Napoleon was about this time most active in endeavours disguise his real intentions from us, whom he hated and ired more than the rest of Europe combined. At one ne he appeared to threaten the West Indies, at another e East Indies, then Ireland, and then England itself. eat quantities of stores had been collected at Brest. lse news were inserted in the journals of his intentions ainst one or another of our possessions, and it required rd Nelson's utmost vigilance to detect the truth. ery reader of history will remember the success which ry nearly crowned one of Napoleon's many manœuvres. ticed by false reports of his intention eastward, Nelson rted for Egypt, and on his way there learned that the emy was escaping through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Events were hurrying on which were to end in such a umph for England at sea as the world has never before afterwards witnessed, and in sorrow such as had never eviously struck the heart of a nation. Preparations were tively made on both sides for a struggle that was inevitle. At the request of Nelson, Collingwood changed the Dreadnought" for the "Royal Sovereign."

On the 21st October commenced and ended the battle Trafalgar, which has caused England so much to be oud of and so much to mourn for. On the 19th of that onth it was communicated to Nelson that the combined et had put to sea, and, on Monday the 21st, it was scovered a few leagues from Cape Trafalgar. Nelson mediately ordered the English fleet, consisting of twenty-ven ships, three of them sixty-fours, to bear up in two olumns, as they are formed in the order of sailing. The

enemy's line consisted of thirty-three ships, of which eighteen were French and fifteen Spanish, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve, the second in command being Gravina. Lord Nelson signalled Collingwood to attack the enemy's line at the twelfth ship from the rear, but Collingwood observing her to be a two-decker, and that the second astern of her was a first-rate, proceeded to attack the last, which carried the flag of Admiral Alava. His ship, the "Royal Sovereign," was about a mile ahead of the nearest English ship, and advanced to the enemy so gallantly that Nelson, watching him from the "Victory," exclaimed, "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him." And Collingwood, divining Nelson's thoughts, was heard to say, "What would Nelson give to be here!" The first that opposed the progress of the "Royal Sovereign" was the "Fongueux," but, changing her mind, backed her main-topsail and allowed the "Royal Sovereign" to pass. Coming up to the "Santa Anna," the "Sovereign" gave her a broadside and a half into her stern, tearing it down and killing and wounding four hundred of her men; and then, with her helm hard a-starboard, ranged alongside so closely that the lower yards of the two vessels were locked together. The Spanish admiral, perceiving it was the intention of the "Royal Sovereign" to engage to leeward, had collected all his strength on the starboard, and poured in so heavy a broadside into her opponent as to cause her to heel two streaks out of the water. In a few minutes her studding-sails and halliards had been shot away. As an instance of coolness in the midst of danger, the following is worth recording: "While the battle was at its fiercest, while shot and shell were flying about, and dealing death





and destruction, Collingwood observing a top-gallant studding-sail hanging over the gangway hammocks, called Lieutenant Clavell to come and help him to take it in; and these two, as if in a bower of peace, calmly and deliberately rolled it carefully up and placed it in the boat.

The "Fongueux" at one time got so much on the quarter of the "Sovereign" that she almost touched; but she paid dearly for her temerity. The English quarter-deck carronades were brought to bear upon her, and she was punished so severely that she prudently dropped astern, where she encountered the "Tonnant," which took her. She behaved very well. When astern of the "Sovereign" she kept up a destructive raking fire at that vessel, and was only prevented from doing her considerable injury by the arrival of the "Tonnant." The battle now became general. Before the English ships arrived to assist the "Sovereign," that vessel was so enveloped in smoke that painful doubts sprung up as to her fate. A cheerful cry escaped the anxious gazers, when, on the slackening of the "Santa Anna's" fire, they discerned the flag of the "Sovereign" defiantly flying above the smoke. For half an hour she bore the fury of the battle alone; and so gallantly did she bear herself, and so much attention did she engross, that many who watched her felt, till recalled to a sense of their situation, that they had nothing to do but to look on and admire.

The "Santa Anna" struck at half-past two o'clock, about the time when Collingwood was told of Nelson's wound; but the "Royal Sovereign" had been so much injured by the ships that lay on her bow and quarter, that she was unable to alter her position. The "Euryalus"

was, therefore, called to take her in tow, and make the necessary signals. Captain Blackwood was directed to convey the Spanish admiral on board the "Euryalus," but he was stated to be at the point of death. The Spanish captain, however, delivered his sword, and on being told that the captor of the "Santa Anna" was called the "Royal Sovereign," replied, "She ought to be called the 'Royal Devil.'"

The day was won, prizes and honours rewarded the victors, but Nelson of the Nile was no more.

Twenty sail of the line surrendered to the English fleet, of which three afterwards escaped. Fourteen were burnt, sank, or ran ashore, and three were sent to Gibraltar. Four admirals were taken prisoners and a number of commanders. The loss on the enemy's side was calculated by thousands, for in the captured ships twenty thousand prisoners, including the troops, were taken.

Honours and rewards awaited our hero. He was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Collingwood, of Caldburne and Hethpoole, in the county of Northumberland, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He was granted a pension of £2000 per annum for his own life, and, in the event of his death, £1000 per annum to Lady Collingwood, and £500 per annum to each of his daughters. Colonel Taylor, the private secretary to the king, wrote to Mr. Marsden: "His majesty has commanded me to express, in the strongest terms, his feelings of approbation of every part of the conduct of his gallant fleet, whose glorious and meritorious exertions are made yet more conspicuous, if possible, by the details of the opposition and difficulties which it had to encounter, both during and subsequent to

the glorious action, and by the intrepidity and skill which were overcome.

"Every tribute of praise appears to his majesty due to Lord Nelson, whose loss he can never sufficiently regret; but his majesty considers it very fortunate that the command, under circumstances so critical, should have devolved upon an officer of such consummate valour, judgment, and skill, as Admiral Collingwood has proved himself to be, every part of whose conduct he considers deserving his entire approbation and admiration. The feeling manner in which he has described the events of that great day and those subsequent, and the modesty with which he speaks of himself, whilst he does justice, in terms so elegant and so simple, to the meritorious exertions of the gallant officers and men under his command, have also proved extremely satisfactory to the king."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence addressed Admiral Collingwood the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—As a brother admiral and as a sincere well-wisher to my king and country, permit me to congratulate you on the most important victory gained, on the 21st October, by your gallant self and the brave officers, seamen, and royal marines, under your command, and formerly under my lamented and invaluable friend Lord Nelson. The country laments the hero, and you and I feel the loss of our departed friend. Five-and-twenty years have I lived on the most intimate terms with Nelson, and must ever, both publicly and privately, regret his loss.

"Earl St. Vincent and Lord Nelson both, in the hour of victory, accepted from me a sword, and I hope you will

now confer on me the same pleasure. I have accordingly sent a sword, with which I trust you will accept my sincere wishes for your future welfare. I must request you will let me have the details of the death of our departed friend; and I ever remain, dear sir, yours unalterably, WILLIAM."

Of the combined fleet that made such goodly parade at Trafalgar, only nine existed, and but one of them would ever again be fit to go to sea. Success could not be more complete. That which was called the Rochefort squadron kept out of Collingwood's way, too dispirited to brave encounter with him. Buonaparte's last hope of invading England, or of seizing our colonies, had gone to the bottomless sea. His star, so bright elsewhere, paled before the glory of England.

But Collingwood's work was not yet finished. Much was to be done that could be done only by him. Though longing to gratify the claims of his domestic hearth, his country—in his estimation the greater mistress of the two—needed all his energies and skill, and to the latter he gave himself body and soul. When some future historian calmly and dispassionately reviews his life, and places his services in juxtaposition with those of others, Collingwood will have full justice done him, not till then. His singleness of purpose, his unflagging zeal, his pure loyalty will then be appreciated as they deserve to be. During fifty years of active service, he never asked a favour for himself but one, and that one was refused. When created a peer, he asked that, not having a son, the honour conferred on him be continued in the heirs of his daughters. The simple request was not complied

with. So much for a country's gratitude. If ever hero was without reproach, Collingwood was. Of which other of our sea-warriors can it be said that, "of fifty years, during which he continued in the navy, about forty-four were passed in active employment abroad; and in the eventful times from 1793 till his death in 1810, he was only for one year in England, and for the remainder was principally engaged in tedious blockades, rarely visiting a port; and, on one occasion, actually kept the sea for the almost incredible space of *twenty-two* months." Congratulations and praises flowed in from all sides, and were no doubt very flattering to his feelings, rewards and honours gratifying to his ambition; but what were they to the home affections which eluded his grasp, and for the absence of which praises and rewards were utterly inadequate compensation.

From the time of his appointment to the chief command, after the battle of Trafalgar, Collingwood's greatest troubles began. He was overwhelmed with letters from all quarters, and obliged to labour at his desk from dawn till midnight. His hearing began to fail him; for days together he never left his cabin; of the people about his own ship he knew nothing; of the more than twenty midshipmen on board he did not know the names of three; he felt his legs giving way under him, owing to close confinement; infirmities of other descriptions were fast overtaking him; but there was to be no respite from labour. Although neither French nor Spaniards were to be met with on the sea, the harassing duties that devolved upon him were more trying than a dozen desperate struggles with the foe would have been. He would have welcomed the latter while he detested the former. He

was unfortunate in that no opportunity offered, after Trafalgar, for the display of his brilliant genius; and the circumstance of his having been second in command on that occasion, rendered less conspicuous than they deserved to be the gallantry and skill he exhibited from the commencement of the struggle—when alone he dashed in among the enemy, and for nearly an hour stood his ground against overwhelming odds, all through the struggle after Nelson's fall, which occurred long before the battle ceased. It was even more detrimental to his fame that, after Trafalgar, he was completely kept out of sight. He was a stranger in his own land. The people of England knew nothing personally of the hero to whose unceasing vigilance they owed the security they enjoyed. It is true the freedoms of cities and towns were conferred with a liberality which did honour to both the givers and the receivers; but absence is a ruthless foe to affection, and nothing was known of the important services he continued to render, because they were not of a nature to be proclaimed by the sound of trumpets or the boom of cannon. He repeatedly complained that he had overworked himself, laboured past his strength, that he was no longer fit for the service; so entirely was he occupied with important political transactions, that the fleet under his command received scarcely any portion of his attention; he honestly acknowledged that his ship was the only one in which no attention was paid to the youths in it. Letter after letter contained the same tale, overwork, fast failing health, increasing debility. Still no respite.

In 1808, a new trouble presented itself. The Queen of Sicily sent her son, Prince Leopold, to Gibraltar, to propose himself to be Regent of Spain. Turkey, Egypt,

Greece, Austria, all sought counsel and aid from Collingwood. In foreign countries he was better known and appreciated than at home. In August of 1808, happening to go on shore at Cadiz, he was received with great acclamation. The volunteers, who are gentlemen of the city, turned out to welcome him, and all the officers of the district assembled to do him honour. The cavalry cleared the streets for him to pass through, and about 40,000 people greeted him with loud vivas. Never in Cadiz has reception been so unanimous or enthusiastic.

One more success was to crown Collingwood's labours. He had been watching the French, who were impatient to supply Barcelona with provisions; but in consequence of his vigilance off Toulon, they did not dare to make the attempt. Hoping to deceive them, he retired to Minorca, sent several of his ships into the harbour, where they were kept just long enough to seem settled, and for the intelligence to go to Toulon that they were there, when he called them out, and proceeded to Cape Sebastian, at which place he expected to receive correct intelligence of the enemy's movements. On Sunday, the 22d October 1809, one of his ships brought him the news that the enemy was approaching. The next morning they made their appearance; but to the disappointment of the English, consisted of one rear-admiral, with three sail of the line, two frigates, and a convoy of about twenty vessels. No sooner was the English fleet discovered than the French made off; but Admiral Martin, acting under Collingwood, kept up a close pursuit, and fell in with them near their own shore, in the Gulf of Lyons, where he chased them on shore on the 25th. On the 26th, the French admiral set fire to his own ship, the "Robuste" of eighty, and the

"Lion," of seventy-four guns. The "Borée," of seventy-four guns, and one of the frigates, ran on shore at Citta—anywhere was preferable to the vicinity of the English devils. It blew a gale, and the English fleet were in a dangerous situation; nevertheless, the "Pomona" burned five vessels of the convoy, and one was since taken. On land the operations were equally successful. As our army could do nothing at Naples, Collingwood requested that a detachment might join the squadron, which he had sent to reduce the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, and others, and to restore the Ionian republic. The expedition was undertaken with such secrecy, that the people engaged in it did not know where they were going. With scarcely any loss of blood or life, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo, were wrested from the French; and the republican government was established under the protection of England, amidst the frantic delight of the inhabitants. This expedition was undertaken by Collingwood without instructions, on his own responsibility, and in opposition to the wishes of the general commanding at Sicily, who doubted if he could spare troops for it. Collingwood, however, insisted, and received the thanks of the king and ministry for the important step he had taken, and the bloodless success he achieved both on land and sea.

But now anxieties and over-exertion were making severe inroads on his constitution. In November 1809, he wrote: "I have been ill and confined ever since I came into port, my weakness unfits me for the arduous situation which I hold." On the 22d February 1810, he wrote to Lord Mulgrave: "It has given me much concern that I have been under the necessity of writing to the secretary of the Admiralty, stating the ill con-

dition of my health, and requesting their lordships' permission to return to England; and this, I can assure your lordship, I have not done until I am past service, being at present totally incapable of applying to the duties of my office. . . . I am now almost past walking across my cabin."

On the 25th February 1810, his condition was so unsatisfactory that he was obliged to leave the squadron. His last letter, dictated on the 2d March, was addressed to "THE GOVERNOR, CLERY, JUROATS, and inhabitants of MAHON," and, on the 3d, he surrendered his command to Rear-Admiral Martin, and sailed for home. But home the heroic spirit and exhausted form was never again to behold. When at sea he slightly rallied, and said to those with him, "I may yet live to meet the French once more." Not for long did he entertain the hope. On the morning of the 7th, there was a considerable swell, and Captain Thomas, entering his cabin, observed that he feared the motion of the vessel disturbed him. "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and to all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." He mentioned to one that he had endeavoured to review, as far as possible, all the actions of his past life, and that he had the happiness to say nothing gave him a moment's uneasiness. Weaker grew the frame, heavier the breathing. His attendants watched with agonised hearts the gradual ebb of life which nothing could save. After taking one last affectionate farewell of his attendants, at six in the evening our hero humbly and calmly re-

signed his soul to Him who gave it, and passed away to his rest. Well done, good and faithful servant!

His body was conveyed to England, and deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral by the side of Lord Nelson. A monument was erected to him in St. Paul's by a vote in Parliament, and a cenotaph in his native town of Newcastle.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

ABOUT the time when the Seven Years' War was brought to a conclusion, and five years before the birth of Napoleon Buonaparte, William Sidney Smith first saw the light. He was born on the 21st of June 1764, and originally destined for the profession of his father, who was a captain in the army. Providence, however, ordered that it should be otherwise, and in June 1777, at the age of thirteen, he entered the navy, and was placed on board the "Tortoise."

Three years passed over, and, at sixteen, Sidney Smith became a lieutenant on board the "Alcida." While in that capacity, he took part in a great sea-fight with the French, having the good fortune to be engaged in the memorable action which resulted in Rodney's glorious victory of the 12th of April 1782. The battle began about seven in the morning, between the islands of Guadaloupe and Dominique. About noon the English admiral bore down on the enemy's line, and succeeded in breaking it. The French fleet, under the Count de Grasse, was thus thrown into confusion, and by sunset the English had obtained a complete victory. In the same year that he was engaged in this celebrated action

Sidney Smith became a commander. In 1783 he obtained the rank of post-captain, and was appointed to the "Nemesis."

A change at this period occurred in the affairs of Europe; and at the peace of 1783, Sidney Smith found his occupation well-nigh gone. Idleness did not suit his active mind and enterprising spirit; and wearying of the monotony of peaceful life, he requested the king's permission to enter the Swedish service. The royal permission was granted; and he displayed so much skill in an attack on the remains of a Russian flotilla, that the King of Sweden presented him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword. On the termination of hostilities between Sweden and Russia, he still further indulged his love of adventure by entering the service of Turkey, and thus obtained that acute knowledge of the Ottoman character which he afterwards turned to such account in his ever-memorable defence of Acre.

While Sidney Smith was in the East, there broke out that war between England and France which was destined to last, with few intermissions, for nearly a quarter of a century, and which was finally terminated on the field of Waterloo. Eager to take some part in the great conflict, he purchased, at Smyrna, one of the small-rigged craft of the Archipelago, and gathering together a motley crew of English and foreign sailors, hastened to join the British fleet at Toulon, where Lord Hood was then engaged. On arriving at Toulon, he made a characteristic offer. He proposed to burn the French dockyard and arsenals; and meeting with encouragement, he performed the hazardous exploit with such brilliant success that, on returning to England, he was, in recognition of his services, appointed

to command the "Diamond," which was attached to the squadron of Admiral Warren.

Soon after being appointed to the "Diamond," the gallant bravery of Sidney Smith led him to undertake a duty of the utmost peril. This was to reconnoitre the Brest fleet, which was putting to sea under Villaret. The course he took was most daring; but he conducted the operation so skilfully, that he got close to the hostile squadron and passed in the "Diamond" within hail of one of the French seventy-four gun ships.

The naval exploits of Sidney Smith were of so dashing a description, and his energy so eccentric, that he was becoming terrible to the French, when fortune threw him into their power. Being stationed off Havre de Grace, in April 1796, he happened to capture, with his boats, a huge French privateer. This vessel was unfortunately floated by the tide into the mouth of the Seine; and the English seamen endeavoured, with their boats, to haul their bulky prize out of this inconvenient position. They were intent on this operation when suddenly attacked by a party of French; and Sidney Smith, with eighteen of his men, were taken prisoners. They looked towards the ship, but unluckily it was a dead calm, and the "Diamond" was unable to render the slightest assistance. This was mortifying enough; but resistance was out of the question; and they were carried off by their captors.

When taken to Paris, Sidney Smith was lodged in the Temple, and treated by the French Government as a spy. Within that gloomy fortress, whose memory is associated in the minds of men with the sufferings of the royal race of Bourbon, the brave English sailor languished for two

long years. His position was certainly most unpleasant, for he was regarded with hatred as a foe of France, and in the hands of men whom even their flatterers would hardly describe as having been excessively scrupulous. At one period it was intended to try and execute him; but, fortunately, this purpose was not carried into effect. Escape appeared almost hopeless. With the aid of the wife of an emigrant, who was a fellow-prisoner, an attempt was indeed made, but it failed, and his plight was worse than before. One gleam of hope did find its way into his prison. Buonaparte returned from Italy with laurels on his brow; and Smith, thinking perhaps that a warrior in such circumstances could hardly be insensible to the sufferings of others, addressed a letter from his prison, requesting the young general to intercede for him. He had mistaken his man. Buonaparte was too selfish to care an iota for the sorrows of any one but himself. In other days he excused himself by saying—"Under the circumstances in which he was taken, I could do nothing for him." But, however that may have been, time passed on, and the hour of deliverance arrived.

There was in Paris a royalist officer of engineers—a gentleman of high spirit and courage—Monsieur Phelippeaux; and with the assistance of two friends, on whom he could securely rely, he resolved to restore Smith to freedom, and to share his flight. About this perilous business, Phelippeaux set like a man who was not afraid of his own shadow. His courage, indeed, seemed marvellous. It was necessary to have an order of the minister of the day, directing the gaoler of the Temple to deliver Le Chevalier Sidney Smith, on the pretence that he was to be removed to another prison, and to have the official

seal affixed to it. Such an order was forged, and the seal of the minister was procured by a bribe judiciously administered.

No time was now lost. Armed with the document we have described, the friends of Monsieur de Phelippeaux presented themselves at the Temple. There was nothing in their appearance to exite suspicion. On the contrary, they had taken suitable precautions. One of them was dressed as an adjutant-general, the other as a subaltern officer. They produced their order for the delivery of the prisoner; and the gaoler, taking it into his hand, read it carefully, examined the seal attentively, and then withdrew into an adjoining room to compare it with others in his possession from the same minister. In a few minutes he returned; and the comparison appeared to have perfectly satisfied him. He ordered the prisoner to be called; and Sidney Smith appeared muttering some words expressive of annoyance at the removal. Upon hearing these the adjutant-general assured him, with the utmost gravity, that the French Government had no desire whatever to aggravate the hardships of his situation, and that he should be well treated in the place to which he was to be conducted. This little scene over, the gaoler observed that "six soldiers of the guard would be required as an escort;" and without the slightest appearance of being disconcerted, the pretended adjutant-general gave the requisite orders. Having done so, however, he feigned to reflect for a moment; and, turning to Sidney Smith, said—"Commodore, you are a soldier; I also am a soldier. Your word of honour will satisfy me; if you will pledge me that, I shall be in no need of a

This question having been satisfactorily settled, and the forms necessary on such occasions having been gone through, Sidney Smith was allowed to leave the Temple with his deliverers. After walking a short distance, they hired a *fiacre;* and, on the way, got into a new danger. The coachman had not proceeded far when he drove over a cripple, and the vehicle was instantly surrounded with a crowd. Under the very awkward circumstances, there was nothing for it but to "cut and run;" so, while the coachman was undergoing the abuse of a Parisian crowd, they hastily left the spot, and soon afterwards separated. Sidney Smith then hastened to a place where it had been arranged that he was to meet Phelippeaux; and, having found that gentleman, they made their way together, by means of false passports, to Rouen. After remaining for a time in disguise at Rouen, they were conveyed in an open boat to the Channel, and there picked up by the "Argo" frigate, which landed them in safety at Portsmouth.

The well-known saying, that truth is stranger than fiction, has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than by this remarkable escape. Hardly any novelist would have ventured to represent a prisoner escaping from the Temple in the way Sidney Smith did. It has been thought, however, and not without reason, that in reality the escape was connived at by the French authorities. Their police, it is said, were far too vigilant, far too avaricious, to allow so valuable a victim to elude their grasp, without a sufficient consideration. A bribe of three thousand pounds, given by the English Government to a member of the Directory, is described as having unlocked the gates of the Temple, and removed every obstruction

on the way to the coast. But be that as it may, the fate of the East was bound up with the two men who put off from Rouen in an open boat. On another day, Sidney Smith and Monsieur de Phelippeaux were to exercise enduring influence on the fortunes of Napoleon, and on the destinies of France.

Meanwhile, the escape of Sidney Smith was ranked among the most romantic incidents of the war; and, soon after arriving in London, he was appointed to the "Tiger," and sailed for the Mediterranean, to undertake a distinct command, as English commodore on the coast of Egypt. On the 3d of March 1799, he assumed the direction of the blockade of Alexandria, and on the 15th of that month he proceeded to St. Jean d'Acre, in connection with the defence of which the name of Sidney Smith will ever hold a high place as one of the heroes of England.

In the month of February 1799, Buonaparte, who had been carrying everything before him, quitted Cairo with the intention of dispersing the Turkish forces that were collecting on the Syrian frontier. He then aspired to conquer all Syria, intending from thence to penetrate into India and strike the English in one of the sources of their power. His army traversed sixty leagues of burning desert to march upon Gaza, and Gaza opened its gates. Jaffa was then taken by storm, and everything yielded to the genius of the great Corsican, till, on the 16th of March, he came under the old crumbling walls of St. Jean d'Acre—the scene of many a struggle between the Christian and Saracenic hosts at the time of the Crusades.

Napoleon was deeply impressed with the importance of the place as "the key to the East." Years after,

when a prisoner at St. Helena, he spoke frankly on the subject, and indicated the scheme with which his busy brain had been occupied. The fate of the East, he said, lay within the walls of Acre. Once possessed of the place, he intended to march his army to Damascus and the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Armenians would, he hoped, join him. The provinces of the Ottoman empire that spoke Arabic were, he believed, ready for a change, and only waiting for a man. "With a hundred thousand troops on the banks of the Euphrates," said Napoleon, "I might have gone to Constantinople or to India. I might have changed the face of the world. I should have founded an empire in the East, and the destinies of France would have run in a different course." Such visions of Oriental empire were not to be realised, for the defence of St. Jean d'Acre was directed by three very resolute men—by the Pasha Djezza, by Colonel Phelippeaux, and our brave and chivalrous hero, Sidney Smith.

On the day after his arrival at Acre the gallant commodore commenced operations by capturing a French flotilla, the guns of which he employed in defence of the fortress. He moreover brought two ships of the line close in shore to maul the besiegers, landed some of his sailors and marines, and was the life and soul of the defence. The French were, of course, determined to take Acre, and, keeping up a heavy fire, were successful in effecting a breach. They then made various attempts to mount, but they had not the good fortune to accomplish their purpose. Still persevering, they contrived, early in the month of May, to erect batteries within two yards of the Turkish ravelins, and made strenuous efforts to carry





the town by storm, but in each endeavour they signally failed.

Weeks were thus wearing away; and on the fifty-first day of the siege, the fleet of Hassan Bey, bringing reinforcements to the besieged, began to heave in sight. To gain possession of Acre before the Turks could land, was now the great object of the French. Animated with this hope, they redoubled their efforts, and effected a lodgment in the upper story of the north-east tower. But Sidney Smith, to assassinate whom two attempts were made during the siege, was not to be daunted by this untoward circumstance. His courage rose with the occasion; and, next day, the troops of Hassan Bey having been got ashore, the brave commodore led them to the breach, and engaged the French in a desperate conflict. The struggle was long and severe; but at length he carried his point, and the French were repulsed.

Notwithstanding these repeated failures, the French did not yet give up the game. A new assault was tried, and a new breach effected. Through this a body of French troops made their way, and descended the rampart without molestation. At this point, however, a warm reception awaited them. On entering the Pasha's garden, the Turks attacked them with fury, and compelled them to retreat after suffering severe loss.

To the besiegers the matter now assumed a hopeless aspect, and on the 20th of May, Napoleon raised the siege. Next day he commenced his retreat to Cairo. To him the retrospect must have been most unsatisfactory. He had made fifteen furious assaults on the place; he had lost three thousand men, and spent sixty days; and all

to no purpose. About Sidney Smith he freely expressed his opinions in a letter to Marmont. "Smith," he writes, "is a young fool, who wants to make his fortune, and is continually thrusting himself forward; he should be dealt with as the captain of a fire-ship. He is, besides, capable of any folly, and one to whom no able or reasonable project can be attributed."

Two attempts, we have mentioned, were during the siege made upon Sidney Smith's life; a more cruel attempt was made upon his honour. A charge was brought against him to the effect, that he had put some French prisoners into a vessel infected with the plague. The accusation was a mere emanation of malice, and has since been clearly refuted. But at the time the paper in which it was published was attributed to Buonaparte; and the blood of the English commodore boiled at the idea of such an attack from such a quarter. On this occasion he acted with more valour than discretion. By way of vindicating his honour, he sent Buonaparte a challenge; but it appears that the Corsican soldier did not consider the brave Englishman "a foeman worthy of his steel." He laughed at the message as something altogether too absurd, and remarked, "I have no objection to fight a duel, if they will bring a Marlborough to meet me."

After his exploits at Acre, Sidney Smith made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and such was the favour with which he was then regarded by the Turks, that he was allowed to visit the Holy City armed; a privilege which they were in general so particular in keeping to themselves. Meanwhile, when the siege of Acre was raised, he was presented by the Grand Seignior with a splendid sable

and aigrette, in acknowledgment of his heroic services; and on the news reaching England, he was honoured with the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

A year or two passed over, and in 1801 Sidney Smith, at the head of a body of seamen, co-operated with the army sent to Egypt, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby. His courage and activity again made him conspicuous; and he was described by Sir Ralph as 'indefatigable in his exertions to forward the service on which he was employed." In the battle which proved fatal to Abercromby, Sir Sidney was wounded; and, having incurred the jealousy of some of the Turks, he was under the necessity of returning to England. At home he was received with honour. He was presented by the Corporation of London with the freedom of the city and with a valuable sword, in token of their gratitude for his services to the nation. Soon after this he figured in a new capacity. The defender of St. Jean d'Acre was returned to the House of Commons as member for Colchester.

A peaceful life could not have been very much to the taste of one who had naturally so ardent a passion for enterprise; and, doubtless, it was with feelings of joy that, in 1803, Sidney Smith obtained the command of a small squadron. With this he made an attempt to prevent the sailing of a French flotilla from Flushing to Ostend; but, on account of the shallowness of the water, he was baffled in his object.

In 1805, Sidney Smith became rear-admiral of the Blue; and next year he proceeded to the Mediterranean. Soon after his arrival on that station, Lord Collingwood despatched him with a squadron against Naples. He

found the city illuminated in honour of Joseph Buonaparte's having been proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies. "It would have been easy to have interrupted this ceremony and show of festivity," he writes, "but I considered that the unfortunate inhabitants had evil enough on them, and that the restoration of the capital to its lawful sovereign and fugitive inhabitants would be no gratification if it should be found a heap of ruins, ashes, and bones." Acting in accordance with these sentiments, the gallant admiral refrained from firing a single gun; and, having thrown supplies into Gaeta, which still held out against the French, he proceeded to Capri. Having there landed a party of his seamen and marines, he speedily compelled the French garrison to capitulate.

A short time after this cruise, our hero took a prominent part in one of the most melancholy scenes of that troublous period. Everything had by this time bent before the genius of Napoleon; and the kings and republics of continental Europe were at his feet. There remained only one state that acknowledged the direct influence of England. That state was Portugal; and Napoleon, who then arrogated to himself the right of disposing of everybody and everything, generously made a present of the kingdom to Spain. On the 13th of December 1807, the "Moniteur" announced that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign;" and Junot, at the head of twenty-eight thousand French troops, was charged with the execution of this sentence.

The inhabitants of Lisbon were naturally in dismay at the prospect of a French army taking possession of their capital; and the members of the royal family were perplexed in the extreme. Something, it was felt, however,

must be done, and that quickly. An English fleet lay in the Tagus, under the command of Sidney Smith; and the hero of Acre, to whom "danger's self was lure alone," gallantly offered to bring his ships abreast of the quay, and dispute every inch of ground with the invaders. The house of Braganza, unfortunately, was in no position to make any effectual resistance to Napoleon's legions; and the Prince Regent, after much hesitation, came to the resolution of embarking for his dominions in the New World. The various members of the royal family, including the poor old insane queen, were consequently brought down to the quay. The English admiral received them on board, and they set sail amid the tears of the multitude that thronged the quays to bid them farewell. Sidney Smith conveyed the royal fugitives in safety to Brazil, where they found that peace and security that had been denied them in their ancestral kingdom.

In the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson and Collingwood had so utterly destroyed the naval power of France, that England's sovereignty of the seas was no longer disputed. There was therefore little scope for action on that element on which the exploits of our countrymen had before been so brilliant. The hero of Acre, however, found work to do. In 1809 he commanded a squadron on the South American station, a detachment of which expelled the French from Cayenne; and in 1812 he was appointed second in command of the Mediterranean fleet. In that position he remained till Buonaparte had been hunted down as the enemy of Europe, when he returned to England, and was raised to the rank of a Knight Commander of the Bath.

Sir Sidney Smith long survived the war, in which he

had enacted so conspicuous a part, and in 1821 he became a full admiral. In 1830, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general of marines; and in 1838 he was advanced to the dignity of Grand Cross of the Bath. He survived his elevation for two years; and dying at Paris on the 26th of May 1840, he was laid at rest in the beautiful cemetery of Père la Chaise.

"Sidney Smith is a brave officer," said Napoleon, at St. Helena; and most people will readily concur in the opinion thus expressed by the conqueror, whose ambition he had curbed, and whose projects he had baffled. Few men have surpassed him in his love of chivalrous adventure, and the heroic courage with which he applied himself to any enterprise he undertook.

ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, was born on the 1st of May 1769, at Dungan Castle, in Ireland. Although exhibiting no decided inclination for the profession of arms, a soldier's career was chosen for him at an early age. After some preparatory years spent at Eton, he was sent to Angiers, in France, to learn in its ancient military school the art of war in which he was destined in after-life again and again so gloriously to excel.

At this time France had another military school, of nearly if not equal celebrity, at Brienne. Among the students was a youth a few months the junior of young Wellesley, whose martial propensities and proficiency had already given him a superiority over his fellows. Everything connected with his studies or his sports was of a military character; and many anecdotes are told of his skill and judgment in the "mimic strife," when the new-fallen snow supplied a harmless ammunition, and formed ramparts which it was not death to scale. This youth was Napoleon Buonaparte.

Thus, nearly of equal age, at similar schools, in the same country, and at the same period, were two young men

actively pursuing like studies, yet who, in after-life, were each to be the leaders of contending armies, till, when their deeds had been felt and known throughout and beyond Europe, one should, after a brief last struggle of a day, be for ever despoiled of the crown he had won by might, by the stronger and avenging arm of the other.

Unlike his contemporary, the genius of Wellington did not display itself beyond enabling him to attain a fair and creditable proficiency at Angiers. On his return to England he was gazetted to an ensigncy early in 1787; and five years later, having passed through the intermediate degrees, he obtained a troop in the 18th Light Dragoons.

His first appearance in public life was as a politician, being returned to the Irish parliament for the borough of Trim. A gentleman who has since attained official eminence about this time made his first visit to the House. A friend who accompanied him pointed out the various distinguished members as they entered, and gave a slight sketch of their characters. One member, dressed in a scarlet uniform, with very large epaulets, caught the stranger's eye; and his appearance led to the inquiry who he was. "That," was the reply, "is Captain Wellesley, a brother of Lord Mornington, and one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant." "I suppose he never speaks," said the strange visitor. "You are wrong," was the reply: "he does speak sometimes; and when he does, believe me, it is always to the purpose."

Wellington's military career of active service commenced by his being ordered, with his regiment, to join the army in the Netherlands. Ere he reached it, the tide of victory was running against the British arms; and his opening campaign, while it gave him much experience,



brought him but little glory. He had now obtained the rank of colonel; and, as commander of the rear-guard of the army, he steadily covered its retreat before the advancing troops of the French republic, till the English crossed the frontiers of the Low Countries. After a kindly welcome and a short stay with the Bremeners, they returned home. The worn-out regiments were immediately recruited; and in April 1796, Colonel Wellesley sailed with his corps for the East Indies, where he arrived in February the following year.

The fall of Seringapatam, and the death of Tippoo Sultaun in its defence, are well-known events. General Baird, who commanded the successful attack on the city, resigned the charge of the fortress to Colonel Wellesley, who showed the energy of his character by his prompt measures in putting a stop to the marauding. Tippoo's treasure-house had been forced by a private door; and although this was soon discovered, yet large quantities of the jewels were lost. The soldiers parted with them for mere trifles to any purchaser. A surgeon thus obtained a pair of gold bracelets studded with diamonds, the least costly of which was worth thirty-two thousand pounds.

The command of the army in India was soon intrusted to Colonel Wellesley, and early next year he was gazetted major-general. The nature of this sketch will not admit of a detailed account of the rest of the campaign, although it proved a "short but brilliant one." It ended in the entire submission of the Mahratta potentates who continued the struggle after Tippoo's fall, and completely established the reputation of the future hero of Waterloo. A staff command awaited Major-General (and now Sir Arthur) Wellesley's return to England; and soon after-

wards he married Catherine, the third daughter of the Earl of Longford.

The command of a detachment of the army sent against the French in Spain and Portugal was confided to Sir Arthur Wellesley, in June 1808, when without delay he proceeded to Corunna. The earlier part of this campaign was extremely unsettled; at one time the command of the British army passed into different hands three times during twenty-four hours. Under this state of things, united operations could not be expected; and Sir Arthur, finding his relations to the commander-in-chief, Sir Hew Dalrymple, becoming far from cordial, determined to obtain leave to return to England. Soon after he had done so, Sir Hew was recalled, when the difficult task of guiding the army's movements in the Peninsula at this time devolved on Sir John Moore, "one whom, next to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the troops most respected and loved." After the battle of Corunna, the country lay almost at the mercy of the French, who took Saragossa and Oporto; and in both towns the utmost atrocities of war were displayed. England again determined to assist Portugal in throwing off the French yoke; and on this occasion the Portuguese government showed its good sense, by placing the national troops under the complete direction of the English commander-in-chief, so that virtually they became British troops, being "taken into English pay, placed under English officers, organised on the same system, and subjected to the same regulations."

The successes of the earlier portion of the campaign, owing to the admirable conduct of Sir Arthur, were so well appreciated at home that the king raised him to the

peerage. Through many difficulties Lord Wellington still continued to lead the allied army on from victory to victory, to relate which, even briefly, would alone fill a volume, till he found himself on the heights of Guinaldo, prepared to check the advance of the French army to the relief of Ciudad Rodrigo, in Spain, which he had blockaded. From these heights Lord Wellington looked down upon sixty thousand soldiers advancing in battle order, the leading squadrons already within cannon range of his position.

Unaware of the feeble force which held the heights, the French troops mounted the ridge to attack, as they supposed, the whole army; yet, though only two brigades occupied these eminences, the enemy was repulsed. At night the troops fell back on Guinaldo, the tired soldiers sleeping soundly in their dangerous bivouac. It was a night of great anxiety for Lord Wellington—he knew well his critical situation—yet he caused fires to be lighted along the line, and put on every appearance of confident defiance.

"Long before dawn, however, all were astir and in their places; and the different regiments looked anxiously for the moment which should behold the commencement of a game as desperate as any which they had as yet been called upon to play. But, instead of indulging our troops as they expected," says Lord Londonderry, "Marmont contented himself with making an exhibition of his force, and causing it to execute a variety of manœuvres in our presence; and, it must be confessed, a spectacle more striking has rarely been seen. The large body of cavalry which followed us to our position, and had bivouacked during the night in the woods adjoining, were just drawn

up in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By and by, nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their appearance, and formed into columns, lines, echellons, and squares. Towards noon, twelve battalions of the Imperial Guard came upon the ground in one solid mass; and, as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knots of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing in no ordinary degree. The solid column, however, soon deployed into columns of battalions—a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the Guards piled their arms, and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the Guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single point a force of not less than 25,000 men. Nor did the muster cease to go on as long as daylight lasted. To the very last moment we could observe men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition waggons, flocking into the encampment, as if it were the design of the French general to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo."

Wellington looked calmly on this magnificent display of strength. During the French "review," for such it has been called, a Spanish general stood by Lord Wellington's side, wondering at the calmness with which, having only two brigades at hand, he could behold sixty thousand unconquered troops of the enemy going through their evolutions nearly within the range of his guns.

"Why, my lord," at length cried the officer, who was

a great favourite of Wellington's, "here you are, with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease;—why, it is enough to put any man in a fever?"

"I have done, according to the best of my judgment, all that can be done," was Wellington's reply; "therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home."

That night, however, Wellington drew off, united his scattered brigades, and was soon in a condition to court and not decline a battle. Great was the astonishment of the French marshal, when he afterwards learned that his opponent had for six-and-thirty hours been almost at his mercy. His vexation can scarcely be imagined; but he comforted himself that the planets had favoured the English general. With sounder judgment, though not aware of the prophetic truth of his language, Marmont immediately added—

"*Wellington's star is brilliant as Napoleon's!*"

Two months after this retreat, Wellington invested Ciudad Rodrigo, which was now occupied by the French. It was early in January 1811, yet, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, and the dangers to which the army was exposed, in case of the sudden rising of the river Agueda, which runs nearly in front of the town, the preliminaries of the siege were successfully conducted. One afternoon, the breaching batteries, comprising twenty-seven large guns, opened their fire on the wall of the town. In five days the breaches were practicable, and a summons to surrender was sent to the governor. This he declined doing. Wellington, having personally examined the breaches, felt convinced that an assault had every pro-

spect of success. Ordering the fire of the guns to be directed against the cannon on the ramparts, he sat down on an embankment, and wrote the order of assault which was to seal the doom of the town, beginning with the emphatic sentence—

"The attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo must be made this evening at seven o'clock."

When darkness came on, the command was given—"Stand to arms." The third division had previously approached within two gun shots of the main breach, and behind a convent stood the light division. To these divisions the assault was confided.

The soldiers of the third division listened eagerly, yet with calm determination, to the voice of their commander, as he announced the main breach as the point of attack; and without delay each man prepared for the desperate conflict. "Off went the packs; the stocks were unbuckled; the cartouche-box arranged to meet the hand more readily; flints were screwed home; every one, after his individual fancy, fitting himself for action. The companies were carefully told off; the sergeants called the rolls; and not a man was missing!"

The cathedral-bell tolled seven. As the sound died away, the heavy tramp of the battalions broke the stillness which was again settling on the night. For a little space no other sound was heard; then suddenly rose a shout on the right of the line—it spread along the whole line—a spattering fire of musketry followed, the storming parties rushed towards the breaches, while with one tremendous crash every gun on the ramparts opened its fire, and showed that the besieged had expected the assault, and were well prepared to defend themselves.

The storming party of the third division was already in the ditch, at the bottom of which the French had placed a chain of large shells, united together by their fusees. The suddenness with which they found themselves assailed caused them to fire these too soon, and they happily exploded before the stormers were near enough to receive much injury from the shattering bombs.

Up the breach they mounted in gallant style, followed by two regiments who had entered the ditch at the right to support the assault. With equal gallantry the French met them, and for some minutes the bayonet did its deadly work almost equally on both sides. The assailants prevail —now they have gained the summit of the rampart. The French retire behind the intrenchments, and a second struggle commences.

Meantime the lesser breach was also gained, and with more success; for the supporting regiments mounted in large bodies, formed on the ramparts, one wheeling to the right and the other to the left, driving the defenders before them.

But the storming party who had won the great breach now found their progress checked. A rampart twelve feet deep was before them, intrenchments were on each side, a field-piece was brought to bear upon them, and from the houses overlooking them the musketry poured an incessant stream of fire. Officers and men were falling fast, when Major William Mackie, the leader of the forlorn hope, letting himself fall into the town from the rampart, found the trench that was on the right of the breach to be cut quite across. Quickly passing through, and again ascending the breach, he led his men by this way into

the street. On their unexpected appearance, the enemy fled in great haste to the citadel. At another point an attack had been made by the Portuguese troops, with a view only to distract the attention of the enemy; yet even this assault proved successful, and the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was complete. Major Mackie with a mixed party reached the citadel; and his gallantry was rewarded by receiving there the submission of General Barrie, and such of the garrison as it contained.

Spain and Portugal conferred honours on the conqueror of Rodrigo; and at home he was raised to the Earldom of Wellington, with an increased annuity of £2000 a year.

One day, at the close of March 1814, a party of English officers and engineers in consultation was observed on the western bank of the river Garonne, opposite Toulouse. A measuring line had already been stretched across the river, and considerable anxiety appeared among the group to learn the result it indicated; for their object was to ascertain the practicability of throwing a floating bridge of pontoons over the river. One of the party, dressed in a plain grey frock-coat, yet presenting a figure which those who once saw never failed to remember, alone remained calmly awaiting the report of the engineers. This was soon brought, to the effect that, through the recent floods, the river was too extensive to be covered by the boats.

"Then, till the Garonne falls, we cannot pass over," remarked one of the company.

"Not so," instantly answered the wearer of the grey frock: "if it will not do one way, we must try another, for I never in my life gave up anything I once undertook."



It was Wellington who spoke; and his strong, decided tone had a cheerful animation, which assured the officers who surrounded him that the swollen stream would not long prove an obstacle to the advance of the troops.

The French army, under Marshal Soult, had at length been compelled to quit Spain, and with such speed that in four days they passed over ground which it took the allied armies seven days to traverse. During the retreat, the two armies approached each other several times; and on one occasion, when the French army was crossing the plains of Ger, its pursuers followed so closely that, had it not been for the thick woods through which they had to pass, Soult's retreat would have been seriously endangered by the British cavalry. Wellington noticed that a wooded height overlooking the main road was occupied by the enemy; but, as a constant running fire was kept up by the skirmishers in advance, he was unable to ascertain how strong a force had it in possession.

An English officer, Captain William Light, undertook to bring the desired information, which he obtained in a most daring, yet successful manner. "He rode forward as if he would force his way through the French skirmishers, but, when in the wood, dropped his reins, and leaned back as if badly wounded: his horse appeared to canter wildly along the front of the enemy's light troops; and they, thinking him mortally hurt, ceased their fire, and took no further notice. He thus passed unobserved through the wood to the other side of the hill, where there were no skirmishers, and, ascending to the open summit above, put spurs to his horse, and galloped along the French main line, counting their regiments as he passed. His sudden appearance, his blue undress, his

daring confidence, and his speed, made the French doubt his being an enemy, and a few shots only were discharged; while he, dashing down the opposite declivity, broke from the rear through the very skirmishers whose fire he had just essayed in front. Reaching the spot where Lord Wellington stood, he told him there were but five battalions on the hill."

A few days after the survey of the river, the pontoons were laid down, the army passed over, and after a sharp contest, Soult evacuated Toulouse, which the English entered early in the morning of the 12th of April, amid the shouts of the Bourbon party, who hoisted the white flag, and declared for Louis XVIII. The same evening two officers reached the city with authentic intelligence of the end of the reign of Napoleon. One of these officers was despatched to Marshal Soult, who wavered for some time, till he learned that Marshal Suchet adhered to the "provisional government," as the temporary power was called. Seeing, then, no alternative, he followed the example of his comrade, and signed the Convention. Thus, at the end of nine years, fell the iron crown which Napoleon had placed on his head, saying, "God has given it to me; let him beware who touches it."

When Napoleon had quitted Fontainebleau, and had embarked on board the "Undaunted" frigate for Elba, Wellington felt he might safely leave the army for a time; and, setting out for Paris, he reached it the 4th of May. He met with an enthusiastic reception from all classes; while the unqualified praises of each of the allied sovereigns showed how much the successful issue of the struggle to restore liberty to Europe was due to his talents and constancy of purpose. The restored Spanish king, Ferdin-

and, sent him a letter of gratitude; and the Crown Prince of Sweden gave him the Order of the Sword. England at the same time conferred upon him the dukedom he so long afterwards enjoyed, and raised five of his lieutenants to peerages.

In a few days the duke quitted Paris, and, after visiting the army at Bordeaux, embarked for England. He reached Dover on the 23d, after an absence of five years. When the boat in which he had seated himself left the frigate's side, the guns from the heights and batteries commenced their thundering discharges; three cheers greeted him as he passed the pier; and when he stepped on shore, although the hour was early, the duke found at least ten thousand persons assembled to give him a rapturous welcome. A proposition was made to "carry him to the Ship Inn." He was instantly raised, and aloft on the shoulders of the townsmen he was borne in triumph, amid the loud and unceasing cheers of the crowds who followed.

Once more the "loud shrill clarion" of war aroused Europe to arms. Ten short months after his abdication, Napoleon escaped from Elba, was again in Paris, resolved to incur all risks, in order to gain the greatest prize in Europe,—the crown he had so lately relinquished. The magic influence of his name spread through France, which became one vast camp; and in an incredibly short space of time Napoleon found himself ready to take the field with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were highly disciplined cavalry. The whole army was perfectly equipped, while three hundred pieces of cannon formed a most formidable

artillery. To oppose this well-appointed force, the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher had collected an army of one hundred and eighty thousand men. But although the allied armies thus exceeded Napoleon's in numbers, his consisted of veteran troops of one nation, while theirs were composed for the most part of raw levies. That under the duke was "the weakest and the worst;" at no time did it reach eighty thousand men, and on one half of these only could reliance be placed in the day of battle.

"I am going to have a brush with Wellington," said Napoleon, on the evening of the 11th of June 1815; and next morning before daybreak he set out to join his army on the frontiers, taking every precaution to conceal from Wellington that he was coming. Napoleon's object was to separate Blucher from Wellington, then to deal with each singly, and thus to crush them for ever. Then France, rejoicing to see glory once more resting on her eagles, would again hail him as her emperor.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the whole French army was put in motion, Napoleon having joined it a few hours previously. Its first attack was directed against Blucher. The Prussian outposts near the Sambre were speedily driven back, and the French army crossed the river in four bodies. The whole day was spent in a series of combats; and when night fell, the French had succeeded in driving back the Prussians as far as Quatre Bras: but their grand object of cutting off Blucher's communication with Wellington at Brussels had completely failed.

While at dinner, Wellington first received the news of the advance of Napoleon. Thinking that this was merely

a feint to draw the allies towards Ligny, while a serious attempt was made upon Brussels, Wellington, who had already prepared himself for any emergency, determined to wait till Napoleon's object was more fully displayed. While, therefore, he gave orders that the troops should be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, he, with his officers, joined in the festivities of a ball given that evening by the Duchess of Richmond.

Blucher's second courier arrived before twelve o'clock, and the despatches were delivered to the duke in the ball-room. While he was reading them, he seemed completely absorbed by their contents; and after he had finished, for some minutes he remained in the same attitude of deep reflection, totally abstracted from every surrounding object, while his countenance was expressive of fixed and intense thought. He was heard to mutter to himself, "Marshal Blucher thinks"—"It is Marshal Blucher's opinion;" —and after remaining thus abstracted a few minutes, and having apparently formed his decision, he gave his usual clear and concise orders to one of his staff officers, who instantly left the room, and was again as gay and animated as ever; he stayed supper, and then went home.

The trumpet's loud call awakened every sleeper in the city of Brussels a little after midnight. Then it became known that the French had advanced to Charleroi, which they had taken, and that our troops were ordered to advance and support the Prussians. Instantly the place resounded with martial preparations; and, as soldiers were quartered in every house, the whole town became one bustling scene.

At daylight the troops were under arms, and at eight

o'clock set out for Quatre Bras, the expected scene of action in advance of Charleroi; the fifth division taking the direct road through the forest of Soignies.

Early in the afternoon, Marshal Ney attacked the Prince of Orange, and by an overwhelming superiority of troops was driving him back through a thick wood called "Le Bois de Bosseu," when the leading columns of the English reached Quatre Bras. Wellington's eye at once saw the critical situation of his ally; and though the troops had marched twenty miles under a sultry sky, he knew their spirit was indomitable, and gave the welcome order that the wood must be immediately regained.

On came Ney's infantry, doubling that of his opponent's in number, supported by a crashing fire of artillery, quickly followed by the cavalry, which, dashing through the rye crops, more than breast high, charged the English regiments as soon as they reached the battle-ground. Yet, though unable properly to establish themselves, they formed square and roughly repelled the enemy. Fierce and frequent were the efforts of the French to break the squares. Showers of grape poured upon them, and the moment an opening appeared on rushed the lancers. But the dead were quickly removed, and, though the squares were lessened, they still presented an unbroken line of glittering bayonets, which neither the spears of the lancers nor the long swords of the cuirassiers could break through.

A division of the Guards from Enghien coming up at this crisis, gallantly charged the enemy, and in half an hour completely cleared the wood of them. This exploit was remarkable, achieved as it was by young soldiers after a toilsome march of fifteen hours, during which time

they had been without anything to eat or drink. The fire of the French artillery and the charges of the cavalry obliged these gallant fellows, although now joined by the Brunswickers, in some measure to keep the shelter of the wood. They, however, sallied out at intervals, until Ney, finding himself shaken, sent for his reserve. This force Napoleon had unexpectedly removed to support his attack on the Prussians at Ligny. The marshal, however, maintained his position to the close of the day, when he fell back on the road to Frasnes, while the British and their brave allies lighted fires, and securing such provisions as they could, after a scanty meal, piled arms, and lay down to rest on the battlefield.

Napoleon's simultaneous attack on the Prussians at Ligny was for a long time doubtful. Both Blucher and Napoleon were compelled to bring their reserves into action, and when night closed, Blucher still, "like a wounded lion," fought with ferocity. But the darkness enabled Napoleon to wheel a division of French infantry on the rear of the Prussians, while a dense body of cuirassiers forced Ligny on the other side, and not till then did Blucher fall back.

Wellington was prepared to accept battle at daybreak, but when he heard of Blucher's retreat, he also resolved to fall back, so as to keep a lateral communication with the right wing of the Prussians, and by this movement prevent Buonaparte from placing himself between the two armies, when at his choice he might turn his forces against either, in which case the inferiority of numbers would have entailed certain defeat.

Napoleon expected to find the English army still upon the ground it had occupied on the 16th. Great was his

surprise when, on reaching the heights above Frasnes, he saw that the troops at the entrance of the wood were only a strong rear-guard, and that the retreat towards Brussels was already half effected. He bitterly rebuked Ney for his supposed negligence, though Wellington's own officers did not imagine they were to retreat till the moment it began; and the duke, by dexterously wheeling his troops round the wood, part of which could only be seen by the French, gave their marshal the idea that he was bringing up large reinforcements, instead of drawing off his troops. The French squadrons immediately commenced the pursuit, but were rudely handled by the Life Guards under Lord Uxbridge, who protected the rear. After several attacks, in the last of which the French hussars were charged and nearly cut to pieces, the pursuit was so severely checked as to give the infantry ample time to take up the ground appointed them on the heights of Mont St. Jean, covering the approach to Brussels by the great road from Charleroi. "Here it was that the duke had determined to make his final stand, staking the glory of many years on the issue of a single battle."

The night was stormy in the extreme; the wind blew in furious gusts; the rain burst heavily over the heads of the troops, and vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by loud peals of thunder, formed a fit prelude to the coming day of strife.

The field of Waterloo is easily described. The forest of Soignies, a wood of beech-trees, growing thickly together, is crossed by the road from Brussels, a broad causeway, which reaches the small village of Waterloo. Thence the road has only straggling trees on each side, until a mile beyond the village, at an extended ridge,



called the Heights of Mont St. Jean, the country becomes quite open. Along the crest of this ridge lay the first line of the British army. The second lay behind the brow of the hill. To the right of the road, and a little in advance of the ridge, stood a farmhouse, called La Haye Sainte (the holy edge). This was occupied by a battalion of Hanoverian sharpshooters.

The ground in front of the British position sloped easily down, forming gentle sweeps and hollows, till at a distance of about fourteen hundred yards it rose again, forming another ridge, called the Heights of La Belle Alliance. This was the position of the French army.

Open and unenclosed, the valley between the two ridges presented the appearance of an English cornfield; and a tall, strong, green crop of wheat now covered its surface. Midway stood a gentleman's house of the old Flemish architecture, having a tower and battlements, surrounded on one side by a large farmyard, and on the other by a garden fenced by a strong brick wall. This was called the Chateau of Goumont or Hougoumont. This Wellington considered "the key of his position;" and to add to its advantages, he ordered the walls to be pierced with loopholes by the sappers, to afford perfect facility for its defenders to use their muskets and rifles.

When day broke, and Napoleon beheld his opponents, whom he feared would have escaped him during the night, fearlessly occupying their position of the evening before, and evidently prepared to defend it, a flush of joy overspread his face, while he exclaimed confidently, "Bravo! I have them then—these English!"

By nine o'clock the weather moderated, the sun shone out, fires were kindled, the men dried and cleaned their

arms, and ammunition being served out, provisions were distributed, and the men breakfasted "with some degree of comfort."

Since daybreak occasional shots had been fired; but not till eleven o'clock did the battle begin. A body of light troops left the French line, and, descending the hill at a sling trot, broke into scattered parties, and kept up an irregular fire as they advanced towards the Chateau of Hougoumont. These were closely followed by three divisions, nearly thirty thousand strong; and the dropping fire was soon changed into one continued roll of musketry. As the English skirmishers fell back, two brigades of British artillery opened on the advancing columns of the French, each shot plunging and tearing through their masses, while the shells from the howitzers fell so truly that the shaken columns drew back. But now a powerful artillery opened from the French heights, fresh troops poured forward, and for more than an hour the line of each army remained spectators of the terrific attack on the chateau, surrounded by a dense cloud of smoke, through which glared forth the flashes of the artillery. The French guns had found their range; every shot told upon the old walls of the mansion; and crashing masonry, burning rafters falling, mingled with the yell of battle, added a frightful interest to the scene. At length the Nassau sharpshooters were driven back, and the French troops began to penetrate the orchard; but, ere they could occupy it, the squadrons of English cavalry, under Lord Saltoun, bore down upon them and drove them back. Wheeling round, they attempted the rear of the chateau, but being received unflinchingly, were obliged to retire. Despairing of success, the French artillery then discharged

shells upon Hougoumont; the tower and chapel were soon in a blaze, and in these many wounded men met a dreadful fate. Still, though surrounded by flames and bursting shells, with the heavy shot ploughing through wall and window, the Guards held their post, nor could Hougoumont be taken.

A furious cannonade quickly opening along the whole line of each army, the battle at length became general. A stir in the opposing French ranks led the allies to expect an attack on their left wing, yet, as cavalry only were to be seen, they considered the attempt would be to outflank. But on a sudden the horse wheeled right and left; and, under cover of a furious cannonade, dense black masses advanced to the attack of the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte. They soon reached the line of defence, but hesitating to attack it, were immediately charged by the British light cavalry. The French cuirassiers dashed on to support the retreating infantry, and for a while our light troops suffered severely in an unequal contest with their sword-proof antagonists. But Wellington ordering the Life Guards and Scots Greys to charge, the effect was tremendous. The French, in spite of their weight, were literally ridden down, and living men and horses strewed the ground. Several pieces of artillery opening their fire compelled the British horse to retreat in turn; and again the French infantry poured onwards with loud cries, scattered the Belgian troops, and advanced to the very muzzles of the British muskets. Here, brought to a stand, a sanguinary conflict ensued. For an hour the men fell on either side, as though swept away by a whirlwind. The cavalry continued to charge from time to time; and during one onset, at a critical part of the struggle, the gallant

General Picton fell while leading his division. His men rushed on, eager to revenge the death of their leader, and two thousand of the enemy soon lay slain upon the field.

These various combats told in favour of the English, for although their loss was great, it was far exceeded by that of the French. As the battle slackened in this quarter Napoleon ordered another attack on Hougoumont, which, like the former, totally failed. Meantime, however, the French gained possession of La Haye Sainte, but the British artillery on the adjacent ridge continued to pour down so destructive a fire that this proved a very slight acquisition to Napoleon in his subsequent operations.

"As the day declined the battle grew hotter and hotter, till about four o'clock it raged with a violence that baffles all description. The French continued to pour column upon column against the British line, but either a fire too deadly to be long endured, or if that failed, the bayonet, as constantly dashed them back, and sent them mangled and reeling upon their own reserve. Then the cuirassiers would supply their place, and commence another and not less desperate sort of warfare. As the ground shook under the onward rush of these mailed veterans, the British would instantly form squares. Then would come the first collision of horse and infantry, the squares remaining firm and passive, and never discharging a single shot till the cuirassiers were close upon them. Then they would open a fire which, from its nearness and precision, emptied the saddles by scores and hundreds. After some of these terrible volleys, it was like the fall of the leaves in autumn, when a sudden gust of wind sweeps the forest. Still the cuirassiers would remain unshaken, galloping desperately between and behind the squares to find or

make a gap, by which they might enter and deal destruction upon their adversaries. At last, in spite of their determined bravery, they would be driven back by the intolerable fire from the muskets, or by the charge of the heavy British cavalry—men to the full as daring as themselves, but more skilful in the use of the sword, and with such superiority of strength as to render even the French breastplates but an indifferent protection."

"How beautifully these English fight! but they must give way," exclaimed Napoleon to Marshal Soult. But evening came, and yet they held their ground. The men, maddened by seeing their comrades falling around them, longed ardently for the moment to advance, but Wellington felt that the crisis was not yet come. It required all his authority to restrain the troops, but he knew their powers of endurance.

"Not yet, my brave fellows!" said the duke; "be firm a little longer, and you shall have at them by-and-by."

This homely appeal kept each man in his place in the ranks. But now the superior officers remonstrated, and advised a retreat.

"Will the troops stand?" demanded Wellington.

"Till they perish!" was the reply.

"Then," added the duke, "I will stand with them till the last man."

Yet Wellington was not insensible of the critical nature of his position, and longed for night or Blucher. It was now seven, and the Prussians had been expected at three. In less than an hour the sound of artillery was heard in the expected direction, and a staff officer brought word that the head of the Prussian column was at Planchenoit,

nearly in the rear of the French reserve. Buonaparte, when told of their advance, maintained that it was Grouchy's long-expected force coming up; but when he saw them issue from the wood, and perceived the Prussian colours, he turned pale, but uttered not a word.

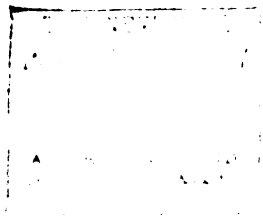
Napoleon's Imperial Guards—his veteran troops—were now advancing, covered by a tempest of shot and shells, toward the ridge, behind which lay the British infantry to gain a shelter from the fire. Wellington watched eagerly the dense cloud as it approached; and when it arrived within a hundred yards, advancing on horseback to the brow of the ridge, he exclaimed, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

In a moment the men were on their feet—the French closed on them, when a tremendous volley drove the whole mass back; but the old Imperial Guard recovered, yet only to receive a second volley as deadly as the first, followed by a bold charge with the bayonet, which forced them down the slope and up the opposite bank. In vain the French attempted to support them by taking the Guards in flank. Lord Hill brought forward the extreme right of the army, in the form of a crescent, which overlapping the horsemen, they were crushed as in a serpent's folds, while the infantry fell back, reformed, and occupied their former place on the ridge.

Wellington's quick eye already detected the confusion caused by the Prussian attack under General Bulow on the French rear. Hastily closing his telescope, he exclaimed, "The hour is come! Now every man must advance!"

Forming into one long line four men deep, the whole infantry advanced with a loud cheer, the sun at the







instant streaming out as if to shed his last glories on the conquerors of that dreadful day. Headed by the duke, with his hat in hand, the line advanced with spirit and rapidity, while the horse-artillery opened a fire of canister shot on the confused masses.

For a few minutes the French stood their ground gallantly, and even when the allied cavalry charged full upon them, four battalions of the Old Guard formed squares and checked its advance. As the grape shot tore through the ranks of the veterans, they closed up again, and to every summons to surrender, gave the stern reply, "The Guard never surrender—they die!"

Napoleon had already fled. Finding all hope of victory gone, he at first threw himself into one of the squares of the Old Guard, determined to die with them, but when the Prussians gained on their rear, and he was in danger of being made prisoner, he exclaimed, "For the present it is finished. Let us save ourselves!" and turning his horse's head, he fled with ten or twelve of his immediate attendants.

It was now half-past nine at night, and the moon rose with more than ordinary splendour. The French, now a mass of fugitives, were closely pursued by both armies, and a fearful slaughter ensued between Waterloo and Genappe. At the latter place the British discontinued the pursuit; but the Prussians, comparatively fresh, pursued without intermission, their light horse putting no limit to their revenge. Many of the poor fugitives sought shelter in the villages on their route; but at the sound of a Prussian trumpet they fled again, only to be overtaken and cut down.

Wellington re-crossed the field of Waterloo to sup at

Brussels. The moonlight revealed all the horrors of the scene—his stern nature gave way—and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "I have never fought such a battle, and I hope never to fight such another."

The hero of Waterloo long survived the victory that rendered his name immortal and gave to Europe nearly forty years of peace. During that long period he enacted a conspicuous part in political affairs, and held some of the highest offices in the State. At the Conference of the Holy Alliance he represented the government of England; and again at the Congress of Verona, where he refused to take part in the interference with Spanish affairs. In 1819, Wellington became Master-General of the Ordnance; and, on the death of the Duke of York, he succeeded that prince as commander-in-chief. In January 1828, some time after the death of Canning, the duke became prime minister; but his career in that capacity was so unfortunate, that in 1830 he was fain to beat a retreat from office, leaving everything in confusion and everybody in dismay. Indeed, his political conduct had lost him all the popularity won by splendid victories over Ney, Massena, Soult, Victor, Marmont, and Napoleon; and, about the time of the struggle for the Reform Bill, his life was more than once in danger. In the autumn of 1831, he was attacked in the street, and a crowd demolished the windows of his house; and, next year, his unpopularity reached the highest point. So odious, indeed, had his name become to the people, that on the 18th of June, the anniversary of Waterloo, when he happened to pay a visit to the Mint, a crowd assembled, with hostile intentions, and awaited his return on Tower Hill. No sooner was the duke recognised on horseback, attended



by a single groom, than the crowd began to hiss and hoot; and, in the middle of Fenchurch Street, a man rushing forward attempted to drag the conqueror of Waterloo to the ground. The police, however, interfered, and the duke rode on to Holborn. At that point, the crowd commenced throwing mud; and he was under the necessity of taking refuge at Lincoln's Inn, in the chambers of Sir Charles Wetherell. There he remained till a body of police appeared, and escorted him home in safety.

When, in 1841, the party over which he had presided came again into power, under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington once more took his seat in the Cabinet, and figured as "Leader of the House of Lords, without office," till the fall of the ministry in 1846. To the close of his life he continued to occupy the post of commander-in-chief, and to take part in the business of the House of Lords. Almost on the last occasion that the "Prince of Waterloo" addressed the assembly in which his influence had so long been enormous, he made an interesting allusion to the great battle with which his name is so intimately associated. It was in the summer of 1852, and the duke, while discussing the Militia Bill, and giving the results of his experience of soldiers, said —"Take the battle of Waterloo, and look at the number of British troops at that battle; I can tell your lordships there were sixteen battalions of Hanoverian militia just formed, who behaved most admirably; and there were many other foreign troops, who nobly aided us in that battle, avowedly *the battle of giants;* whose operations helped to bring about the victory that was followed by the peace of Europe, which has now lasted for more than thirty years."

The Duke of Wellington was not destined to live to see that peace disturbed. In the autumn of 1852 he breathed his last. His death took place on the 14th of September, at Walmer Castle; and a public funeral having been resolved upon, his remains were, on the 18th of November, laid with much pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral.

SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

ON the 10th of August 1782, Charles James Napier was born at Whitehall. While in infancy he was removed to Celbridge, a small town about ten miles from Dublin. The circumstance of the hero having passed his boyhood on the banks of the Liffey, afterwards led to a mistaken idea as to the country of his birth and ancestry; and, when he became famous, the "green isle" claimed Napier as her own. He was, however, a native of the English metropolis; and it does not appear that he had a drop of Irish blood in his veins.

The Napiers have, for hundreds of years, figured as one of the most important families north of the Tweed. Many good and loyal men have borne the name. In the sixteenth century, one of the ancient race made himself known to fame as "the Inventor of Logarithms;" in the seventeenth, another followed the fortunes of Montrose, when "the great Marquis" did battle for the House of Stuart; and in the eighteenth, the family ended in an heiress, whom genealogists describe as the "Mistress of Napier." This lady became the wife of Scott of Thirlstane, a descendant of the old Border knight whom Sir Walter has celebrated in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

They had a son, Francis, who, as time passed on, assumed the surname of his mother's family, and took his place among the peers of Scotland as the fifth Lord Napier. Francis married twice, and left a numerous progeny. Among the children by his first wife, a daughter of the Earl of Hopetown, was a son, from whom have sprung successive Lords Napier. Among the children by his second wife, a daughter of George Johnston of Kimmergham, a cadet of the Johnstons of Hilton, in the county of Berwick, was a son George, who became a colonel in the army, and one of the most powerful and active men the army contained. George espoused Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. Their eldest son was the conqueror of Scinde.

About 1785, Colonel Napier settled in Ireland, and thither the young hero was carried. Like many destined to play a great part on the world's stage, he was a delicate little boy; so much so, indeed, that he was reared not without difficulty. "As a child," says his gallant and gifted biographer, "Charles Napier was demure and thoughtful, and his expressions generally had a touch of greatness. Thus, when only ten years of age, he rejoiced to find he was short-sighted, because Frederick the Great, hanging in his father's room, had such strange eyes, and because Plutarch said, Philip, Sertorius, and Hannibal were one-eyed, and Alexander's eyes of different colours; he even wished to lose one of his own as the token of a great general, unknowing that not one of God's gifts can be lost with satisfaction. But a longing for fame was with him a master passion; and in childhood he looked to war for it with an intense eagerness."

Almost from his cradle, Napier may be said to have

been a soldier. He was educated by his father, who possessed an intuitive knowledge of war, and who had seen some hard service in America and elsewhere. By the colonel, Napier was, at an early age, dedicated to the military profession; and, before attaining to his twelfth year, he obtained a commission in the 33d regiment. He was soon after transferred to the 89th, then at Netley camp; and his father happening to be quartermaster to the force, Napier was taken thither to be initiated into military mysteries. Thus early did he learn what soldiers were, and acquire the art of working on the higher instead of the lower feelings of their nature. The lesson was turned to excellent account in after-years, when he won the proud title of "the soldier's friend."

When Netley camp was broken up, Napier was exchanged into the 4th regiment. Instead of joining, however, he was sent to finish his education at a school in Ireland. That unhappy country was on the eve of a rebellion, and ere long it broke out. Napier first served during the disturbances of 1798; two years later he was aide-de-camp to the commanding officer in Limerick; and he was again on service during Emmet's rebellion. In 1804, he became captain in the 50th regiment, with which he was connected for many years, and in which he distinguished himself on various occasions.

For years Napier led a life so monotonous, that he became sick of his profession; but stirring times came, and in 1808, after the battle of Vimiera, affairs assumed a new aspect. Sir John Moore then incorporated the 50th regiment with the army he was leading to Spain, and which was destined to endure so many of the horrors of war. The colonel of the regiment at that time obtained

leave of absence, and the command fell to Napier, who had, two years earlier, obtained his majority.

Napier's time was now come. He was to see service which was "no boy's play." During the disastrous retreat, he conducted himself in such a way as fully to justify the high opinion which the gallant Moore had entertained of his qualities as an officer; and at the battle of Corunna he fought with a courage seldom surpassed. At the head of his regiment, he not only met the principal assailing column of the French army, but encountered the foemen so bravely that they were driven back with fire and steel. The general, who was a witness of this scene, highly applauded the gallant bearing of the 50th, and instantly gave orders to support the impetuous counter-shock which had been made; but at that moment the hero of the day was struck down by a shot from an advanced gun that was making sad havoc in the English lines. When the general fell, the 50th, which was pushing forward through a village to silence the gun, was left without support; and the men, while fighting in lanes, and vineyards, and walled gardens, were dispersed in small bands. Fresh enemies poured down upon the broken ranks; but the soldiers of the 50th fought on gallantly and well. Napier bore himself like a hero of romance. Having in the heat of the contest seized a musket and gained a favourable position, he stood firing upon the enemy, rallying his men, and urging them to take the formidable gun at a rush. Vain, however, were his efforts. So deadly was the fire that not more than four reached the spot where he stood; and, meanwhile, a party of French, who had been concealed in the village, cut them off from their regiment. Under such circum-

stances, any attempt to take the gun would have been vain; and Napier, perceiving such to be the case, called upon the survivors to make a vigorous movement, and cut their way back. Even this effort was unavailing. Ill fared it with the little band. Three of the soldiers were cut down; and the fourth called upon Napier for aid. While assisting the soldier, Napier himself was wounded in the leg by a musket-ball. His plight was now unfortunate, and an ordinary man would have given himself up for lost; but Napier was not an ordinary man. Throwing down his musket, and using his sword as a crutch, he attempted to make his way to the 50th. While struggling onward, he felt a wound inflicted on his back, by a soldier who emerged from one of the houses. Wheeling suddenly round, Napier seized the Frenchman's musket, and threw himself on the assailant with the energy of despair. Unluckily, several other French soldiers closed in upon him, and the unequal contest soon came to an end. While Napier still held fast by the musket and grappled with his first antagonist so closely that the man served as a shield from the other assailants, a French soldier, running up with a short sabre, dealt one blow on his head, which they believed had cleft the skull in twain. When he fell, they left him for dead; and while prostrate, he was rifled by the enemy with such ferocity that, in snatching at his watch, they tore away part of his dress. One of the riflers, thinking that he perceived signs of life in the English officer, raised his weapon to make matters certain. But, strangely enough, at that moment Napier found a preserver in a French drummer, who had watched with wonder the prowess exhibited by a single man against

such fearful odds as had been encountered. The drummer's admiration was excited in the highest degree, and when he saw Napier stretched on the ground, and a rifler on the point of cutting the throat of so brave a man, he interfered. Napier was thus saved; and wounded, bleeding, and with two ribs fractured, he was carried to the rear as a prisoner. Soult treated the captive with kindness, and rewarded the drummer for having saved him from destruction.

When the news of Corunna reached England, and no intelligence could be procured as to Napier, his relations concluded he had been killed, and mourned for him as for one dead. The Government at length sent a frigate to ascertain his fate, and Baron Clouet, who received the flag, lost no time in informing Marshal Ney. "Let him see his friends, and tell them he is well, and well treated," said the marshal. Clouet did not move; and his look was so earnest, that Ney smiled and asked the baron why he waited.

"He has an old mother," was Clouet's answer; "she is a widow and blind."

"Ah, has he?" said Ney, touched; "well, then, he had better go and tell her he is alive!"

The friends of Napier, seeing him returned in the list of killed, had, it appeared, been so convinced of his death, that they obtained from the Prerogative Court administration of his personal estate. The first intimation they received of his safety was an announcement that he had arrived at Exeter, and to meet him at that city they hastened, absolutely dressed in the mourning they had been wearing under the impression that he was lost to them for ever.



Ere long Napier had recovered from his wounds and was again in the field. At Coa, he fought as a volunteer, and had two horses shot under him. At Busaco he again fought as a volunteer, and bore himself like a hero, as he was. When Almeida fell, and the army retired, Napier, clinging to the light division, took part in various skirmishes, till Wellington, halting on the heights of Busaco, offered battle to his adversaries. At the point when Reignier charged up the hill and assailed the position, Napier was riding in the train of Wellington, and remained on horseback, when all the staff had dismounted. Being urged to alight, or, if not, to put on a cloak, as he was the only man in red who continued on horseback, and would assuredly be marked down, he exclaimed—"No! This is the uniform of my regiment; and in it I will show or fall this day." The words had scarcely passed his lips when he fell wounded. The affair was not slight. He was shot through the face—the bullet lodging behind the ear and splintering the articulation of the jaw-bone. Bleeding and faint he was carried away: he was sinking from loss of blood, but his heroic spirit did not desert him. As he was carried past Wellington, he took off his hat and waved it. He was unable to speak, but he muttered—"I could not die at a better moment."

Napier recovered, and was soon ready for new exploits. At the siege of Fuentes d'Onore he was present, and at the second siege of Badajoz. Notwithstanding his wounds and services, Napier's promotion was more than ordinarily slow; but his very strong claims having been urged on the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, he was, in 1811, nominated Lieutenant-Colonel of the 102d regiment, and for some time quartered with that

corps in Bermuda. In 1813, he served in the expedition to Chesapeake Bay.

A year or two had passed over, and Napier had returned to England, when the escape of Napoleon from Elba set the Congress at Vienna a-laughing with astonishment, and half of Europe in commotion through fear. The greatness of the crisis and the prospect of a mighty conflict excited Napier. He hurried to Ghent, hoping to take part in the struggle that was impending; but Napoleon's rapidity baffled all calculations, and Napier's efforts to arrive in time were unavailing. He did not reach the field of Waterloo till the evening of the 18th of June, too late to fight; but he was present throughout the march upon Paris, and at the storming of Cambray. A new peril awaited him. On his way home, the ship in which he sailed sunk off Flushing. He saved himself by swimming.

Arriving safely in England after this narrow escape, Napier was naturally anxious to pursue his profession, and asked for employment. Though few men, indeed, were better qualified to serve their country, he received no satisfaction from those in power. After many cold denials and rough refusals, he was appointed Inspecting Field-Officer in the Ionian Islands, and from that post promoted to be Military President at Cephalonia. Ousted by an unworthy rival, he returned home, and settled at Bath. He was considerably beyond that age when, according to the poet, there is no dallying with life, but continued ten years without military employment. He amused himself with literary pursuits, wrote a novel entitled "Harold," which was never published, and edited De Vigny's "Lights and Shadows of Military Life."

The dreary years of inaction at length came to an end. When, in 1839, the state of the country was so alarming, and the movements of the Chartists filled Government with apprehension, Napier was summoned from his retreat, and appointed to command the troops in the northern districts of England, where disturbances were most likely to take place. The commission was somewhat delicate, for the general had much political sympathy with those he was sent to keep down. He had, indeed, a patrician's dislike for commerce and manufactures; but, like many cadets of ancient races, he well loved those who literally earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, and whose weekly struggle was to keep the wolf from the door. He recognised the injustice of excluding the people from the exercise of the franchise, denounced the "Game Laws" as "villainous," and had a thorough scorn for those among the rich who take advantage of their positions to oppress the poor. Yet when Napier assumed his military functions in the north, when he placed the helmet on his brow and girded the sword upon his thigh, placed his foot in the stirrup and mounted his tall charger, he was no more inclined to show the Chartists any excessive indulgence than a Whig or a Tory would have done. "If," said he, "the mob break the peace, I will break their heads!" and as he was just the man to keep his word, the Chartists were prudent enough not to give him an opportunity.

While still in the north, and residing in the ancient city of Chester, an appointment in India was offered to Napier. Though then on the verge of completing his threescore years, he accepted the post, and was nominated to command the troops of the Bombay presidency. By

Lord Ellenborough, who was then governor-general, Napier was, in 1842, despatched to Scinde to preserve communication with the columns penetrating Affghanistan, under Generals Nott, English, and Pollock. It was then that our hero, with his powers at full maturity, commenced those achievements which have rendered his name famous as one of the greatest conquerors whom England ever sent to the East.

A somewhat interesting story is told of the singular courage which Napier, about this period, displayed on an occasion when it was expedient to make an impression on the natives of the country. A public festival was being held; and a sword-player was exercising his art for the diversion of those assembled. Animated by his success in amusing the wondering crowd, this man made a boastful offer to cut an orange in halves with his weapon on any one's hand, without doing it the slightest injury. Few people, of course, would like to run the risk of such an experiment; but Napier at once put forward his right hand for the trial. The sword-player became fidgety, and excused himself, saying, after examination, that the hand was unfit for the operation. The warrior, without hesitation, presented his left; and the sword-player said it would do for the purpose. At this point, however, he grew so nervous at the idea of displaying his skill on a personage of Napier's high rank, that he absolutely refused to proceed with the business. The general would take no excuse; and the swordsman, raising his weapon, and drawing a deep sigh, cut the orange into two pieces, without inflicting any injury. The skin, indeed, was slightly grazed, but no blood was shed, and otherwise there was not the slightest harm done. One result un-

doubtedly the experiment must have produced. Every spectator must have gone away with a conviction that the general was a man of surpassing courage.

In so far as weightier matters were concerned, the position of Napier in Scinde was one of great difficulty, and, from first to last, he had to fight at an immense disadvantage. But he never encountered the foe, however superior in numbers they might be, without coming off victorious. The Ameers, with whom he had to contend, were a family of tyrants, who had, less than a century earlier, conquered Scinde, and who lived solely for their own selfish enjoyments. They had already, in their dealings with the Imperial Government, proved utterly treacherous and unscrupulous; and they were not yet disposed to give up their tricks. Little knowing with what manner of man they now had to deal, they continued, while pretending submission, to collect troops with the object of resistance. Napier, however, was too sagacious to be outwitted, too brave to be cowed. He was more than sixty-one; but, as he said, he felt a spring in him that defied all difficulties. He resolved upon strong measures; and, setting his army in motion, he made that famous march upon Emaum Ghur which excited so much admiration. The Duke of Wellington spoke of it in terms of the highest praise: "Sir Charles Napier's march upon Emaum Ghur," said the Prince of Waterloo, "is one of the most curious military feats which I have ever known to be performed, or have ever perused an account of, in my life. He moved his troops through the desert against hostile forces; he had his guns transported under circumstances of extreme difficulty, and in a manner the most extraordinary; and he cut off a retreat of the enemy

which rendered it impossible for them ever to regain their position."

At the opening of 1843, the Hyderabad Ameers summoned all their warriors from mountain and plain to assemble at the capital and take part in a campaign. The fall of Emaum Ghur caused them serious apprehension; still their resolution did not fail them. They waited some weeks to complete their preparations, and to gain time they practised every kind of deceit. Napier was not to be imposed upon. He felt convinced that he would be under the necessity of encountering them in fight; and was determined that he, at least, should be neither the dupe of their perfidy, nor the victim of their cruelty.

When the month of February arrived, it was rumoured that the plan of the Ameers was ripe; that sixty thousand Beloochee warriors were assembled at Meeanee; that a restless and refractory Beloochee chief, known as "the Lion of Meerpoor," was ready to join them with twelve thousand more; and that other chieftains around were setting their tribes in motion. Napier's army was small; but he was not cast down. On the contrary, when told that the Beloochees would soon be in the field to the number of sixty thousand, he answered—"Let them be sixty or a hundred thousand, I will fight them."

He kept his word. At Meeanee, on the 17th of February, Napier with two thousand men encountered the Ameers, whose army numbered about forty thousand. His troops, however, were in high spirits, and the 22d regiment led the way with gallant bravery. The strife was fierce. The Beloochee warriors fought like fiends. Under cover of their shields they ran upon the English

and attacked them with their swords. The encounter was close; and all fought hand to hand. No man did his duty more valiantly than the English general. Twice he rallied the troops when giving way under the terrible pressure, and he never left the front of the battle till the fortune of the day was decided.

In the heat of the conflict, Napier was exposed to a peril hardly less than that with which he had been beset when struggling with the French in the lanes at Corunna. One of the fierce Beloochee chiefs marked him out as a victim, and moved forward, with his shield raised, and his scowling eyes visible over it. The smoke and confusion prevented the English from seeing the danger of their general; and Napier, whose right hand was disabled by an accident that had ruptured a sinew and caused intense pain, was not quite in a condition to try conclusions with the athletic savage. Even at this disadvantage, the aged warrior prepared for a conflict.

He shifted the bridle reins to his wounded hand, drew his sword, and was on the point of replying to a sweeping blow at his horse's neck, by a thrust at the Beloochee chief's eyes, the only assailable point, when Lieutenant Marston interfered. A fierce struggle between the lieutenant and the chief ensued; and the Beloochee's arm was lifted up to deal a decisive blow, when, slowly emerging from a cloud of smoke, a bayonet was driven up to the hilt in his exposed side, and as slowly withdrawn. Who the soldier was who thus opportunely came to the rescue, Napier, it is said, could never discover.

After a terrible struggle, musket and bayonet and English courage prevailed over numbers, and the battle of Meeanee was won. The Beloochees were computed to

have lost six thousand men; thus the English, on an average, killed each three Beloochee warriors. On the part of the English, the loss was not slight. Twenty officers and two hundred and fifty rank and file lay dead on the bloody field. Among the prisoners were six Ameers, who offered Napier their swords. They were of great value; but he returned them, reporting simply to Lord Ellenborough—"Their misfortunes are of their own creation; but as they were great, I gave them back their swords"—thus, as has been remarked, contemning even the honour of possessing the swords of six sovereigns vanquished by himself, when his self-denial could in any way lighten their load of misery.

The battle of Meeanee having been thus bravely won, Hyderabad surrendered. The English colours were displayed from the great round tower of the city; a royal salute was fired; and a dozen of thundering cheers were given by the soldiers of the conquering army.

The Lion of Meerpoor was still in the field. He had not come to the aid of the Ameers at Meeanee, but he was now bent on a struggle, and the captive princes, whose swords had been returned in a spirit of chivalry, opened communications with the restless chief. Napier was determined to tame the Lion; and, meanwhile, to prevent them from plotting, sent the perfidious Ameers on board a steamer. There was, however, danger. The Lion, who, with his thousands of men, was at a few miles' distance, soon rallied the tribes who had been broken at Meeanee, and called upon the Beloochee race to aid him in destroying the English. Quickly they closed around the little band of conquerors; and within ten days of his signal victory at Meeanee, Napier received intelligence



that thirty thousand Beloochees would be upon him ere a week elapsed.

Napier, like his Border ancestor, was "ready for the field." It was not, however, till the 24th of March that he again met the foe. At Dubba, a village six miles from Hyderabad, they mustered thirty thousand strong; and thither to give them battle he marched at the head of five thousand men. After proceeding some miles, a peasant gave him information as to the position of the enemy; and Napier, having sent forward the Scinde horse to explore, continued his march. Ere long they came in sight of the Beloochees, posted behind a ravine, with the village of Dubba on their right and in their rear.

The English soldiers were full of confidence in their leader, and fought with their wonted courage. As at Meeanee, so at Dubba, the 22d regiment led the attack, and charged so gallantly that they carried the ravine.

At Dubba Napier was again exposed to danger. The hilt of his sword was broken by a musket-ball; and while he was fighting desperately the enemy's magazine blew up close to where he was. All around him were killed or wounded, but the general seemed to have a charmed life. His own clothes were singed, but he escaped unhurt. The natives began to think him a supernatural being, and believed that the earth shook when he rose from his bed.

Napier was now appointed Governor of Scinde, and ruled with wisdom the province he had won with so much valour. He abolished various odious customs, and gave encouragement to trade by opening canals and directing commerce into new channels. One feature of his pro-

ceedings in Scinde must not be forgotten. For the first time in the history of the British army he inserted in his despatches the names of "privates" who had distinguished themselves in action, and by word and deed proved himself the "soldier's friend." The way in which Napier exercised his power could not but excite admiration; and Lord Ellenborough, at a banquet given at Cheltenham, remarked with eloquence—"There never has been, is, or will be any name so great in Scinde as that of Sir Charles Napier, because no name but his is associated with justice—and justice to all men in the exercise of unlimited power and authority; and no man has imputed to him an act of injustice in the exercise of it."

In 1847, Napier returned to England, but two years later his services were again demanded by the country which he had so often and so faithfully served. When, in the spring of 1849, the disasters of the Sikh campaign awakened the anxieties of the people of England, all eyes were turned upon the conqueror of Scinde, and the Duke of Wellington recommended that Sir Charles Napier should, without delay, be placed at the head of the army in India. An anecdote is related which well illustrates the simplicity of the hero's style of living. A messenger was sent from the Horse-Guards bearing the despatch which announced the appointment. Napier was at the time in London, and the messenger went to his temporary residence in Berkeley Street. The door was opened by a maid-servant, but she declared that neither Sir Charles nor Lady Napier was at home. The messenger, who had been charged to deliver the despatch to one or the other, was somewhat perplexed, and commenced eager inquiries. Suddenly a door was opened, and the head of the great

warrior appeared over the stairs. "I am Sir Charles Napier," he said; "but as we are now at dinner, and have no second room, you had better call again." The messenger, however, announced his errand, and Sir Charles received the despatch.

At Dover, on the 24th of March 1849, Napier embarked on his mission. Ere he reached India, the object of the war had been attained; but he exerted himself to reform the abuses that had grown up in the army; and after remaining about two years in the East, he returned, for the last time, to his native country.

In the summer of 1853, the year after the Great Duke had been laid at rest in St. Paul's Cathedral, Napier's end drew nigh. Having sheathed at seventy-two, as he said, the sword which he had taken up at eleven, the renowned warrior lay down to die at Oatlands, near Portsmouth, surrounded by the trophies of his victories in war and peace. His sufferings were severe, but he bore them like a soldier, and, early on the morning of the 29th of August, the hour of his release arrived. As his spirit departed from its tenement of clay, the colours that had been carried by the 22d regiment at Meeanee were waved over the camp bed in which he breathed his last.

Napier was buried in the little churchyard of the military chapel at Portsmouth. The scene was such as cannot soon be forgotten. The whole of the soldiers forming the garrison of Portsmouth came forth of their own accord, to evince their respect for his memory. "Sixty thousand voluntary attendants, with a solemn reverence more impressive than the most elaborate pomp, displayed their veneration for a hero."

When a few years had passed over, a monument to the memory of the conqueror of Scinde was erected in Trafalgar Square. The hero is there represented with a scroll in his left hand, symbolical of the government awarded to Scinde, and in his right hand a sword, not brandished in defiance, but pressed against his bosom as if in affectionate acknowledgment of its good service. On the pedestal is this inscription:—"Charles James Napier, General, born MDCCLXXXII.; died MDCCCLIII. Erected by public subscription from all classes, civil and military, the most numerous subscribers being private soldiers."

LORD RAGLAN.

LORD FITZROY JAMES HENRY SOMERSET, afterwards Lord Raglan, was born on the 30th of September 1788. At Badminton, where, for centuries, his paternal ancestors had maintained aristocratic state, he first saw the light. Having been early destined for the army, he was educated with a view to his following the military profession.

The Somersets are said to derive their descent from John of Gaunt; but fastidious genealogists are inclined to treat the pedigree with some degree of ridicule. The truth appears to be, that during the Wars of the Roses, a lady named Joan Hill, without being a wife, became the mother of a son. Of this boy, Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who was beheaded at Hexham, was understood to be the father. The lad went by the name of Charles Somerset, and getting, as years passed over, into high favour with Henry VIII., he was created Earl of Worcester. In the time of the Stuarts, the Earls of Worcester were elevated in the peerage to the Dukedom of Beaufort. The fifth duke married Elizabeth, daughter of Admiral Boscawen; and their youngest son was the

gallant officer who commanded the army of England in the Crimea.

Ere Fitzroy Somerset had attained the age of five, his father died; but, in all probability, this circumstance exercised little influence on the fortunes of the young lord. In any case, it is unlikely that, in the battle of life, he had to contend with the difficulties which beset men exposed to the influence of "the cold shade." When in his sixteenth year he was gazetted as cornet of the 4th Dragoons. Some years later, he was promoted to a company in the 43d regiment of foot, and had the advantage of acquiring much practical knowledge of a soldier's duties. He had soon an opportunity of turning his professional knowledge to account; for the times were such that aristocrats could hardly, without danger, exercise their privilege of getting everything and doing nothing. They had something else to think of than preserving game and prosecuting trespassers.

When the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, went to the Peninsula to support the inhabitants in the patriotic resistance to Napoleon, Lord Fitzroy Somerset accompanied him as aide-de-camp and assistant military secretary. He soon after succeeded to the post of military secretary; and, from that time, he attended the duke in every action. It was not, however, as a mere penman that he was associated with the great struggle that terminated on the field of Waterloo. In many a bloody conflict, he proved himself one of the bravest of those soldiers who were fighting for the independence of Europe.

Numerous were the occasions on which Lord Fitzroy, while assiduous in the discharge of his official duties,

displayed his courage in the field. At the battle of Busaco, when the French fought their way up the heights with an intrepidity equally vain and astonishing, he received his first wound. At Fuentes d'Onore, which terminated in the repulse of Massena, after a bloody action, during which the English and French met in the main street of the village at the very bayonet's point, he not only carried orders of vital importance to Wellington's lieutenants, but bore himself with distinguished gallantry. At Badajoz he enacted a conspicuous part, and acquired a large increase of reputation.

It was on the 6th of April 1812, that, three practicable breaches having been effected, Wellington gave orders for the assault. Preparations had been secretly made; and when night fell, the various divisions of the English army mustered at different points of attack. While noiselessly completing their preparations, a blazing carcass, darting from the black looming mass of the city, fell in front of the gathering troops, and revealed to each other the assailants and the besieged. At the same instant, a line of levelled muskets, accompanied by the roar of cannon, vomited forth a deadly fire, and wrought fearful havoc on the foe beneath. Undismayed by the roar of cannon and the lurid glare of fire-balls, the besiegers advanced, crowding in numbers to the ditch, when suddenly a quantity of shells and combustibles exploded with an appalling effect. There was no pause, however; and Badajoz was taken, after fearful carnage.

In the assault on Badajoz, Lord Fitzroy Somerset was among the foremost. As the besiegers fell in piles before the walls, he survived to lead the soldiers through

the breach. He made his way directly to the stronghold of San Christoval, to which the French general had retreated; and on the following morning had the satisfaction of receiving that functionary's submission.

After the storming of Badajoz, Wellington advanced towards Salamanca, where Lord Fitzroy won more distinction. On that day, Wellington was seen at every point, with Lord Fitzroy by his side; and it appears that the latter exposed himself so fearlessly as to be rebuked by his chief for excess of temerity. At Vittoria, again, Lord Fitzroy came up with Wellington at the head of the fourth and light divisions, just as Hill broke through the gorge of the Puebla; and, throughout the battle, he greatly distinguished himself by his valour and gallantry. At the terrible battle of Sorauren, he brought up the sixth division, and again exhibited extraordinary pluck and activity.

After the victory of Sorauren, Wellington, pursuing the French, defeated them in several actions; and Soult, finding his army in disorder, retreated into the Pyrenees. Meanwhile, Pampeluna had been closely invested by the English, and expected relief; but Soult, though sensible of its importance, relied on the strength and resources of the place to make a protracted defence. It was the ingenuity of Lord Fitzroy Somerset that led to the surrender of this important stronghold.

One day, when Wellington and Lord Fitzroy were riding, unattended, through a mountain pass, they were met by a muleteer. This man, it turned out, had been despatched by the French governor of Pampeluna to Soult, and mistook Wellington for the French marshal. He approached, took out a piece of paper, and presented

it. The paper was inscribed with ciphers; and Wellington, puzzled, handed it to his secretary. "If," said he, "we could unravel this, we might gain some intelligence." Lord Fitzroy took the document, looked carefully over it, detected several vowels, and, at length, made out the whole. The contents were most important. In fact, the Governor declared that, unless relieved by a certain day, Pampeluna must surrender. Wellington took his measures accordingly, and Pampeluna fell into his hands. With this, the key of Spain, he unlocked the gates of France. Victory followed victory; the peace of 1814 was signed; the Bourbons were restored to France; Napoleon was banished to Elba; and Lord Fitzroy Somerset returned to England. In recognition of his services, the gallant officer received a cross and five clasps; and it was admitted by the duke that, during the Peninsular war, he had contributed, in no small degree, to the success of the English army.

The peace was somewhat brief. Elba, as might have been anticipated, proved too small a realm for the ambition of a man who had so recently figured with the sceptre of Charlemagne in his hand, the iron crown of Lombardy on his head, the laurels of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland on his brow, the pope a captive in his power, a fair-haired daughter of the German Cæsars sharing his throne, and the kings and emperors of Europe crouching at his feet. Relying on those soldiers, between whom and himself victories and defeats had created indissoluble bonds, Napoleon landed and electrified the army with his presence. He knew that he could depend on the army; but he also knew that between the army and people sympathy no longer existed. He, therefore, while paro-

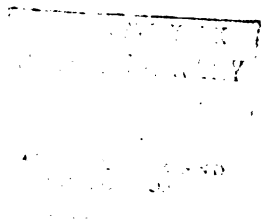
dying the First Empire during "the Hundred Days," endeavoured to win over the democracy by promising to become, for their benefit, the Charlemagne of liberal ideas.

Before doing anything, however, Napoleon must fight. Europe was again in motion to put him down as the "common enemy." Wellington took the field for a new campaign; and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, accompanying the duke as military secretary, did his duty with his wonted spirit. At Quatre Bras, he signalised his prowess; and at Waterloo, where he was in the midst of the fire from the commencement, he conducted himself with great bravery, and had his right arm shattered in the conflict.

After the decisive victory, Lord Fitzroy was appointed secretary of the English embassy at the Court of Paris. In 1815, he became a lieutenant-colonel, and as a reward for his distinguished services, he was chosen a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and nominated extra aide-de-camp to the Prince Regent, with the rank of full colonel of the army. In 1818, he was elected member of Parliament for the borough of Truro; and next year he was appointed secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance. In 1827, he became military secretary to the Duke of Wellington, as commander-in-chief, and filled the post during the whole period that the conqueror of Waterloo presided at the Horse-Guards—having meanwhile been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general.

When the Duke of Wellington died in 1852, Lord Fitzroy Somerset was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Raglan, and appointed successor to Lord Hardinge as Master-General of the Ordnance. War was at hand; and, on the breaking out of hostilities with Russia,





the great experience of Lord Raglan and his long connection with the duke, marked him out as the man best qualified to lead the army of England against the Muscovite foe. He was accordingly appointed to the command; and ere long it was resolved to invade the Crimea and take Sebastopol. The commanders of the allied armies made themselves acquainted with the strength of the enemy, and, in all probability, hoped within a fortnight of their landing, to signalise their expedition by capturing the stronghold that frowned over the Black Sea.

At first fortune favoured the invaders. On the 14th of September 1854, a landing was effected and a camp formed without opposition; and on the evening of the 18th Lord Raglan issued orders that the troops should strike their tents at daybreak. The camp was accordingly aroused; but, owing to various causes, the army was not ready to move forward till the sun was high in the heavens. After marching an hour, there took place a halt of fifty minutes; and Lord Raglan, accompanied by Marshal St. Arnaud and a number of officers, rode along the front.

"English," said the brave French marshal, as he passed the 55th regiment, "I hope you will fight well to-day."

"Hope! Sure you know we will," was the ready reply from the English ranks.

Onward now marched the invading army, through a country of which the villages and homesteads had by the Russians been consigned to the flames. The journey was fatiguing in the extreme; the sun was shining brightly; the heat was intense; and no water was to be found. At length the eyes of the troops were gladdened with the

sight of water. They had reached a little stream called the Bulganac; and on its left bank they bivouacked for the night. A council of war was then held; and the allied generals being informed that the Russians, under Menschikoff, had fortified themselves on the heights of the Alma, a tortuous stream, not generally deep, save where there were pools and eddies, but with high banks, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, agreed that part of the French army should cross the river at its junction with the sea, assail the enemy's left, and establish themselves on the heights of the Alma; that the remainder of the French should move up the heights in front; and that, on their meeting with success, the English should force the right and part of the centre of the Russian army.

Lord Raglan, at the time, thus describes the position occupied by the Russians:—"It crosses," he wrote, "the great road about two miles and a half from the sea, and is very strong by nature. The bold and almost precipitous range of heights, of from 350 to 400 feet, that from the sea closely borders the left bank of the river, here ceases, and formed their left, and turning thence round a great amphitheatre, or wide valley, terminated at a salient pinnacle, where their right rested, and whence the descent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent. Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge, at different heights varying from 60 to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at a distance from it of from 600 to 800 yards. The river itself is generally fordable for troops. but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep. The willows along it had been cut down in order to prevent them

from affording cover to the attacking party, and, in fact, everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter. In front of the position, on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Boulíouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy. The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to were the key of the position, and consequently there the greatest preparations had been made for the defence. Half-way down the height, and across its front, was a trench of the extent of some hundred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right of the position. Artillery, at the same time, was posted at the points that best commanded the passage of the river and its approaches generally. On the slopes of these hills (forming a sort of tableland) were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while on the heights was his great reserve, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 45,000 and 50,000 men. Such was the position of the Russian army when on the eve of a desperate encounter with the united hosts of England and France.

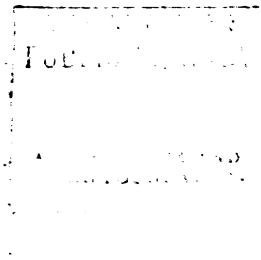
On the morning of the 20th of September, Marshal St. Arnaud, who in imagination had already taken Sebastopol twenty times during his visions by day and his dreams by night, set his men in motion as early as six o'clock. By mid-day they were seen, under the auspices of General Bosquet, making their way up the hills, which were covered with Russian skirmishers. On the first approach their van was in difficulties, and there was a

slight pause. They persevered, however, and scattering the Russians in all directions, succeeded in crowning the heights in the face of a fierce fire of musketry and artillery.

Meanwhile the English had advanced; and the two leading divisions marched forward to attack the front, and the supporting divisions followed the movement. Hardly had this taken place, when an unexpected circumstance checked their progress. The village of Boulioulk was set on fire by the enemy at all points, creating a continuous blaze for three hundred yards, obscuring, by dense clouds of smoke, the position of the enemy, and rendering a passage through it impracticable.

On nearing this burning village the English halted, and the Russians opened a furious fire on the whole of the line. The French, however, had not yet made sufficient progress to justify Lord Raglan in advancing; and, waiting patiently, he ordered the men to lie down in the grass. Theirs was no bed of roses. Indeed they suffered so much from the Russian shot, that Lord Raglan grew weary of looking at their sufferings, and ordered the whole line to advance. The soldiers sprang to their feet, and regardless of the showers of Russian shot, floundered through the stream. At this point they found unexpected opponents; but Lord Raglan's energy overcame all obstacles. "At the other side of the river," says Mr. Russell, "were a number of vineyards, and to our surprise they were occupied by Russian riflemen. Three of the staff were here shot down; but, led by Lord Raglan in person, they advanced, cheering on the men. And now came the turning point of the battle, in which Lord Raglan, by his sagacity and military skill, probably





secured the victory at a smaller sacrifice than would have been otherwise the case. He dashed over the bridge, followed by his staff. From the road over it, under the Russian guns, he saw the state of action." The experienced eye of the old pupil of Wellington took in the whole at a glance.

Through the river and up the heights of the Alma, the English were making their way in the face of perhaps the most murderous fire to which an army was ever exposed. Sir De Lacy Evans crossed the stream, and led forward his division in a manner worthy of his ancient fame. In front of the Light Division rode Sir George Brown, cheering on his men with voice and gesture, as they rushed up the heights to charge the Russian batteries. When in front of the 23d his horse was struck down, and the gallant general disappeared in a cloud of dust. Some confusion was the result; but he sprang to his feet. "Twenty-third," he exclaimed, "I'm all right! Forward! and be sure I'll remember you for this day." Meanwhile, on the right of the Light Division, the Guards and Highlanders were storming the heights on the left. Suddenly a tornado of round and grape shot rushed from the battery, and mowed down the men by scores. At the same time a body of Russian infantry, firm and compact, descended towards the battery. Lord Raglan saw that a crisis had arrived. "Would it be possible," he asked, "to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses?" "Yes," was the answer; and an officer of artillery brought up two guns to play upon the Russian squares. These did their work; the Russian infantry wavered, and then fled over the brow of the hill; and the English, relieved, continued their onward progress.

The battle now drew to a close. The Guards stormed the right of the battery, and the Highlanders, under the gallant Sir Colin Campbell, took it at a rush. The second and Light Divisions crowned the heights; the French turned the guns against the retreating foe; and, after a few expiring efforts on the part of the foe, the battle of the Alma was won. "The allied troops," wrote Lord Raglan, "attacked the position occupied by the Russian army behind the Alma on the 20th instant, and I have great pleasure in adding, that they succeeded, in less than three hours, in driving the enemy from every part of the ground which they had held in the morning."

The victory of the Alma won Lord Raglan a marshal's baton; but, glorious as the affair was, it had not the effect of placing Sebastopol in the hands of the allies. Moreover they soon after lost a great man. Thought and toil soon carried the French marshal to the grave; and when General Canrobert had succeeded to the command, when Balaklava and Inkerman had been fought, and when winter had set in, it soon appeared that the stronghold of Russia would only be taken by the process of a siege.

We need not recall all the horrors experienced by our brave army during that fearful winter. Sufficient it is to say, that Lord Raglan followed Marshal St. Arnaud, to "where the weary are at rest," months before the close of that struggle in which at the commencement they had taken such important parts. In the summer of 1855, soon after the command of the French army had been transferred from Canrobert to Pellisier, Lord Raglan's health began to give way, under the influence of mental and bodily fatigue; and he must have felt that he was not destined to see the standards of England and France

wave in triumph over that stronghold with the siege of which his name will ever be associated in the annals of British warfare. On the evening of the 29th of June 1855, he died at Sebastopol. His death caused a deep feeling of regret throughout the camp; and on the 3d of July, his remains were removed to Kazatch Bay, and placed on board the "Caradoc," to be conveyed to England.

When the remains of Lord Raglan reached Bristol, to be conveyed to Badminton, for interment in the burial-place of his family, every mark of respect was shown to the memory of the deceased warrior; and at every village through which the funeral cortége passed there were demonstrations of mourning. On arriving at the entrance of the long avenue leading to the ancestral seat of the Somersets, the mournful procession was joined by the Gloucester militia. After lying in state in the great hall of the ducal mansion, the body was removed with solemn pomp to the church of Great Badminton. One affecting part of the ceremony must not be omitted. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, the son of the departed hero placed upon it the wreath of Marshal Pellisier, which, as a funeral trophy bestowed by a warrior's hand, found its most fitting resting-place in a warrior's tomb; and, after all his labours, and battles, and sieges, Lord Raglan reposed in peace among the remains of his kinsmen and ancestors.

SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS.

NOVA SCOTIA has the distinction of being the birthplace of "the hero of Kars." He first saw the light in the year 1800; and having at an early age been brought to England, was by the late Duke of Kent placed at the Royal Academy of Artillery at Woolwich. After passing his examination with unusual credit, he obtained a commission as second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1823, attained the rank of first lieutenant in 1827, and was promoted to a captaincy in 1837. Ceylon was the first place in which he fulfilled important duties. There he was for some time employed by Government as geographer and engineer, and in that position discharged his duties with extraordinary ability.

Having been next sent to Turkey, he while in that country received, in recognition of his services, the brevet rank of major. The name of Major Williams ere long became known to high functionaries; and Lord Aberdeen, who then presided over the Foreign Office, appointed him commissioner for settling the boundary between the Turkish and Russian frontiers. The mission was at once delicate and arduous. Not only were diplomatic tact and

discretion necessary, but considerable physical hardihood and courage. He was continually exposed to a varying and unhealthy climate, and compelled to live in tents among wild tribes of lawless chiefs and vagrant robbers, whom even the great name of England could not inspire with respect or terror. Major Williams, however, acquitted himself with signal ability. His "pluck" and patience were strikingly exhibited; and having taken a prominent part in the conferences which in 1847 preceded the treaty of Erzeroum, he was soon after advanced to the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in 1852 honoured with the Companionship of the Bath.

The world was on the eve of events which were to give Colonel Williams an opportunity of displaying, in a still more striking light, his courage and his capacity. Indeed, his experience had been gradually preparing him for the work he was about to be called upon to do. The late Lord Vivian, when Master-General of the Ordnance, had selected him to instruct the Turks in artillery practice; and while engaged in that duty, he had acquired a profound knowledge of the Ottoman character. When the war with Russia was commencing, the English Government, taking the antecedents of the gallant officer into account, promoted him to the rank of full colonel, and nominated him to the arduous post of Her Majesty's Commissioner with the Turkish army in the East.

Soon after the appointment, which he was to turn to such good account, had been made, Colonel Williams received from the Turkish Government the rank of "Ferik," a general of division. This complimentary distinction was bestowed in the following terms:—

"To the very noble, very great, very honourable, and

illustrious personage Williams Pacha, one of the colonels of the illustrious British Government, who is with my Imperial army in Asia, on whom the high rank of Ferik (general of division) has been conferred. When my present Imperial diploma shall have reached thee, thou shalt learn as follows: Whereas my Sublime Porte knows quite well, by experience, thy great ability and thy vast knowledge of military affairs, and that for these reasons thou art with my Imperial army in Asia; and whereas I hold thee in goodwill and esteem, I have, in conformity with the representation of the Seraskier, conferred upon thee the high rank of Ferik; and such is my sovereign will, in virtue whereof my present firman has emanated from my Imperial Divan. When thou shalt have learnt the above, thou wilt make every effort for continuing to give proofs of thy devotion, and to render good and loyal services to my Sublime Porte. Understand and trust the noble signature which adorns this Imperial diploma, given in the first dyanie of the month Rebuil Akhir, 1271."

The dignity of "Ferik" having thus been conferred on Colonel Williams by the Sultan, the English Government promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general; and he commenced his new duties by visiting Kars, and making himself acquainted with the state of matters in that city.

Kars was recognised as an important fortress, and considered as the key to Asia Minor in any contest between the Turks and the Russians. Its defence was therefore regarded as a matter of the utmost consequence; and the long experience of General Williams among the Turks, with his intimate knowledge of the Ottoman character, eminently fitted him to undertake that post of peril and

honour. When appointed, in 1854, as commissioner to direct the movements of the Turkish army in Asia Minor, he was fully aware of the difficulties of his task; but he entered upon it like a man who was determined to do his duty. As has already been stated, he commenced operations by a visit to Kars, and found the aspect of affairs by no means encouraging. The troops whom he found there appeared in no condition to maintain themselves against the formidable legions of the Czar, who were assembled at Gumri, under General Mouravieff. The Turkish army numbered about sixteen thousand men; but these presented melancholy evidence of the decay which intrigue and corruption had brought on a nation whose warriors were formerly the terror of Christendom. The mighty were indeed fallen. Such was the wretched state of the cavalry, that the men could hardly keep their seats, and their horses were old; their uniform in rags; their swords too short; their lances too heavy. The infantry, with the exception of a few regiments, were in no better plight; and the artillery formed the exception to an unsatisfactory condition of affairs. Moreover, the soldiers were dispirited by an awful defeat by the Russians in the previous year, and disheartened by the irregularity of their pay, of which they had received nothing for twenty-four months. "So great," writes the gallant Colonel Lake, "is the suspicion produced by the unfair dealing of Turkish officials, that it was only because of the confidence reposed in the honour of the British Government that many of the Lazistan riflemen accepted our offers, and entered Kars to assist in its defence. Many of the Bashi-Bazooks also flocked to our standard, but were scarcely so acceptable as the Lazistan warriors, for the keep of their horses was a

drain upon our resources." Having taken steps to improve the discipline of the troops, and make the best of circumstances, General Williams returned to Erzeroum, and used all his influence with the government to have matters placed on a more satisfactory footing.

On the 7th of June 1855, General Williams returned to the post of danger, where two months earlier Vassif Pacha, the Mushir appointed to the command of the army in Asia Minor, had arrived from Constantinople. Meanwhile Mouravieff, with an army of thirty or forty thousand men, had encamped at a short distance from Kars, and awaited a favourable opportunity of making an attack.

Ere long an occasion presented itself. On the 10th of June the Turks were likely to be engaged in the celebration of the Feast of the Baïram, one of their religious festivals, and Mouravieff, calculating on an easy victory, advanced rapidly to the assault. He met with a reception by no means anticipated. The English officers had persuaded the Turks to suspend the festival; and General Williams, anticipating an attack, had held the troops in readiness during the preceding night, and caused them to stand to their arms before daylight.

Early in the morning the advanced posts of the Turks were driven in, and the Russian army appeared on the heights. The advanced guard consisted of regular Cossacks, the main body being infantry, marching in three columns, flanked by dragoons, and supported by batteries. In the rear was a strong column of reserve.

"Nothing," says General Williams, "could be more perfect than the handling of the enemy's army as it advanced upon the front of our entrenchments."

The Turkish cavalry and Bashi-Bazooks retired, skir-

mishing with the Cossacks, till within a thousand yards of the Turkish lines. Then came the tug of war. The Russian cavalry, supported by its reserves of skirmishers, and by a rocket troop, made a desperate rush to enter the camp, but they were checked by the artillery, and fell back upon the main body. The Russian army then retired, and after halting for a few minutes, disappeared over the hills. Two days later, however, the Russian general, by a flank movement, surrounded the Turkish entrenchments, cut off communication with Erzeroum, and placed himself within an hour's march of the weakest part of the position.

For many weeks General Mouravieff did not think it politic to renew the assault; but the garrison of Kars began to experience many of the horrors of war. Early in September the weather suddenly became cold; snow covered the hills surrounding the city; the equinoctial gales were severely felt; the scarcity of provisions dismayed the garrison; cholera appeared with its many horrifying influences; and desertion became so common an occurrence that two men had to be executed by way of making a public example.

While matters were in this state the defenders of Kars were rejoiced with the same news that, in the autumn of 1855, set all the bells in England a-ringing, and lighted up with brilliant illuminations the fair capital on the banks of the Seine. On the 23d of September, a chief of Bashi-Bazooks, accompanied by ten of his men, rode close up to the Russian cavalry vedettes, and when challenged, said in Russian, "Hold your tongues, you fools; don't you hear the colonel coming?" His deception was successful; and dashing by them with the speed of a whirl-

wind, he and his men made for Kars. He was heartily welcomed, for he brought the news that Sebastopol was in the hands of the allies, and great was the joy within the walls.

The beleaguered garrison required cheering news, for they were on the eve of a struggle that was to try their courage and tax their energies. At daybreak on the morning of the 29th September, a gun announced the approach of the enemy, and General Mouravieff, with the bulk of his army, in three columns, attacked the entrenched position of the Turks. Again the Russian commander fell into a mistake. "The mist and imperfect light of the dawning day," writes General Williams, "induced the enemy to believe that he was about to surprise us. He advanced with his usual steadiness and intrepidity, but in getting within range he was saluted with a crushing fire of artillery from all points of the line. This unexpected reception, however, only drew forth loud hurrahs from the Russian infantry, as it rushed up the hill on the redoubts and breastworks. These works poured forth a fire of musketry and rifles, which told with fearful effect on the close columns of attack, more especially on the left one, which being opposed by a battalion of four hundred and fifty chasseurs, armed with Minié rifles, was, after long and desperate fighting, completely broken and sent headlong down the hill, leaving eight hundred and fifty dead on the field, besides those carried off by their comrades.

"The central column precipitated itself on the redoubts of Tachmasb and Yukseh tabias, where desperate fighting occurred, and lasted for several hours, the enemy being repulsed in all his attempts to enter the

closed redoubts, which mutually flanked each other with their artillery and musketry, and made terrible havoc in the ranks of the assailants. And it was here that General Kmety and Hussein Pacha so conspicuously displayed their courageous conduct. Lieutenant-General Kerim Pacha also repaired to the scene of desperate strife, to encourage the troops, and was wounded in the shoulder, and had two horses killed under him.

"The right column of the Russian infantry, supported by a battery, eventually turned the left flank of the entrenched wing of the Tachmasb defences; and whilst the Russian battery opened on the rear of the closed redoubt, at its salient angle, their infantry penetrated considerably behind our position. Observing the commencement of this movement, and anticipating its consequences, Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, who had taken the direction of affairs in the English tabias, was instructed to send a battalion from Fort Lake to the assistance of the defenders of Tachmasb; and, at the same time, two battalions of the reserve were moved across the flying bridge, and upon the rocky height of 'Laz Teppe' tabia. These three reinforcing columns met each other at that point, and being hidden from the enemy by the rocky nature of the ground, confronted him at the most opportune moment. They deployed, opened their fire, which stopped and soon drove back the enemy's reserves, which were then vigorously charged with the bayonet, at the same moment when General Kmety and Major Teesdale issued from the redoubts of Tachmasb, and charged the assailants. The whole of that portion of the enemy's infantry and artillery now broke and fled down the heights, under a murderous fire of musketry. This oc-

curred at half-past eleven, after a combat of seven hours."

Meanwhile a most severe struggle was taking place at the eastern portion of the line, called the English tabias.

"About half-past five o'clock," writes General Williams, "a Russian column, consisting of eight battalions of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, and sixteen guns, advanced from the valley of Tchakmak, and assaulted those small redoubts, which, after as stout a resistance as their unavoidably feeble garrisons could oppose, fell into their hands, together with the connecting breastworks, defended by the townsmen and mountaineers from Laristan, whose clannish flags, according to their custom, were planted before them on the epaulements, and consequently fell into the enemy's hands. But ere the firing had begun in this portion of the field, Captain Thompson had received orders to send a battalion of infantry from each of the heights of Karadagh and Arab tabia, to reinforce the English lines. This reinforcement descended the deep gully through which flows the Kars river, passed a bridge recently thrown across it, and ascended the opposite precipitous bank by a zigzag path which led into the line of works named by the Turks 'Inglis tabias' —the English batteries. Their arrival was as opportune as that of the reserves directed towards Tachmasb; these battalions, joined to those directed by Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, gallantly attacked and drove the Russians out of the redoubts at the point of the bayonet, after the artillery of the enemy had been driven from these lines by the cross-fire directed from Fort Lake, and from Arab tabia and Karadagh, by Captain Thompson."

This battle of Kars was terrible and bloody throughout.

The roar of musketry and artillery was terrific. The Turks fought like fiends. In the words of General Williams, they "proved themselves worthy of the admiration of Europe, and established an undoubted claim to be placed among the most distinguished of its troops." Conspicuous for his skill and valour on this occasion, among hundreds of brave men, was General Kmety, the gallant Hungarian, whom the vengeance of the Austrian government had driven from his home and his country.

After the sanguinary conflict had raged for seven hours, and General Mouravieff had exerted all the talent which he had derived from nature, and all the ingenuity which he had learned from experience, the Russian troops were driven from the ground in disorder. They left four thousand muskets on the field; the numbers slain were no fewer than two thousand five hundred, while several thousands were supposed to have been wounded in the conflict.

In acknowledgment of his services on this occasion, General Williams was nominated by the Queen of England as a Knight-Companion of the Bath, and honoured by the Sultan with the rank of "Mushir," or full general, in the Turkish service. At Kars, however, his position became painful and perplexing in the extreme. Notwithstanding their repulse and enormous loss, the Russians continued the blockade with increased vigilance, and showed by their operations that they intended to starve the garrison into a capitulation. Famine, General Mouravieff well knew, would ere long do what he and his numerous army had been unable to accomplish. Having, therefore,

sent the wounded to Gumri, the Russians commenced the erection of tents and huts in their camp to brave the inclemency of winter, which was fast approaching.

General Mouravieff was not wrong in his calculations. The situation of the garrison became daily worse; their hope of succour grew daily more hopeless. Cholera continued its ravages, and carried off a thousand of the troops; on the 22d of November, a messenger from Erzeroum brought intelligence that the chances of aid were extremely slight. The garrison, worn out with famine and fatigue, were no longer in a condition to resist an attack. So scarce was food, that horse-flesh was reserved for the hospitals; and it is stated that even the price of cats rose to a hundred piastres each. On the 27th of November, more than two hundred men died of hunger; and at that time there was left only a single day's provision in store.

The boldest of mankind might now well have quailed at the prospect. "Scarcely a thousand men of the whole garrison," writes the consul at Erzeroum, "were in a state to use their weapons, and not many more could have sustained a march pursued by an enemy. Had a retreat been attempted, very few would have survived it; those who escaped the arms of the enemy would have died of exhaustion. The women crowded round the general's house with their starving children crying for food, and, throwing down their little ones at his gate, would not depart but with food. Himself, whom it had been their delight to salute and recognise as he passed, they no longer noticed kindly, but hurried by with an ominous half-averted scowl. The same look was per-

ceived in the soldiers; but how this must have lacerated a breast which always overflowed with tenderness towards suffering humanity."

All around was death and despair, when General Williams, after consulting with the brave Kmety, summoned a meeting of the pachas. A prolonged resistance was, of course, out of the question; and there could be no doubt as to the course which men of sense, who had done their duty, should pursue under the circumstances. Accordingly, when the council broke up, Major Teesdale, with a flag of truce, was despatched to the Russian camp, to request an interview for General Williams. The Hungarians, seeing the stage at which affairs had arrived, were naturally apprehensive of being delivered up by the Czar to the vengeance of the House of Hapsburg, and deemed it prudent to make their escape to Erzeroum. On the following day General Williams rode to the Russian camp, and had an interview with Mouravieff, who proved no ungenerous foe. Dr. Sandwith has, in his interesting volume, given a lively picture of the scene that took place on this memorable occasion :—

"'If you grant not these' (the terms proposed), exclaimed the General (Williams), 'every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you will then work your will on a famished crowd.'

"'I have no wish,' answered Mouravieff, 'to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long-suffering army, which has covered itself with glory, and only yields to famine. Look here!' he exclaimed, pointing to a lump of bread and a handful of roots, 'what splendid troops must these be who can stand to their arms in this severe

climate, on food such as this! General Williams, you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army. Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity.'"

In this spirit a convention was signed, and the blockade of Kars terminated.

And now came the last, and not the least melancholy of all the scenes enacted at Kars in connection with that famous siege. The Turkish troops on the 28th laid down their arms, and, having been mustered, were marched off, sadly and slowly, to the Russian camp. At their head, with dejection on his countenance, rode the Mushir, with General Williams on one hand, and on the other Colonel Lake, who, with the blood of cavaliers of the sixteenth century in his veins, had, in the nineteenth, proved himself a hero worthy of his sires. Such was the physical prostration of the men, that the march occupied several hours, and no fewer than eighteen of them sunk of sheer exhaustion by the way. On approaching the Russian camp they were received by a detachment of cavalry; General Williams with the English officers rode to Mouravieff's quarters to commence their captivity; and thus ended the siege of Kars, the defence of which was one of the brightest and noblest incidents of the war.

A few words will suffice to conclude this sketch. When General Williams was restored to liberty and enabled to return to England, he was received with high honours, and, without delay, rewarded with a baronetcy, with a pension of a thousand a-year for life, with the

Turkish order of the Medjidie, with the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, and with the freedom of the City of London. He was soon after elected Member of Parliament for Calne, and appointed commandant at Woolwich.

In the year 1859, the general took the command of the troops in Canada, which post he held for a period of eight years. We next find our hero, at the green age of seventy, serving his Queen and country with honour as Governor of Gibraltar, where he remained from 1870 to 1875.

After passing the remaining years of his long and well-spent life in quiet retirement, he died in London on the 26th of July 1883, at the age of eighty-three.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

AT Bishop-Wearmouth, near Sunderland, where his father was engaged in business as a ship-builder, Henry Havelock was born on the 5th of April 1795.

The Havelocks are, according to tradition, of Danish origin. Indeed, they are understood to derive descent from those terrible Vikings, who prided themselves on never having slept under the smoke-dried roof or emptied the brimming can at the chimney-corner, who made the ocean their home, and called the tempest their servant, and who, when death approached, saw in imagination goddesses beckoning them to the halls of Odin. The story goes that the ancestor of the Havelocks was, when a child, placed in the hands of a fisherman on the Humber, named Grime, who had instructions to drown him in the sea. The fisherman, touched with compassion, spared the boy, reared him with paternal care, manifested for him the affection of a father, and saw him become a warrior of renown. After having signalised his martial prowess, Grime's *protégé* was discovered to be the lost son of a Danish king; and his achievements were celebrated in a metrical romance entitled, "Havelok the Dane." Grime, as is well known, lived to found the

town of Great Grimsby, at the mouth of the Humber; and the seal of the corporation still bears the effigy of its founder, holding in his hand a scroll, on which the name of "Havelok" is inscribed. The pedigree of our English hero from "Havelok the Dane" may not easily be made out to the satisfaction of fastidious genealogists; but in the exploits which rendered Sir Henry Havelock the hero of the Indian war he certainly did display a degree of vigour and energy which would not have misbecome a Hasting or a Rollo.

But, whatever the origin of their line, it appears that the Havelocks were for many generations settled at Great Grimsby. At length one of the family turned his attention to trade, and established himself as a shipbuilder at Sunderland. The son of this northern worthy devoted himself to the same business, was well to do in the world, and married a lady of Yarmouth, named Carter, connected with the family Ettrich, which resided for ages at High Barnes. They had four sons; and of these the second was the brave and heroic man whose achievements, in 1857, made his name so popular in England.

Of Havelock's early life there are related several anecdotes. These, though trifling in themselves, derive some degree of interest from the fame he subsequently acquired, and we will therefore refer to them with brevity.

One day, when Havelock was about seven years of age, he climbed a tree, at the risk of his neck, to get at a bird's nest. While near the prize for which he exposed himself to so much hazard, he made a grasp at the branch on which the nest was. The branch happening to be slender, gave way: and he tumbled down the tree, nest and all. Fortunately, the branches broke his fall; but

it was nevertheless so severe, that for some time he lay on the ground in a state of unconsciousness. When discovered in that position, and by some process restored to consciousness, he was asked whether he was not frightened when he felt himself falling. "No," answered the embryo hero, "I had no time to be frightened. I had enough to do with the nest; for I thought the eggs would be smashed to pieces."

Another day, when Havelock was about twelve years old, he observed a large dog worrying his father's sheep. He immediately calculated how he might best deal with the ferocious animal, and turning to a neighbouring haystack, twined a strong rope and betook himself to the field. Approaching, he twisted the rope round the dog's neck, and tightening it, gradually reduced him to submission. Then flinging the animal into a pond to cool, he walked home as if nothing had happened.

While Havelock was in boyhood his father applied the profits of his shipbuilding business to the purchase of Ingress Park, an estate in Kent. Havelock was then removed from his native north to fairer and sunnier regions; and soon after admitted to be educated at the Charterhouse. When his victories made him celebrated, the "Athenæum" gave the public an interesting glimpse of the hero as he appeared in his schooldays:—

"Old Phlos is a name which, we are sure, must now be making the hearts of old Carthusians dance with pride and delight. The Charterhouse has boasted of many scholars who have sprung into eminent men; among others, Crashaw the poet, Addison and Steele the essayists, John Wesley the religious reformer, and Lord Ellenborough the Lord Chief-Justice. To this list must now

be added Old Phlos. The pet name will be remembered by Carthusians whose memories can go back some forty years or more. They will not have forgotten the gentle and thoughtful lad who used to stand looking on while others played, and whose generally meditative manner procured for him the title of Philosopher, subsequently diminished to Phlos, and occasionally applied as Old Phlos. That young and popular philosopher is the soldier at whose name the hearts of Englishmen beat with honest pride. Old Phlos of the Charterhouse is Havelock, the hero of Cawnpore."

Before Havelock's education was completed, his father, having suffered commercial reverses, was under the necessity of parting with Ingress Park, and about the year 1813 that estate was sold to Government. Of his sons, the eldest, William, was an officer in the army; and the second, Henry, was withdrawn from the Charterhouse, and destined for the legal profession. With this view he attended the lectures of Chitty, the eminent special pleader, and there formed a friendship with another "apprentice of the law," afterwards celebrated as Mr. Justice Talfourd. But caring little for such peaceful pursuits while all the nations of Europe were occupied with war, Havelock panted for a life of action and enterprise.

Fortunately for the English empire in the East, Havelock was not compelled by despair to abandon his aspiration. The elder brother having highly distinguished himself in the Peninsula, possessed sufficient influence to obtain for the younger a commission in the Rifle Brigade; and so far all was well. But it happened that Waterloo had been fought a few months previously; and for several

years after entering upon the career of a soldier, Havelock had to endure a somewhat monotonous kind of life.

At length Havelock's patience was worn out, and in the year 1823, desirous of seeing active service, he exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, and embarked for India. He was just in time. Next year the first Burmese war broke out; and the opportunity of signalising himself was not, of course, lost by such a man. He was present at several engagements; and in each of them exhibited remarkable courage and presence of mind. Having taken part in the action at Napadie, he in January 1826, assisted in driving the Burmese from their entrenchments at Patanagoa, and a few days later he assisted in the attack on the enemy's redoubts under the walls of Paghan Mew. Soon after this he made an essay to prove that he could handle the pen as well as the sword, and published the "History of the Ava Campaign."

While serving on the staff, during the Burmese war, Havelock had the good fortune to win the esteem of Sir Willoughby Cotton; and for his services during the campaign he was permitted to accompany the mission to Ava. He was, moreover, one of the few honoured with an audience of "the Golden Foot," on the occasion of the treaty of peace being signed.

The war being at an end, Havelock was appointed adjutant to the military depôt at Chinsurah; and soon after the breaking up of that establishment he removed to Calcutta. Having there studied the Oriental languages, and passed a creditable examination, he was nominated by Lord William Bentinck to the adjutancy of his regiment, then under the command of Sir Robert Sale.

About the same time he married the daughter of Dr. Marshman, a Baptist missionary at Serampore, an old Danish settlement in the neighbourhood of Calcutta.

Several years of peaceful life now fell to Havelock's lot, and it was not till 1838, when he had been a subaltern for nearly a quarter of a century, that he obtained the command of a company. In this position he soon distinguished himself as a God-fearing soldier and a strict disciplinarian. He had little relish for the vanities of the world, and devoted himself to his profession and his God. As early as 1806, when he was a boy at the Charterhouse, Havelock had given indications, not to be mistaken, of a pious disposition. At that time he is said to have been in the habit of seeking the seclusion of his chamber, and there, with a few congenial spirits, reading sermons and books on subjects of religion. Ere he went to India he had resolved that, whatever others might do, he would serve the Lord; and he continued to devote himself to the spiritual welfare of his men with the utmost assiduity. He was of the Baptist persuasion; and not only preached, but sometimes went so far as to perform the rite of baptism. "No sooner did he join the 13th Light Infantry," says a pastor of the religious denomination to which Havelock belonged, "than he began to devote himself assiduously to the spiritual welfare of his men, assembling them together on every suitable occasion for mutual Scripture-reading, and for common psalmody and prayer; and throughout the long period of his connection with that regiment this practice was religiously maintained. There came a time when they built a place for their own religious accommodation, when they had their own pastor; but still he was amongst

them as one that served them in the Gospel, and in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. One of the assemblies of this regiment when in Burmah was a most noteworthy one, and should be mentioned. They had gone to Rangoon with the expedition under Sir Archibald Campbell. The town having been captured, our friend exerted all his power to prevent the impending excesses of the soldiery, beseeching them, under such strong temptations, to quit themselves like men. There was a great pagoda in Rangoon, the glory of the city. Of a large chamber in this edifice Havelock obtained the permanent use, and whilst all around its walls there was the idolatrous images of Buddh, he converted the chamber into a meeting-house for the worship of the true God. Hearing the sound of Christian psalmody one day coming from that pagoda, a military friend, who communicates the fact, relates that he followed the sound to its source, and found about a hundred soldiers seated about their officer, who, with the Bible and hymn-book in his hand, was himself effectually enacting the good minister of Jesus Christ."

When the Affghan war broke out, Havelock was placed on the staff of Sir Willoughby Cotton. During the operations he served with high distinction, assisting at the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Cabul. On his return to India he wrote his "Memoir of the Affghan Campaign," which was published in London.

Sir Willoughby Cotton, on going to assume the command of the army in Affghanistan, was accompanied by Havelock, and the latter was placed, as interpreter of the Persian language, on the staff of General Elphinstone. Nevertheless, he marched with his own regiment to Jellalabad, and remained with the garrison during our ter-

rible disasters in Affghanistan. When, on the 5th of April 1842, the attack was made on Akhbar's camp, Havelock commanded the column on the right, and commenced the battle by a fierce onslaught on the enemy's left wing. For his services in Affghanistan he was rewarded with the rank of brevet-major, and admitted as a Companion of the Order of the Bath.

A brief period of repose having passed over, Havelock was again in action. In the Gwalior campaign of 1843, and in the Sutlej campaigns of 1845 and 1846, he enacted a conspicuous part, and conducted himself with characteristic gallantry. At the battle of Moodkie he had two horses shot under him. At Sobraon he was exposed to a similar peril. There a cannon-ball came so near him as to enter his charger through the saddle-cloth. The horse and the rider went down; but Havelock, though covered with the animal's blood, sprang to his feet, and continued to take part in the battle. At Ferozeshah his gallant bearing excited general admiration. With his calmness and resolution he was an example to all; and his exertions were extraordinary. A story is current of Havelock on this occasion which is worthy of being told; indeed, it well illustrates the calmness which he ever exhibited, even in the presence of excessive danger. During the terrible cannonade on what was called the Night of Horrors, Sir Henry Hardinge was surprised to find him fast asleep, lying on the ground, and resting his head on a bag of gunpowder. Awakened by Sir Henry, and rebuked for his temerity, Havelock raised himself, and answered, "I was so tired!"

Meanwhile Havelock held fast the profession of his religious faith without wavering. When travelling in India

he always took with him a Bethel tent, and on Sunday morning he was in the habit of hoisting his flag, and inviting all men to come and hear the Gospel preached. His doings were not regarded with a very favourable eye by those among whom his lot had been cast; and he was reported at headquarters for acting in a non-military and disorderly manner. Lord Gough, who was commander-in-chief, entertained the charge; but, being anxious for fair play, he caused inquiries to be made into the state of Havelock's regiment, and compared with that of others. The result was significant. The reports, on being examined, showed that in his regiment there was less crime, less drunkenness, less flogging, and less imprisonment than in any other. Lord Gough was far from resisting such evidence. "Go," said he, "with my compliments to Colonel Havelock, and tell him to baptize the whole army."

In the midst of all this Havelock was not by any means unpopular as an officer. Though stern and sometimes exacting as a disciplinarian, he appears to have been rather in favour with the men under his command. They liked his frankness, and admired his antique heroism under fire. To his qualities as an officer, and to the beneficial influence he exercised over his soldiers, Lord Gough, on one occasion when he anticipated desperate work, bore the strongest testimony. "Turn out the saints!" said he; "Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk."

When the first Sikh war was over, Havelock received the appointment of deputy-adjutant-general of the Queen's troops at Bombay. On the breaking out of the second Sikh war, however, he quitted the staff appointment and joined his own regiment, which had been ordered into the

field. He had proceeded as far as Indore when their further progress was countermanded, and then returned to his post; but twenty-five years of laborious and incessant service in India had told upon his constitution, and his medical adviser sent him on a visit to England for the restoration of his health.

Havelock spent two years in England, and in 1851 returned to Bombay, when he was made brevet-colonel. There, through the influence of Lord Hardinge, by whose side he had fought in the three battles of the Sutlej (and who said of him, "Every inch a soldier, but every inch a Christian"), he was appointed quartermaster-general, and afterwards adjutant-general, of the English troops in India. He continued to exercise the functions of his military office till the despatch of the expedition to Persia, when he obtained the command of the second division. He arrived in time to lead the land forces to the attack of Mohammerah. The place was taken, but the glory of the day remained with the naval force, and further operations were rendered unnecessary by the peace that had been concluded at Paris. The English troops were thus enabled to return to India.

Havelock now embarked for Bombay, and on reaching that place took shipping in the "Erin" for Calcutta. The vessel was wrecked off the coast of Ceylon. Providentially, however, he was saved; and obtaining a passage in the "Fire Queen," he, on the 19th of June, reached Calcutta.

The "City of Palaces" was in dismay and consternation. Care and alarm appeared on every face. The mutiny of the sepoys, inaugurated at Meerut by the murder of Colonel Finnis on the 10th of May, had since

spread with alarming rapidity, and scenes of atrocity had been enacted such as were never before witnessed. Delhi had become the stronghold of the rebels. Lucknow was holding out against fearful odds. Cawnpore, under the auspices of Nena Sahib,—a name to be held in everlasting execration,—was on the eve of that fearful scene which threw the horrors of the Black Hole into the shade. Even Calcutta was believed to be in danger. The inhabitants were panic-struck, and rumours were afloat that the rebels were marching from Delhi, and that the 23d of June, the anniversary of Clive's great victory at Plassy, had been fixed upon as the day on which the Europeans were to be exterminated.

Never was the presence of a hero more necessary; and, of all others, the hero of such a crisis was that man above sixty, with a spare figure, below the middle height, an eagle eye, a pale countenance marked with thought, and sometimes lighted up with a smile which went as quickly as it came. The world, it is true, was unaware that he was a man capable of heroic deeds; but his mind had long been familiar with great thoughts, and his heart full of enthusiastic aspirations. In fact, as has been admirably observed, " Havelock seems to have borne marked resemblance to the old Puritan breed of heroes—those men, at once children of the Bible and masters of the sword, simple in life and strong in battle, who played such a great part in the establishment of our liberties. This type of character requires great occasions to bring it out, and in ordinary life does not always present features attractive or suggestive to the superficial observer. It is a deep and quiet form of character, and thus in the seventeenth century its representatives often came out into

action from a career that had excited no presage, and returned again to a tranquillity which surprised the world. No doubt our general had been kept back in life by the narrowness of his fortune, and by the very virtues apt to pass unheeded in an age too much impressed by show. Danger came, and he was on the spot. It came in awful and unexpected forms; and he was a man of ripe judgment and special Indian experience. It came from bloodthirsty heathens; and he was a Christian of peculiar earnestness of conviction, and of the kind of energy which corresponds to it." His whole life had been leading up to the triumphs which were to secure his renown and entitle him to the gratitude of his country.

Havelock did not turn from the work set before him. Immediately after arriving at Calcutta he proceeded to Allahabad, and prepared to march to Cawnpore. An advanced column, consisting of seven hundred men, having been despatched from Allahabad, under the command of Major Renaud, a fine old soldier, Havelock, on the evening of the 7th of July, marched with that little army destined to preserve the reputation and maintain the honour of England in the East. As his troops moved off rain began to fall, but next morning the weather cleared, and the Grand Trunk road, along which their course lay, being in splendid order, the soldiers moved briskly forward. On their way they learned that more than a hundred women and children were still alive at Cawnpore; and the hope of saving them inspired that little army with an energy and an enthusiasm equal to the occasion. Besides, the heroism of their leader lent mettle to them all.

After a march of three days through a fertile and

beautiful country, where formerly everything had told of traffic, but where now unroofed houses and deserted villages reminded of the recent outbreak, Havelock received intelligence which caused him to push on and join Major Renaud. On the morning of Sunday, the 12th of July, their forces joined, and encamped in an open plain at a short distance from the city of Futtypore.

Scarcely had the weary soldiers pitched their tents and lighted their pipes, when a party sent forward to reconnoitre returned, and after them, in full pursuit, a large body of sepoy cavalry appeared emerging from the trees on the edge of the plain, followed by a formidable body of infantry, who debouched on the plain. These were accompanied by guns, which opened fire, at long range, on the small party of English horse, who rode gently down the road towards the camp. The sepoys, it afterwards appeared, imagined they had only Major Renaud's small force to encounter. They met with a reception for which they were not quite prepared.

Futtypore, as Havelock wrote at the time, constituted a position of no small strength. The hard, dry Trunk road subdivided it, and was the only means of convenient access, for the plains on both sides were covered with heavy lodgments of water to the depths of several feet. In front of the swamps, the hillocks, villages, and mango-groves were occupied by the rebels in force.

While the guns of the rebels were playing on the little party of English, the trumpet had sounded; Havelock made his dispositions, and the English prepared for the conflict. The guns and skirmishers were placed in front; the artillery pushed on in line, with the Enfield

rifles; and conspicuous in the little army were the 78th Highlanders, who had taken part in the operations in Persia. "Highlanders!" Havelock is reported to have said, addressing the 78th, "when we were going to Mohammerah I promised you a field day. You could not have it then, for the Persians ran away; but you can have it to-day, and let them see what you are made of."

The word having been given to advance, the troops rushed into action, and the superiority of the English fire soon became so evident, that the rebels, flying from their guns, made a precipitate retreat to their second battery. In the meantime the skirmishers on both sides were hotly engaged; and the sepoy cavalry moved round to outflank the line, so that, to keep them in check, the guns had to halt several times in the course of their advance.

At their second battery the sepoys made a stand; and the English artillery again came into conflict with them. Conspicuous in front of the rebels moved an elephant whose rider appeared to direct their movements. His position was decidedly a little too prominent to be safe, and a cannon-ball having knocked the huge beast over, the rebels took the mishap as an excuse for commencing a retrograde movement. The English, not willing to let them off easily, kept up a running fire till the town of Futtypore was in sight. Among the houses and gardens the enemy made another stand; but the soldiers, who were now thoroughly roused, drove them out forthwith. At the entrance to the town the road was blocked up with carts and waggons. These had got so firmly jammed between the houses on either side, that the rebels had abandoned them in despair. After some difficulty the barrier which they formed was broken down, so as to

allow the artillery to pass; and the guns moving onwards, fired the last shot at the rebels, who were already in full flight a mile on the other side of the town.

Ere the battle of Futtypore had thus terminated it was past mid-day, and the sun for three hours had been scorching. When, therefore, they had no longer the excitement of the conflict to sustain them, officers and men, exhausted by fatigue and overpowered with heat, sought the shade, threw themselves down, and sank into sleep. All Monday Havelock halted, to secure the captured guns and destroy the ammunition that could not be carried forward. On Tuesday he again took the road to Cawnpore; and next day, having started at dawn, he came, after a march of five miles, in sight of the rebels, who had taken up a position at a village named Oong.

At this place Havelock prepared to fight his second battle with the rebels; and as soon as the English were within range of their guns, the enemy came out from the village and garden enclosures in good order. The battle was soon raging most furiously. After some hot work, however, the English guns silenced those of the sepoys; and Havelock's soldiers, gaining ground, drove their opponents back upon the village. At that juncture the sepoy cavalry, issuing from behind their enclosures, threatened the English right; but Havelock's guns being turned upon them, they had the prudence to keep their distance, and rode away to the rear to cut up the baggage. There the hospital sergeant of the 78th regiment, divining their intention, collected the invalids and stragglers into a rallying square, and received the sepoys with such a fire of musketry, that they rode away discomfited, leaving many dead behind them.

Meanwhile Oong was the scene of a fierce conflict. The fight went on through the village. Even after their guns were taken the rebels fought furiously; and it required a considerable effort to drive them out. At length this desirable object was accomplished; and the artillery having passed through, the little army halted on the other side, to breathe and quench their thirst.

When this victory was won, Havelock found that the business of the day was only half over. Before him was the Pandoo Nuddie, a large, difficult stream spanned by a bridge of three arches. On the other side of the Pandoo Nuddie the rebels had an entrenchment with two heavy guns in a position that swept the road for a mile. The destruction of the bridge would have seriously impeded Havelock's progress to Cawnpore, and it was known to be mined in such a way that nothing could save the structure but pressing onwards without delay. Notwithstanding the heat, which was intense, Havelock marched forward, and proceeded about two miles unmolested. Then, however, the scene changed. Just as the head of the column emerged from the mango-groves, at a turn where the road crossed the plain, two puffs of white smoke burst from a low ridge in front. These were succeeded by the reports of two heavy guns, and a couple of bullets crashed among the English. Others followed in rapid succession, and with fearful effect.

For the enemy's guns, Havelock's light pieces were no match at so long a range. He therefore gave orders not to engage till within practicable distance. The artillery advanced; and after going steadily down the hill under a continuous shower of shot, unlimbered the guns and opened fire. The effect was instantaneous.

Almost at the first shot the shrapnel bullets destroyed the sponge-staffs of the rebels, so that the latter could no longer load their guns. When they ceased to fire, their skirmishers gave way; and the English guns having been turned on the sepoy cavalry, the whole rebel force gave way.

Havelock on this occasion lost a gallant comrade-in-arms. In the heat of the engagement Major Renaud was wounded in the leg, and part of the scabbard of his sword was driven into the flesh. One of his officers expressed a wish to remain by his side, and render any assistance that was necessary. "No," exclaimed the wounded veteran; "go on with your men!" Amputation was performed, and he appeared to be relieved; but ere long all hope of recovery was dissipated, and he expired on the ground.

After the action of the Pandoo Nuddie, the troops were so tired and fatigued, that they did not cross the river that evening. On the spot where the last gun was fired they encamped, and sought the repose which they had so well earned. Late at night a rumour spread through the camp that the rebels would attack them in force; and early next morning, which was that of the 16th of July, it became known that Nena Sahib had taken up a position in a village at the fork of the Grand Trunk road, about four miles from Cawnpore.

Havelock was in no mood to decline an encounter. He resolved upon an advance of fourteen miles, that in the afternoon he might attack the Mahratta chief; and, as the march took place in the full mid-day sun, and at the worst season of the year, it proved one of the most severe ever known in India. In the afternoon, however,

Havelock's army came in sight of the rebels, who were strongly entrenched with heavy guns so placed as to command the road and sweep it with a flanking fire.

Aware of the position of Nena Sahib's forces and guns, Havelock determined to make a *detour* and attack them in flank. When the time came for this movement, the column turned off into the fields. Ere proceeding half a mile, however, it was perceived by the enemy; and their guns opened a fierce and well-directed fire, which inflicted severe loss on the 78th and 64th regiments. Quickly proceeding through the storm of shot, the troops gained the turning-point of the flank march; and then forming up in line, with artillery in the intervals, they advanced steadily down upon the enemy's position.

The guns of the rebels were so sheltered by walls and houses, that the English artillery could not silence them; and after a few rounds at different ranges the sepoys kept up as hot a fire as ever. Havelock saw that no time was to be lost, for the sun was going down and darkness rapidly overshadowing the scene of conflict. It was clear that the village must be carried forthwith; and at this point Havelock rode up. "Sixty-fourth and seventy-eighth," said the general, "these guns must be taken. But no firing! They must be taken by the bayonet; and remember I am with you."

"The opportunity had arrived for which I had long anxiously waited," wrote Havelock, "of developing the powers of the 78th Highlanders. Three guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet, well entrenched. I directed this regiment to advance, and never have I witnessed conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton, and followed him with

surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled? The village was taken, and the guns captured. On the left Major Stirling with the 64th was equally successful against another village, and took three guns.

"The enemy's infantry appeared to be everywhere in full retreat, and I ordered the fire to cease, when a reserve 24-pounder was opened on the Cawnpore road, which caused considerable loss to my force; and under cover of its fire, two large bodies of cavalry at the same time riding insolently over the plain, the infantry once more rallied. The beating of their large drums, and numerous mounted officers in front, announced the definitive struggle of the 'Nena' for his usurped dominion.

"I had previously ordered my volunteer cavalry to adventure a charge on a more advanced party of the enemy's horse, and I have the satisfaction to report that they conducted themselves most creditably. But the final crisis approached. My artillery cattle, wearied by the length of the march, could not bring up the guns to my assistance; and the 1st Madras Fusiliers, 64th, 84th, and 78th detachments, formed in line, were exposed to a heavy fire from the 24-pounder on the road. I was resolved this state of things should not last, so calling upon my men who were lying down in line, to leap on their feet, I directed another steady advance. It was irresistible. The enemy sent round shot into our ranks until we were within three hundred yards, and then poured in grape with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed. But the 64th, led by Major

Stirling and my aide-de-camp, who had placed himself in their front, were not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewed with wounded; but on they steadily and silently came; then with a cheer charged, and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valour.

"The enemy lost all heart, and after a hurried fire of musketry gave way in total rout. Four of my guns came up, and completed their discomfiture by a heavy cannonade; and as it grew dark the roofless barracks of our artillery were dimly descried in advance, and it was evident that Cawnpore was once more in our possession."

The conduct of the 78th elicited universal admiration. After the victory Havelock rode up to them. "Highlanders," he exclaimed, "I have been in twenty-seven fights, and never saw a regiment behave better. I will say more—I never saw a regiment behave so well."

Near the ground where they had fought so gallantly and well, the army of conquerors bivouacked for the night. "You should have heard the cheer," writes a soldier, "which we gave as our gallant commander, General Havelock, rode down the lines; it was, indeed, a fine sight." Next morning Havelock and his men marched in triumph into Cawnpore, which the rebels had evacuated in the night. But the feeling of triumph among the conquerors was not without alloy. To their inexpressible horror they discovered that, on the very night when, against great odds, they had been victorious at Futtypore, Nena Sahib had caused the massacre of all the ladies who, up to that date, had been spared at Cawnpore. They had come to relieve the living: they found they could only avenge the dead.

Before the army of avengers there was still much

work, and Havelock was not the man to repose upon the laurels so intrepidly won. Though in a single week, and in the most trying season, he had marched a hundred and twenty-six miles under an Indian sky, won four battles, against fearful odds, and captured no fewer than forty-five guns from ferocious foes, he did not pause, even for twelve hours, in his career of re-conquest. On the very evening of the triumphant entry into Cawnpore, operations were resumed, and the English took possession of Bhitoor, the palace of Nena Sahib, twelve miles from Cawnpore. The victors, after blowing up the powder magazine and setting fire to the palace, returned from the expedition with sixteen guns and a number of camels and elephants. Rumours were then afloat that Nena Sahib had, in despair, died by his own hand; but ere long it appeared that the miscreant was alive, and quite ready and willing to do all the mischief in his power.

Meanwhile the mind of Havelock was occupied with thoughts about the relief of Lucknow, the garrison of which, under Brigadier Inglis, was making one of the most heroic defences on record. Having on the 25th of July succeeded in crossing the Ganges—a most arduous operation at that season of the year—the general on the 27th moved forward a few miles, and encamped on some high ground clear of the low-lying valley of the river, to await the arrival of the remaining commissariat stores. At daybreak on the 29th he commenced his march towards the beleaguered city; and, after advancing four miles, reached Oonao, a village fortified by walls of mud, and flanked by an extensive marsh. There the rebels had determined to make a stand, and fifteen guns defended the only approach.

These mud-walled villages of Oude are somewhat formidable strongholds. They are filled with fighting men —for every hamlet is at feud with its neighbour, and the inhabitants without exception consider resistance to the tax-gatherer as a sacred duty. A century of experience had converted every village into a fortification, and all the villagers into excellent garrison troops; and the men who defended Oonao were so expert at their work, that when a portion of one of our best regiments attempted to carry a mud-walled enclosure, they were thrice driven back with a great loss.

Havelock's soldiers were naturally astonished at the opposition they encountered, and it was determined to set the village on fire. Port-fires were accordingly laid to the thatch; and the light companies stood, with rifles cocked, waiting the result of the experiment, when intelligence arrived that a large force was rapidly advancing from the other side of the village. Upon this the troops were ordered to turn the village by the right, and move on to the front without delay.

This was a matter of no slight difficulty; but all obstacles were overcome. Having gained the main road, and pushed on through the groves that encircled the village, the English reached a level swamp which was traversed by a raised road, over which the rebels, to the number of six thousand, were coming, with their artillery in advance. To check their approach, the leading guns of the English instantly unlimbered, and went into action. The other guns, as they advanced, followed the example, and thus gave the infantry time to deploy. The sun being at the back of the troops, they had distinct objects at which to fire; and having, in ten minutes, silenced the

leading guns of the rebels, the whole English army, with the artillery in the centre, moved resolutely forward. "I declare," writes a spectator, "the disproportionate idea of such a proceeding seemed almost ludicrous to me, as I looked forward at the vast masses of infantry and cavalry with which the plain swarmed in front, and then backward at the small thin line of men struggling on with sloped-arms, knee-deep in swamp. Yet there was not one of those grim-bearded Englishmen that did not know we should beat the foe; and a groan ran down the line, 'Oh, that we had cavalry to cut the dogs up!'"

Valour and discipline were on this occasion destined to triumph over superior numbers. While the English were advancing, their artillery now and then made its power felt; and the rebels, staggering, abandoned gun after gun. When near enough to play with effect on the rebel infantry, the English gunners opened fire; and the Enfield rifles emptied so many saddles, that the sepoy cavalry soon wavered and turned back. After a brief struggle, the rebels gave way. Leaving fifteen guns in the hands of the victors, they fled in a mass across the plain, and took refuge at Busarut Gunge, a village about eight miles ahead. There they made another stand.

It was afternoon when the fight terminated at Oonao; and Havelock's men halted that they might refresh themselves and prepare for another conflict. Having rested two hours, they marched to Busarut Gunge, to complete the day's work which had been so well begun. Notwithstanding the unexpected resistance at Oonao, there was little doubt as to the issue of another encounter.

At Busarut Gunge, a walled village surrounded by swamps, the rebels had placed three guns in position,

and prepared for an obstinate resistance. The guns were speedily silenced, but the matchlock men fought with fury. One of the villagers signalised his courage in a remarkable manner. In a little mud hut which had been first stormed he concealed himself till the soldiers passed. After this he commenced execution with his matchlock, and, in spite of warnings, continued to fire right and left. At length he was smoked out by a party of Sikhs; and while looking over the parapet to take aim for the last time at his assailants, he was shot through the head. The sepoys, meanwhile, had made but a feeble defence, and were soon driven out of the village. Nena Sahib was the first to run away. The villagers, however, continued to fight when all hope was over; and not until after a fierce resistance, Havelock's men storming house after house, was Busarut Gunge evacuated.

The English had that day fought from sunrise to sunset; they had driven the rebels before them out of two fortified villages, and captured twenty-one guns; but in the encounters Havelock's killed and wounded numbered a hundred men; and after encamping all night on the causeway, he deemed it prudent to make a retrograde movement and wait for reinforcements. Accordingly he retreated to Mungulwarra, and issued to the villagers of Oude a manifesto stating the reason why he had entered their country.

At the village of Mungulwarra Havelock was reinforced by a hundred and fifty men. With these and his own army he once more advanced on the 4th of August; but the way to Lucknow was beset by as many enemies as ever. The rebels had come towards Busarut Gunge in great force; and were strongly entrenched, five miles be-

yond that place, at Nuwab Gunge, on the road to Lucknow.

Having bivouacked for the night at Oonao, Havelock advanced to Busarut Gunge. Crowds filled the village; and the fire of the sepoys met the English as they approached. This fire was responded to by the heavy guns of the English, which rapidly consigned the crowd to destruction and death; and, after a struggle, Havelock's army crossed the causeway, and, spreading out on either hand, scattered the sepoys in front. The aspect of affairs, however, was the reverse of encouraging; and the army having halted, a council of war was held to decide on the expediency of going on to Nuwab Gunge, or retreating to Cawnpore.

A council of war is understood never to decide on fighting. Clive was in the habit of saying that he never called one but before the battle of Plassy, and that, if he had followed the advice then given, the English would never have been masters of Bengal. As seemed wisest, Havelock's council decided on a retreat; and the army, now reduced by sickness and slaughter to twelve hundred, once more marched back to Mungulwarra. There Havelock made preparation for recrossing the Ganges, and had already passed over the stores and baggage, when, on the 11th of August, he received information that the sepoys were coming down upon him in force.

Havelock resolved to fight, and the bugle having sounded a turn-out, the army again went back to face the rebel foe. Marching with no encumbrances but their arms in their hands and their clothes on their backs, the English reached Oonao. That place they found quite deserted; but information was obtained that the rebels had come in

thousands to Busarut Gunge. Havelock's troops, now eight hundred in number, bivouacked on the plain for the night, and at dawn marched to encounter the swarm of foes.

The rebels, hearing of Havelock's approach, laboured hard all night; and when morning came, they were found strongly entrenched. The English plan of battle was soon formed. The Highlanders and Fusiliers, with four guns, attacked the left of the rebels' position; the 84th regiment, likewise well supported, encountered the enemy's right; and the other troops and artillery took the centre. Soon the Highlanders came into action with the enemy, and were exposed to a fire of unusual severity from the opposing battery. Forward, however, they went, their fire gradually growing hotter, till with a loud shout they threw themselves on the guns, captured them without loss, and turned two of them against the flying foe. "Well done, brave Highlanders!" cried Havelock, riding up; "you have this day saved yourselves and your comrades." At the same time the position was carried at all points. The rebels went off in confusion. Headlong and in haste they fled through and away from the village. The English, after the pursuit, halted for a while to breathe. In the cool of the evening they took their way back to Mungulwarra.

On the morning after this second fight at Busarut Gunge, Havelock moved down the river; and so excellent were the arrangements, that his troops found themselves housed on the Cawnpore side by nightfall. Four days later they marched against Bhitoor, which had been reoccupied by several thousands of the rebels. A sharp and decisive action took place. The rebels maintained

their ground for a time with obstinacy; but after three hundred were killed and wounded, they were at length forced to give way and to abandon their guns. Havelock's men were too much exhausted to follow up their victory. This was fortunate for the rebels, under the circumstances. The day previous was a fast among the Hindoos; and as the sepoys were fighting without having taken nourishment for hours, they soon became so exhausted, that many sank on the ground, and allowed themselves to be bayoneted rather than stir.

After this, their ninth victory, the English troops bivouacked about the old Residency; and next morning moved slowly back to Cawnpore. Their plight was indeed sad; and cholera was rapidly wasting their scanty ranks. Seeing this, the general, to raise their spirits, issued an order of the day, in which he assured them that their labours, privations, sufferings, and valour would not be forgotten by a grateful country; that they would be acknowledged to have been the stay and prop of British India in the time of her severest trial.

In due time the news of Havelock's operations and of his heroic exploits reached England; and when people read how he dashed first against one band of enemies, then against another—how he routed the isolated bodies of the rebels before they could form into armies—how he carried terror to those who meditated more mischief—and how he inspired with resolution every party of his blockaded countrymen, which held out "like a lighthouse in the sea of revolt," the Christian soldier became the popular hero of the great struggle, and the hopes and affections of the English nation rested upon him. For his rapid advance on Cawnpore he was rewarded with

the good service pension; he was raised to the rank of a general officer; nominated a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and appointed to the colonelcy of the Buffs.

Havelock's popularity increased day by day, and his praise was on every tongue. All were anxious that his services should be duly rewarded; and on the 26th of November he was elevated to the dignity of a baronet, with the style and title of Sir Henry Havelock of Lucknow. The hero, alas, was to die without being aware of the honours which a grateful nation had paid to his name!

After the victory of his soldiers at Bhitoor, Havelock, sad but unsubdued, awaited at Cawnpore reinforcements from the Lower Provinces. He was disappointed in this respect; and for a time the prospect was indeed gloomy. Ere long, however, events took a turn, and matters assumed a more cheering aspect. Sir James Outram returned from Persia, assumed the command of the Dinapore division, and lost no time in gathering a force for the relief of Lucknow. On the first of September he arrived at Allahabad, with some fifteen hundred men; and about a fortnight later effected a junction with Havelock at Cawnpore.

Sir James Outram having intimated that he should accompany the army of relief merely in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oude, Havelock took the command, and on the 19th September the troops, numbering nearly three thousand, crossed the Ganges by a bridge of boats. The rebels, not unmindful, perhaps, of former castigations, fell back upon Mungulwarra, and Havelock next day leading his men to the attack, drove the miscreants from their position, and captured four of their

guns. The presence of Havelock was now, doubtless, the terror of the rebels, and as he advanced towards Lucknow they gradually retreated. At length, on the 22d, the general, having heard the guns at Lucknow, fired a royal salute to announce that an army of relief was at hand, and next day drove the enemy from Alumbagh, a summer residence of the Queen Dowager of Oude, about three miles from Lucknow. Within this palace, which was situated in a garden enclosed by walls, Havelock left his sick and wounded men under the protection of the 64th regiment and some heavy guns, and then fought his way to Lucknow. Overcoming all obstacles, he, on the 25th of September, skirted the city, and in the evening the garrison found themselves relieved. The victory had been rather costly. Of the relieving army four hundred were slain, and among these was the brave and gallant General Neill. Next day the rebels were driven from several entrenched positions, but danger was by no means past. Communications with Cawnpore had already been cut off, and fifty thousand enemies were in the vicinity. Havelock might indeed have led out the men, and, sword in hand, cut a road to a place of safety, but to march back to Cawnpore with a thousand women and children, besides his sick and wounded, was more than heroism itself could accomplish. Menaced by barbarous myriads, the brave chief of the army of relief soon found himself in precisely the same peril from which he had come to deliver the garrison.

Havelock was not the man to faint in the day of adversity, but the plight of the imperilled garrison was so sad that all the heroism of his nature must have been required to prevent him holding counsel with despair.

Hard indeed must be the heart of him who can peruse an account of what was then suffered and endured without lively emotions of sympathy and admiration. Month after month English men and women lived under incessant showers of balls above, and in daily apprehension of explosions from below. Even when delicate ladies and tender infants found some degree of security from the cannon-balls by sheltering themselves in holes of the earth, they did not escape the awful dread of danger from the mines of the besiegers. The sick and wounded were destitute of necessary medicines; and they who were whole could hardly escape the apprehension of being ere long destitute of necessary food. Without were foes who had so little of humanity in their nature that few would not have braved the dangers of the jungle and the ferocity of the tiger rather than trust to their mercy. There was no hope indeed but in the providence of God and in the resources of that nation which, under His blessing, has so often conquered and saved.

Fortunately for the garrison, there was no reason to despair of succour. Sir Colin Campbell was in India; and the presence of such a warrior was a guarantee that no unnecessary delay should occur in doing everything which valour and genius could to accomplish their relief. By the middle of October a considerable number of troops had arrived from England; and Sir Colin, seeing that his time for action had now come, resolved upon taking the field. With all speed he hastened to assume the command; and, having narrowly escaped being cut off by the enemy, he arrived in safety at Cawnpore. On the 11th of November he crossed the Ganges; and, riding forty miles at a stretch in the direction of Lucknow, soon

reached Alumbagh. There his arrival was awaited by Brigadier Grant; and the heroic general found himself at the head of some eight thousand men, ready and eager, under such a warrior, to be led against the foe. Their way, however, was beset with dangers. Between Alumbagh and Lucknow, a distance of three miles, was an open plain, and this plain was occupied by fifty thousand rebels.

On Sunday, the 15th of November, Sir Colin Campbell moved from Alumbagh, and leaving the main road, marched across the country till he reached Dilkhoosha, or "Heart's Delight"—a house abutting on the canal that forms the southern, as the Goomtee river forms the northern, boundary of the city of Lucknow. After a fight of two hours, Dilkhoosha fell into the hands of the troops, as also the garden and park of the Martinière College. Upon this the rebels, taking heart, crossed the canal and offered battle, but were repulsed with loss. A picket then passed the canal, and occupied a position on the other side, whither, next morning, Sir Colin led his whole force, and, after a desperate struggle, took the Secunderbagh—"Alexander's garden." On the following day the mess-house was carried; and the troops pushed rapidly on to Motee Mahal—"Pearl Palace"—where the rebels made a last desperate, but ineffectual, attempt at resistance.

Ere this was at an end, communications had been opened with the Residency; and even while the troops were engaged, Havelock, the hero of so many fights, came out with Sir James Outram, to meet and welcome the commander-in-chief. From the first Sir Colin Campbell recognised the impossibility of holding Lucknow, and made his army take up such positions as to

enable the garrison to evacuate the city without being exposed to a single shot. His plan was skilfully formed and admirably executed. To conceal his real intentions the brave old general, on the 20th, opened a terrific cannonade on the Kaiserbagh; and the rebels made preparations to sustain an assault. While their attention was thus distracted, Sir Colin, having previously removed the women and children, the sick and the wounded, withdrew the garrison, at midnight, through the line of pickets. The movement of retreat was perfectly successful, and the rebels, altogether at fault, made not the slightest attempt at interruption. On the morning of the 23d the English army encamped at Dilkhoosha; and on the afternoon of the 24th, Sir Colin deposited his precious convoy at Alumbagh. Leaving them there under a strong guard, to keep the enemy in check, he again took the field, and went forth to conquer. The subsequent achievements of the commander-in-chief, grand and satisfactory as they may be, do not fall within the limits of this biographical sketch. Indeed, ere the victor penned the despatch, in which the manner of the relief of Lucknow was fully made known to England, the Christian soldier, now famous as the hero of Cawnpore, had breathed his last in that summer residence of the Queen Dowager of Oude, within the walls of which he had two months earlier left his sick and wounded men, ere forcing his way, with fewer than three thousand troops under his command, through fifty thousand fanatical rebels, holding the largest and most defensible city in Asia. Of the operations of Sir Colin Campbell it is here sufficient to say, that they were worthy of his great reputation as a soldier, and of the popular favour

which has surrounded his name since that day when, at the head of his kilted countrymen, he so gloriously climbed the heights of the Alma, in the face of Russian guns, and answered the suggestion of retiring with the immortal words—"Highlanders never go back!"

While Sir Colin Campbell was carefully removing the garrison of Lucknow to a place of safety, the illustrious man who, for the preservation of that garrison, had performed actions so glorious, was sinking under a severe malady. For a time Havelock, worn out with anxiety and fatigue, had been suffering; but the attack appeared to have been got over, and apprehensions of a fatal result had ceased. At midnight of the 20th November, however, signs not to be mistaken appeared; and acute dysentery laying hold of him, he rapidly gave way under its influence. When removed from the Residency, the change of air appeared to have a beneficial effect; but an alteration for the worse ere long became perceptible, and symptoms of a malignant description appeared. To the last, as might have been anticipated, Havelock preserved the Christian heroism which had characterised him through life. When visited by Sir James Outram, he is reported to have said—"For more than forty years I have so lived, that when death came I might face it without fear." He repeatedly told his son, who fought with him through his arduous campaign, and attended him in his last hours, that "he faced death without fear;" and when his last moment approached, he exclaimed—"Come, my son, and see how a Christian man can die!"

The hero had, indeed, so acted throughout life towards his Maker and his fellow-creatures, that he might well be calm in presence of the great Destroyer. "In his

private life and manner," says an able writer, "Havelock was the most quiet and retiring of men. He ate and drank little—sufficient only for the purposes of life, and devoted his whole time to his profession and to his God. Religion was not with him a mere outward sign; it was a part, and by far the most important part, of his daily exercises. He had mourned over the idolatry-encouraging system of the government of India, but he was powerless to prevent it. Nevertheless, he was one of those men who, in olden days, would have led the Crusaders to Ascalon, and whose deep enthusiasm would have inspired all around him with equal fervour in the cause."

At Alumbagh, worn out with fatigue, but in full possession of his faculties, Havelock expired on the 24th of November 1857. Few men have ever been more popular in England: and few have done more to deserve the favour of a great people. Such being the case, his death was naturally felt as a national calamity, and mourned alike by the peer in the castle and by the peasant in the cottage. In Parliament, befitting tributes were paid to the memory of the hero; and his achievements were celebrated by eloquent tongues. "We have had to rejoice," said the most gifted of English patricians, "over victories and successes achieved over the enemy by comparatively small numbers of men—we have had to rejoice over the gallantry and endurance of our troops on repeated occasions—and we have had many other causes for congratulation afforded by the conduct of our brave army in India. But all these were, to a certain extent, marred by the deep feeling of regret that, to the long list of heroes who have fallen in their country's cause, we had to add the name of that illustrious man who unhappily

died in the hour of victory—and died, too, without the gratification of knowing the honours which a grateful country had conferred upon him. When the news of this painful event arrived, there was not a heart in England that did not feel it to be a subject for private as as well as public mourning."

The countrymen of Havelock, however, are not without their consolation. To the last their favourite hero nobly did his duty; and, when he was borne down by disease in the hour of deliverance, he died the death of the righteous. Such a man can hardly have lived without exercising influence over his generation; and, if Englishmen pursuing Havelock's profession profit by his example and follow in his steps, England will be in no danger of any degeneracy in the spirit of her heroes.

THE END.

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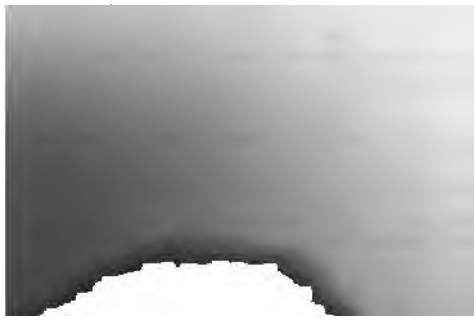
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